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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY

WITH A MEMOIR

TEN VOLUMES IN FIVE

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

COMPRISING VOLS. VII. AND VIII.

VOL. VII.

Page

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES (continued).

ADVERTISEMENT 2

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Preface 3
Dedication to Edith May Southey 4
Proem 8
Canto I. 11
Canto II. 29
Canto III. 51
Canto IV. 70
Notes to a Tale of Paraguay 97

ALL FOR LOVE; or, a Sinner well Saved . . . 133
Dedication to Caroline Bowles 133
Notes to All for Love 196

THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA 200
Prelude 201
Introduction 201
The Legend 201
Notes to the Pilgrim to Compostella 226

VOL. VIII.

	Page
The Curse of Kehama	1
Dedication to Walter Savage Landor	3
Preface	5
Original Preface	10
The Funeral	13
The Curse	21
The Recovery	28
The Departure	34
The Separation	39
Casyapa	48
The Swerga	56
The Sacrifice	69
The Home-scene	76
Mount Meru	83
The Enchantress	97
The Sacrifice completed	108
The Retreat	113
Jaga-Naut	123
The City of Baly	133
The Ancient Sepulchres	142
Baly	155
Kehama's Descent	162
Mount Calasay	168
The Embarkation	176
The World's End	181
The Gate of Padalon	187
Padalon	197
The Amreeta	208
Notes to the Curse of Kehama	221

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

VOL. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The two volumes of this collection, which consist of Ballads and Metrical Tales, contain the author's earliest and latest productions of that kind; those which were written with most facility and most glee, and those upon which most time and pains were bestowed, according to the subject and the mode of treating it.

The "Tale of Paraguay" was published separately in 1825, having been so long in hand that the Dedication was written many years before the poem was completed.

"All for Love," and the "Legend of a Cock and a Hen," were published together in a little volume in 1829.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

PREFACE.

One of my friends observed to me, in a letter, that many stories which are said to be *founded* on fact have in reality been *foundered* on it. This is the case if there be any gross violation committed or ignorance betrayed of historical manners in the prominent parts of a narrative wherein the writer affects to observe them, or when the groundwork is taken from some part of history so popular and well known that any mixture of fiction disturbs the sense of truth; still more so if the subject be in itself so momentous that any alloy of invention must of necessity debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions; for, when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false that it appears profane.

Founded on fact the poem is, which is here committed to the world; but, whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of these objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and withal so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive, if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's "History of the Abipones."

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY.

1.

EDITH! ten years are numbered, since the day
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest. Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fitlier was it given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim;
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship's holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side, —
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's power,
Time hath not loosened, nor will Death divide.

2.

A child more welcome, by indulgent Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was given;
For scarcely eight months at thy happy birth
Had passed, since of thy sister we were left, —
Our first-born and our only babe, bereft.
Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth!

The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me like a passing cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky;
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summoned to a happier sphere.
But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,
I in my soul with silent faith sincere
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

3.

I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears!
Pressed on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.
But memory did not long our bliss alloy:
For gentle nature, who had given relief,
Weaned with new love the chastened heart from grief;
And the sweet season ministered to joy.

4.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread;
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurped the vernal hours,
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous May;
And groves and gardens all the live-long day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs. Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall:

Thy Mother well remembers, when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray,
At earliest dawn, his thrilling pipe was heard;
And, when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love preferred.

5.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed on mine
How, as the months in swift succession rolled,
I marked thy human faculties unfold,
And watched the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told, —
Something I ween thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood, in its winning years,
The attempered soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow, —
The thoughts and cares inwoven with that love:
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not, know.

6.

The years which since thy birth have passed away
May well to thy young retrospect appear

A measureless extent: like yesterday
To me, so soon they filled their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change; and something too
Of this precarious state of things have taught,
Where Man abideth never in one stay;
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal gray
The touch of eld hath marked thy father's head;
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

7.

Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the Grave. Thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there!
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,
With whom I fondly talked of years to come,
Summoned before me to their heritage,
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

8.

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer mind:
When grief shall be thy portion, thou wilt find

Safe consolation in such thoughts as these, —
A present refuge in affliction's hour;
And, if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.
Take therefore now thy Father's latest lay, —
Perhaps his last, — and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey.
A song it is of life's declining day,
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath:
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

KESWICK, 1814.

PROEM.

THAT was a memorable day for Spain,
When on Pamplona's towers, so basely won,
The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon the plain
Their long-expected succors hastening on:
Exultingly they marked the brave array,
And deemed their leader should his purpose gain,
Though Wellington and England barred the way.
Anon the bayonets glittered in the sun,

And frequent cannon flashed, whose lurid light
Reddened through sulphurous smoke; fast volleying round
Rolled the war-thunders, and with long rebound
Backward from many a rock and cloud-capt height
In answering peals Pyrene sent the sound.
Impatient for relief, toward the fight
The angry garrison their eye-balls strain:
Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his valor vain;
And even then, when eager hope almost
Had moved their irreligious lips to prayer,
Averting from the fatal scene their sight,
They breathed the execrations of despair.
For Wellesley's star had risen ascendant there:
Once more he drove the host of France to flight,
And triumphed once again for God and for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far and wide
The struggling nations felt; it was a joy
Wherewith all Europe rung from side to side.
Yet hath Pamplona seen, in former time,
A moment big with mightier consequence,
Affecting many an age and distant clime.
That day it was which saw in her defence,
Contending with the French before her wall,
A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fall,
Sore hurt, but not to death. For when long care
Restored his shattered leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who, being gay and debonnair,

In courts conspicuous as in camps must be:
So he, forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recovered limb again beneath the knife.

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay,
Whiling with books the weary hours away;
And from that circumstance and this vain man
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see.
Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom Kings and Nations bowed the knee?
Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim
What deeds arose from that prolific day;
And of dark plots might shuddering Europe tell.
But Science, too, her trophies would display;
Faith give the martyrs of Japan their fame;
And Charity on works of love would dwell
In California's dolorous regions drear;
And where, amid a pathless world of wood,
Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,
Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood;
And where the happier sons of Paraguay,
By gentleness and pious art subdued,
Bowed their meek heads beneath the Jesuits sway,
And lived and died in filial servitude.

I love thus uncontrolled, as in a dream,
To muse upon the course of human things;

Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,
Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;
Or following, upon Thought's audacious wings,
Into Futurity, the endless stream.
But now, in quest of no ambitious height,
I go where Truth and Nature lead my way;
And, ceasing here from desultory flight,
In measured strains I tell a Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO I.

1.

Jenner! for ever shall thy honored name
Among the children of mankind be blest,
Who by thy skill hast taught us how to tame
One dire disease, — the lamentable pest
Which Africa sent forth to scourge the West,
As if in vengeance for her sable brood
So many an age remorselessly oppressed.
For that most fearful malady subdued
Receive a poet's praise, a father's gratitude.

2.

Fair promise be this triumph of an age
When Man, with vain desires no longer blind,
And wise though late, his only war shall wage
Against the miseries which afflict mankind,

Striving with virtuous heart and strenuous mind
Till evil from the earth shall pass away.
Lo, this his glorious destiny assigned!
For that blest consummation let us pray,
And trust in fervent faith, and labor as we may.

3.

The hideous malady, which lost its power
When Jenner's art the dire contagion stayed,
Among Columbia's sons, in fatal hour
Across the wide Atlantic wave conveyed,
Its fiercest form of pestilence displayed:
Where'er its deadly course the plague began,
Vainly the wretched sufferer looked for aid;
Parent from child and child from parent ran,
For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.

4.

A feeble nation of Guarani race,
Thinned by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,
Had taken up at length a resting-place
Among those tracts of lake and swamp and wood,
Where Mondai, issuing from its solitude,
Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed.
It was a region desolate and rude:
But thither had the horde for safety fled;
And, being there concealed, in peace their lives they led.

5.

There had the tribe a safe asylum found
Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,
With pathless wilds and waters spread around,
And labyrinthine swamps, — a sure defence
From human foes, but not from pestilence.
The spotted plague appeared, that direst ill;
How brought among them none could tell, or whence;
The mortal seed had lain among them still,
And quickened now to work the Lord's mysterious will.

6.

Alas! it was no medicable grief
Which herbs might reach; nor could the juggler's power,
With all his antic mummeries, bring relief:
Faith might not aid him in that ruling hour,
Himself a victim now. The dreadful stour
None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.
The marriageable maiden had her dower [rage,
From Death; the strong man sunk beneath its
And Death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

7.

No time for customary mourning now;
With hand close-clinched to pluck the rooted hair,

To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly tear
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,
The deep-traced signs indelible of woe;
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,
And, giving grief its scope, infuriate throw
The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

8.

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain,
And, flying from intolerable thought
And piercing recollections, would full fain
Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure.
Easier all outward torments to sustain [cure,
Than those heart-wounds which only time can
And He in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9.

None sorrowed here; the sense of woe was seared,
When every one endured his own sore ill.
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor feared;
The body labored, but the heart was still:
So let the conquering malady fulfil
Its fatal course, rest cometh at the end!
Passive they lay, with neither wish nor will
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from Death, the never-failing friend.

10.

Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments fit
Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And, burying it beneath his proper hearth,
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?

11.

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock, where they hang, for winding-sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead;
There from the armadillo's searching feet
Safer than if within the tomb's retreat.
The carrion birds obscene in vain essay
To find that quarry: round and round they beat
The air, but fear to enter for their prey;
And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

12.

But Nature for her universal law
Hath other, surer instruments in store,
Whom from the haunts of men no wonted awe
Withholds as with a spell. In swarms they pour
From wood and swamp; and, when their work is o'er,

On the white bones the mouldering roof will fall;
Seeds will take root, and spring in sun and shower
And Mother Earth ere long with her green pall,
Resuming to herself the wreck, will cover all.

13.

Oh! better thus with earth to have their part,
Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,
Age after age preserved by horrid art,
In ghastly image of humanity!
Strange pride that with corruption thus would vie
And strange delusion that would thus maintain
The fleshly form till cycles shall pass by,
And, in the series of the eternal chain,
The spirit come to seek its old abode again!

14.

One pair alone survived the general fate,
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable state.
Not more depressed the Arkite patriarch stood,
When landing first on Ararat he viewed,
Where all around the mountain summits lay,
Like islands seen amid the boundless flood;
Nor our first parents more forlorn than they,
Through Eden when they took their solitary way.

15.

Alike to them, it seemed in their despair,
Whither they wandered from the infected spot.

Chance might direct their steps: they took no care;
Come well or ill to them, it mattered not!
Left as they were in that unhappy lot,
The sole survivors they of all their race,
They recked not when their fate, nor where, nor what,
In this resignment to their hopeless case,
Indifferent to all choice or circumstance of place.

16.

That palsying stupor passed away ere long;
And, as the spring of health resumed its power,
They felt that life was dear, and hope was strong.
What marvel? 'Twas with them the morning hour,
When bliss appears to be the natural dower
Of all the creatures of this joyous earth;
And sorrow, fleeting, like a vernal shower,
Scarce interrupts the current of our mirth:
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

17.

Though of his nature and his boundless love
Erring, yet, tutored by instinctive sense,
They rightly deemed the Power who rules above
Had saved them from the wasting pestilence.
That favoring Power would still be their defence:
Thus were they by their late deliverance taught
To place a childlike trust in Providence;
And in their state forlorn they found this thought
Of natural faith with hope and consolation fraught.

18.

And now they built themselves a leafy bower,
Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream beside,
Screened from the southern blast of piercing power;
Not like their native dwelling, long and wide,
By skilful toil of numbers edified,
The common home of all, their human nest,
Where threescore hammocks, pendent side by side,
Were ranged, and on the ground the fires were dressed:
Alas! that populous hive hath now no living guest!

19.

A few firm stakes they planted in the ground,
Circling a narrow space, yet large enow;
These, strongly interknit, they closed around
With basket-work of many a pliant bough.
The roof was like the sides; the door was low,
And rude the hut, and trimmed with little care,
For little heart had they to dress it now;
Yet was the humble structure fresh and fair,
And soon its inmates found that love might sojourn there.

20.

Quiara could recall to mind the course
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew

Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,
And from his bow the unerring arrow flew
With fatal aim; and, when the laden bee
Buzzed by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain ken, and follow free
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank or tree.

21.

Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household ways.
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise
The lightened soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripened seed for food, her proper praise;
Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

22.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And, bleaching them in sun and air and dew,
From dry and glossy filaments intwine,
With rapid twirl of hand, the lengthening line;
Next interknitting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

23.

Time had been when, expert in works of clay,
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And filled it for the appointed festal day
With the belovèd beverage which the bold
Quaffed in their triumph and their joy of old;
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When, in their drunken bravery uncontrolled,
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds and death ensued.

24.

These occupations were gone by; the skill
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.
Content were they, when thirst impelled, to fill
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;
The river from its sluggish bed supplied
A draught for repetition all unmeet;
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;
No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful heat;
Their days were undisturbed, their natural sleep was sweet.

25.

She, too, had learned in youth how best to trim
The honored Chief for his triumphal day,
And, covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,

In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
Well pleased the glorious savage stood, and eyed
The growing work; then, vain of his array,
Looked with complacent frown from side to side,
Stalked with elater step, and swelled with statelier pride.

26.

Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiara day by day his game pursued,
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepared the hunter's food:
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate,
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.

27.

The Moon had gathered oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burden bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh
To help: but human help she needed none.
A few short throes endured with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

28.

Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth, have crept,
And, laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to childing mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the Old World known as widely as the New.

29.

This could not then be done; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey,
Still to be sought amid those regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food:
So, still Quiara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chase pursued.

30.

But seldom may such thoughts of mingled joy
A father's agitated breast dilate,
As when he first beheld that infant boy.
Who hath not proved it, ill can estimate

The feeling of that stirring hour, — the weight
Of that new sense, the thoughful, pensive bliss.
In all the changes of our changeful state,
Even from the cradle to the grave, I wis,
The heart doth undergo no change so great as this.

31.

A deeper and unwonted feeling filled
These parents, gazing on their new-born son.
Already in their busy hopes they build
On this frail sand. Now let the seasons run,
And let the natural work of time be done
With them: for unto them a child is born;
And, when the hand of Death may reach the one,
The other will not now be left to mourn,
A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repressed:
They could not choose but feel, yet uttered not
The human feeling, which in hours of rest
Would often rise, and fill the boding breast
With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,
When, at the inexorable Power's behest,
The unwilling spirit, called perforce away,
Must leave, for ever leave, its dear connatural clay.

33.

Linked as they were, where each to each was all,
How might the poor survivor hope to bear

That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair?
Scarce could the heart even for a moment dare
That miserable time to contemplate,
When the dread Messenger should find them there,
From whom is no escape, — and reckless Fate,
Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.

34.

Lighter that burden lay upon the heart
When this dear babe was born to share their lot
They could endure to think that they must part.
Then, too, a glad consolatory thought
Arose, while, gazing on the child, they sought
With hope their dreary prospect to delude,
Till they almost believed, as fancy taught,
How that from them a tribe should spring renewed,
To people and possess that ample solitude.

35.

Such hope they felt, but felt that, whatsoe'er
The undiscoverable to come might prove,
Unwise it were to let that bootless care
Disturb the present hours of peace and love.
For they had gained a happiness above
The state which in their native horde was known
No outward causes were there here to move
Discord and alien thoughts; being thus alone
From all mankind, their hearts and their desires were one.

36.

Different their love in kind and in degree
From what their poor depraved forefathers knew,
With whom degenerate instincts were left free
To take their course, and blindly to pursue,
Unheeding they the ills that must ensue,
The bent of brute desire. No mortal tie
Bound the hard husband to his servile crew
Of wives; and they the chance of change might try,
All love destroyed by such preposterous liberty.

37.

Far other tie this solitary pair
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates they,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to share,
In sickness or in health, through life's long day;
And, re-assuming in their hearts her sway,
Benignant Nature made the burden light.
It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,
The Man's to ease her toil in all he might;
So each, in serving each, obtained the best delight.

38.

And as connubial, so parental love
Obeyed unerring Nature's order here;
For now no force of impious custom strove
Against her law, — such as was wont to sear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay

Their living babes with no compunctious tear;
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light they turn through heathen paths
astray.

39.

Delivered from this yoke, in them henceforth
The springs of natural love may freely flow:
New joys, new virtues, with that happy birth
Are born, and with the growing infant grow.
Source of our purest happiness below
Is that benignant law which hath intwined
Dearest delight with strongest duty, so
That in the healthy heart and righteous mind
Ever they co-exist, inseparably combined.

40.

Oh! bliss for them when in that infant face
They now the unfolding faculties descry,
And, fondly gazing, trace, or think they trace,
The first faint speculation in that eye
Which hitherto hath rolled in vacancy!
Oh! bliss in that soft countenance to seek
Some mark of recognition, and espy
The quiet smile which in the innocent cheek
Of kindness and of kind its consciousness doth speak!

41.

For him, if born among their native tribe,
Some haughty name his parents had thought good

As weening that therewith they should ascribe
The strength of some fierce tenant of the wood,
The water, or the aërial solitude,
Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or snake,
The beast that prowls abroad in search of blood,
Or reptile that within the treacherous brake
Waits for the prey, upcoiled, its hunger to aslake.

42.

Now softened as their spirits were by love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turned away;
And with a happier feeling, from the dove,
They named the child Yeruti. On a day,
When, smiling at his mother's breast in play,
They in his tones of murmuring pleasure heard
A sweet resemblance of the stock-dove's lay,
Fondly they named him from that gentle bird;
And soon such happy use endeared the fitting word.

43.

Days pass, and moons have waxed and waned, and still
This dovelet, nestled in their leafy bower,
Obtains increase of sense and strength and will,
As in due order many a latent power
Expands, — humanity's exalted dower;
And they, while thus the days serenely fled,
Beheld him flourish like a vigorous flower,
Which, lifting from a genial soil its head,
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

44.

Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give place, —
That age with sense of conscious growth endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace:
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering pace
And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts appear;
The imitative lips essay to trace
Their words, observant both with eye and ear,
In mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.

45.

Serenely thus the seasons pass away;
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-day,
Glides on in peaceful uniformity!
Five years have since Yeruti's birth gone by,
Five happy years; and ere the Moon, which then
Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on high,
Should fill its circle, Monnema again,
Laying her burden down, must bear a mother's pain

46.

Alas! a keener pang, before that day,
Must by the wretched Monnema be borne!
In quest of game, Quiara went his way
To roam the wilds, as he was wont, one morn:
She looked in vain at eve for his return.
By moonlight, through the midnight solitude,

She sought him; and she found his garment torn,
His bow and useless arrows in the wood,
Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and blood.

CANTO II.

1.

O THOU who, listening to the Poet's song,
Dost yield thy willing spirit to his sway!
Look not that I should painfully prolong
The sad narration of that fatal day
With tragic details; all too true the lay!
Nor is my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.

2.

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er thou art,
Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be!
I wound not wantonly the tender heart;
And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
Should rise, it will from bitterness be free,—
Yea, with a healing virtue be endued,
As thou, in this true tale, shalt hear from me
Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

3.

The unhappy Monnema, when thus bereft,
Sunk not beneath the desolating blow
Widowed she was: but still her child was left;
For him must she sustain the weight of woe,
Which else would in that hour have laid her low.
Nor wished she now the work of death complete
Then only doth the soul of woman know
Its proper strength, when love and duty meet;
Invincible the heart wherein they have their seat.

4.

The seamen who, upon some coral reef,
Are cast amid the interminable main,
Still cling to life, and, hoping for relief,
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain.
In turtle-shells they hoard the scanty rain,
And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack of fire,
Till the weak body can no more sustain
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire;
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire!

5.

He lingers there while months and years go by,
And holds his hope though months and years have passed;
And still at morning round the farthest sky,
And still at eve, his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.

And if perchance a ship should come at last,
And bear him from that dismal bank away,
He blesses God that he hath lived to see that day.

6.

So strong a hold hath life upon the soul,
Which sees no dawning of eternal light,
But subject to this mortal frame's control,
Forgetful of its origin and right,
Content in bondage dwells and utter night.
By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life: even while her grief was at the height,
Then in maternal love support she found,
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

7.

For now her hour is come: a girl is born,
Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,
How passing strange, how utterly forlorn!
The genial season served to mitigate,
In all it might, their sorrowful estate,
Supplying to the mother, at her door,
From neighboring trees, which bent beneath their weight,
A full supply of fruitage now mature;
So in that time of need their sustenance was sure.

8.

Nor then alone, but alway, did the Eye
Of Mercy look upon that lonely bower.

Days passed, and weeks and months and years went by,
And never evil thing the while had power
To enter there. The boy, in sun and shower,
Rejoicing in his strength, to youthhed grew;
And Mooma, that belovèd girl, a dower
Of gentleness from bounteous nature drew,
With all that should the heart of womankind imbue.

9.

The tears which o'er her infancy were shed
Profuse resented not of grief alone:
Maternal love their bitterness allayed,
And, with a strength and virtue all its own,
Sustained the breaking heart. A look, a tone,
A gesture of that innocent babe, in eyes
With saddest recollections overflown,
Would sometimes make a tender smile arise,
Like sunshine opening through a shower in vernal skies.

10.

No looks but those of tenderness were found
To turn upon that helpless infant dear;
And, as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her ear.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possessed, by no example here defiled:
From envious passions free, exempt from fear,
Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy child.

11.

Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodlands waste,)
Something of what in Eden might have been
Was shadowed there imperfectly, I ween,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,
Expanding like a sheltered plant serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retained its innocence.

12.

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts, without alloy,
The sense of kind: a fellow-creature she,
In whom, when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy

13.

For her he culled the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb, he brought
To this belovèd sister, — whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.

They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully wrong
mankind.

14.

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here, — three happy souls, which undefiled
Albeit in darkness, still retained a trace
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary, where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And, cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Called forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

15.

What though at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint, — in heart and will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed, —
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All-Merciful; and ill
They teach who tell us that from hence must flow
God's wrath, and then, his justice to fulfil,
Death everlasting, never-ending woe:
Oh miserable lot of man, if it were so!

16.

Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will misread!

In bounty hath the Lord created us,
In love redeemed. From this authentic creed
Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent; for God is good.
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul endued
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly fortitude.

17.

By nature peccable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error, prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring: good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

18.

Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness,
Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
And these were Mooma's natural dower. Nor less
Had liberal Nature to the boy assigned;
Happier herein than if among mankind
Their lot had fallen, — oh, certes, happier here!
That all things tended still more close to bind
Their earliest ties, and they from year to year
Retained a childish heart, fond, simple, and sincere.

19.

They had no sad reflection to alloy
The calm contentment of the passing day,
Nor foresight to disturb the present joy.
Not so with Monnema: albeit the sway
Of time had reached her heart, and worn away
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burden, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

20.

Chance from the fellowship of human-kind
Had cut them off, and chance might re-unite.
On this poor possibility her mind
Reposed; she did not for herself invite
The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight
The dream of what such change might haply bring:
Gladness with hope long since had taken flight
From her; she felt that life was on the wing,
And happiness, like youth, has here no second spring.

21.

So were her feelings to her lot composed,
That to herself all change had now been pain:
For Time upon her own desires had closed;
But, in her children as she lived again,
For their dear sake she learnt to entertain
A wish for human intercourse renewed;

And oftentimes, while they devoured the strain.
Would she beguile their evening solitude
With stories strangely told and strangely understood.

22.

Little she knew; for little had she seen,
And little of traditionary lore
Had reached her ear; and yet to them, I ween,
Their mother's knowledge seemed a boundless store.
A world it opened to their thoughts; yea, more, —
Another world beyond this mortal state.
Bereft of her, they had indeed been poor;
Being left to animal sense, degenerate,
Mere creatures, they had sunk below the beasts estate.

23.

The human race, from her they understood,
Was not within that lonely hut confined;
But distant far, beyond their world of wood,
Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind;
And of the old observances which bind
People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife,
The laws of kin religiously assigned,
Rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife,
And all the strange vicissitudes of savage life.

24.

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale;
But no repining thought such tales excite:

Only a wish, if wishes might avail,
Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,
To mingle in the social dance at night,
Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,
O'erspread the plain, and in the silver light,
Well pleased, the placid elders sate and viewed
The sport, and seemed therein to feel their youth renewed.

25.

But when the darker scenes their mother drew, —
What crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged;
What miseries from their fatal discord grew,
When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged,
The rancorous hate with which their wars they waged;
The more unnatural horrors which ensued,
When, with inveterate vengeance unassuaged,
The victors round their slaughtered captives stood,
And babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood, —

26.

Horrent they heard; and with her hands the Maid
Pressed her eyes close, as if she strove to blot
The hateful image which her mind portrayed.
The Boy sate silently, intent in thought;
Then with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought
To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,

Complacently compared their harmless lot
With such wild life, outrageous and unblest;
Securely thus to live, he said, was surely best.

27.

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell;
From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.
Better they liked that Monnema should tell
Of things unseen; what Power had placed them here,
And whence the living spirit came, and where
It passed when parted from this mortal mould:
Of such mysterious themes with willing ear
They heard, devoutly listening while she told
Strangely disfigured truths, and fables feigned of old.

28.

By the Great Spirit man was made, she said;
His voice it was which pealed along the sky,
And shook the heavens, and filled the earth with dread.
Alone and inaccessible, on high
He had his dwelling-place eternally,
And Father was his name. This all knew well:
But none had seen his face; and if his eye
Regarded what upon the earth befell,
Or if he cared for man, she knew not: who could tell?

29.

But this, she said, was sure, — that after death
There was reward, and there was punishment,

And that the evil-doers, when the breath
Of their injurious lives at length was spent,
Into all noxious forms abhorred were sent
Of beasts and reptiles: so retaining still
Their old propensities, on evil bent,
They worked where'er they might their wicked will,
The natural foes of man, whom we pursue and kill.

30.

Of better spirits, some there were who said
That in the grave they had their place of rest.
Lightly they laid the earth upon the dead,
Lest in his narrow tenement the guest
Should suffer underneath such load oppressed.
But that death surely set the spirit free,
Sad proof to them poor Monnema addressed,
Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he
Wherein his soul might dwell: this, therefore, could not be.

31.

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land
Of Souls the happy spirit took its flight, —
A region underneath the sole command
Of the Good Power; by him for the upright
Appointed, and replenished with delight;
A land where nothing evil ever came,
Sorrow nor pain nor peril nor affright
Nor change nor death; but there the human frame
Untouched by age or ill, continued still the same.

32.

Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold
Grieve, nor thirst parch, and hunger pine; but there
The sun by day its even influence hold
With genial warmth, and through the unclouded air
The moon upon her nightly journey fare:
The lakes and fish-full streams are never dry;
Trees, ever green, perpetual fruitage bear;
And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his eye,
Water and earth and heaven to him their stores supply.

33.

And once there was a way to that good land;
For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew,
By which the adventurer might, with foot and hand,
From branch to branch his upward course pursue, —
An easy path, if what were said be true,
Albeit the ascent was long; and, when the height
Was gained, that blissful region was in view,
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.

34.

Oh happy time, when ingress thus was given
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they

Whose hearts were strong might pass from Earth
to Heaven
By their own act and choice! In evil day
Mishap had fatally cut off that way;
And none may now the Land of Spirits gain,
Till, from its dear-loved tenement of clay,
Violence or age, infirmity and pain,
Divorce the soul, which there full gladly would
remain.

35.

Such grievous loss had by their own misdeed
Upon the unworthy race of men been brought.
An aged woman once, who could not speed
In fishing, earnestly one day besought
Her countrymen that they of what they caught
A portion would upon her wants bestow.
They set her hunger and her age at nought,
And still to her entreaties answered "No!"
And mocked her, till they made her heart with rage
o'erflow.

36.

But that Old Woman, by such wanton wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the pride
Of magic power, wherein the crone was strong,
Her human form infirm she laid aside.
Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied
A strength accordant to her fierce intent:
These she assumed; and, burrowing deep and wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went
To inflict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

37.

Downward she wrought her way, and, all around
Laboring, the solid earth she undermined,
And loosened all the roots; then from the ground
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind
Which gathered like a tempest round its head:
Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined,
Uptorn with horrible convulsion dread,
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

38.

But never scion sprouted from that Tree,
Nor seed sprang up; and thus the easy way,
Which had till then for young and old been free,
Was closed upon the sons of men for aye.
The mighty ruin mouldered where it lay,
Till not a trace was left; and now, in sooth,
Almost had all remembrance passed away.
This from the elders she had heard in youth:
Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.

39.

Nathless, departed spirits at their will
Could from the Land of Souls pass to and fro:
They come to us in sleep, when all is still, —
Sometimes to warn against the impending blow;
Alas! more oft to visit us in woe:
Though in their presence there was poor relief!

And this had sad experience made her know;
For, when Quiara came, his stay was brief,
And, waking then, she felt a freshened sense of grief.

40.

Yet to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, though painful, was a deep delight:
It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night,
To know that the departed still requite
The love which to their memory still will cling;
And, though he might not bless her waking sight
With his dear presence, 'twas a blessèd thing
That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image bring.

41.

"Why comes he not to me?" Yeruti cries;
And Mooma, echoing with a sigh the thought,
Asked why it was that to her longing eyes
No dream the image of her father brought.
Nor Monnema to solve that question sought
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell:
Perhaps it was because they knew him not;
Perhaps, — but, sooth, she could not answer well;
What the departed did, themselves alone could tell.

42.

What one tribe held, another disbelieved;
For all concerning this was dark, she said;

Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their fathers fled,
Boasted that even the Country of the Dead
Was theirs; and, where their Spirits chose to go,
The ghosts of other men retired in dread
Before the face of that victorious foe:
No better, then, the world above, than this below!

43.

What then, alas! if this were true, was death?
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!
And some there were who said the living breath
Would ne'er be taken from us by the will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with life the mortal frame he gave,
Did not mischance or wicked witchcraft kill;
Evils from which no care availed to save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the greedy grave.

44.

In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it sought;
Less potent was that art to help than harm.
No means of safety old experience brought:
Nor better fortune did they find who thought
From Death, as from some living foe, to fly;
For speed or subterfuge availed them nought,
But, wheresoe'er they fled, they found him nigh:
None ever could elude that unseen enemy.

45.

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud intent,
Of those who hoped, with arrogant display
Of arms and force, to scare him from their tent;
As if their threatful shouts, and fierce array
Of war, could drive the Invisible away!
Sometimes, regardless of the sufferer's groan,
They dragged the dying out, and as a prey
Exposed him, that, content with him alone,
Death might depart, and thus his fate avert their own.

46.

Depart he might, but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late;
When they who held this fond belief would learn,
Each by his own inevitable fate,
That, in the course of man's uncertain state,
Death is the one and only certain thing.
Oh folly, then, to fly or deprecate
That which at last Time, ever on the wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age must bring!

47.

While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
Listened in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
Uneath it were to tell. With steady eye
Intent they heard; and, when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful foreboding seemed to speak:

Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti asked; and, for that Maiden meek,
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

48.

A different sentiment within them stirred,
When Monnema recalled to mind one day,
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say, —
Almost from memory had it passed away, —
How there appeared amid the woodlands men
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey
His gracious will; but little heed she then
Had given, and like a dream it now recurred again.

49.

But these young questioners from time to time
Called up the long-forgotten theme anew.
Strange men they were, from some remotest clime,
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue:
Across the World of waters wide they came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red Men out, and in his name
His merciful laws and love and promises proclaim.

50

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell or heart conceive. Of human race,

All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest Heaven was now her dwelling-place
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy for ever would remain.

51.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,
The Stars compose her sparkling coronet.
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead;
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child:
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.

52.

Sometimes she had descended from above
To visit her true votaries, and requite
Such as had served her well. And for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,
With labor long and dangers infinite,
Across the great blue waters came, and sought
The Red Men here, to win them, if they might,
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit aught,
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

53.

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
In glory, at the Virgin Mother's feet;
And all who kept their lessons faithfully
An everlasting guerdon there would meet,
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

54.

On earth they offered, too, an easy life
To those who their mild lessons would obey, —
Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife;
And, from the forest leading them away,
They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway,
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell;
Their high and happy office there to pay
Devotions due, which she requited well,
Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoe'er befell.

55.

Thus, Monnema remembered, it was told
By one who, in his hot and headstrong youth,
Had left her happy service; but, when old,
Lamented oft, with unavailing ruth,
And thoughts which, sharper than a serpent's tooth,
Pierced him, that he had changed that peaceful place

For the fierce freedom and the ways uncouth
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Wherefore he had no hope to see in Heaven her face

56.

And she remembered, too, when first they fled
For safety to the farthest solitude
Before their cruel foes, and lived in dread
That thither, too, their steps might be pursued
By those old enemies athirst for blood,
How some among them hoped to see the day
When these belovèd messengers of good
To that lone hiding-place might find the way,
And them to their abode of blessedness convey.

57.

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart
A stirring hope that haply he might meet
Some minister of Heaven; and many a part,
Untrod before, of that wild wood retreat,
Did he, with indefatigable feet,
Explore; yet ever from the fruitless quest
Returned at evening to his native seat
By daily disappointment undepressed, —
So buoyant was the hope that filled his youthful breast.

58.

At length the hour approached that should fulfil
His harmless heart's desire, when they shall see

Their fellow-kind, and take for good or ill
The fearful chance — for such it needs must be —
Of change from that entire simplicity.
Yet wherefore should the thought of change appall?
Grief it perhaps might bring, and injury
And death; but evil never can befall
The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is over all.

CANTO III.

1.

Amid those marshy woodlands far and wide,
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
There grew, on Empalado's southern side,
Groves of that tree whose leaves adust supply
The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
Through many a land of mines and slavery,
Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

2.

But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of machineel the land o'erspread:
Yea, in that tree, so blest by Nature's grace,
A direr curse had they inherited

Than if the Upas there had reared its head,
And sent its baneful scions all around,
Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
When, for themselves in miserable hour,
The virtues of that leaf, with pure good-will,
They taught their unsuspected visitor,
New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain,
A fearless but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-hardened by the accursèd lust of gain:
Oh fatal thirst of gold! oh foul reproach for Spain!

4.

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains;
Their way through forests, axe in hand, they wrought;
Drenched from above by unremitting rains,
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin procured;
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

5.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil, —
The treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal; treasures that with them
bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assoil,
Nor with their venom arm the awakened sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

6.

But, keen of eye in their pursuit of gain,
The conquerors looked for lucre in this tree:
An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'Twas but to gather in what there grew free,
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone,
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws were
known.

7.

For this, in fact, though not in name, a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn, —
No friend at hand to succor or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.

Oh miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet, when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the oppressed.

8.

Often had Kings essayed to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as meant:
A present power was wanting to fulfil
Remote authority's sincere intent.
To Avarice, on its present purpose bent,
The voice of distant Justice spake in vain;
False magistrates and priests their influence lent
The accursèd thing for lucre to maintain:
Oh fatal thirst of gold! oh foul reproach for Spain!

9.

Oh foul reproach! but not for Spain alone,
But for all lands that bear the Christian name!
Where'er commercial slavery is known,
Oh! shall not Justice, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
The foul reproach, the black offence, the same?
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England, hear, —
Thou who hast half redeemed thyself from shame
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear,
Then from this guilt, and not till then, wilt thou be clear.

10.

Unchecked in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentler children of the land

Well nigh had been consumed without remorse.
The bolder tribes meantime, whose skilful hand
Had tamed the horse, in many a warlike band
Kept the field well with bow and dreadful spear.
And now the Spaniards dared no more withstand
Their force, but in their towns grew pale with fear,
If the Mocobio or the Abipon drew near.

11.

Bear witness, Chaco, — thou, from thy domain
With Spanish blood, as erst with Indian, fed!
And Corrientes, by whose church the slain
Were piled in heaps, till for the gathered dead
One common grave was dug, one service said!
Thou too, Parana, thy sad witness bear
From shores with many a mournful vestige spread,
And monumental crosses here and there,
And monumental names that tell where dwellings were!

12.

Nor would with all their power the Kings of Spain,
Austrian or Bourbon, have at last availed
This torrent of destruction to restrain,
And save a people everywhere assailed
By men before whose face their courage quailed,
But for the virtuous agency of those
Who with the Cross alone, when arms had failed,
Achieved a peaceful triumph o'er the foes,
And gave that weary land the blessings of repose.

13.

For, whensoe'er the Spaniards felt or feared
An Indian enemy, they called for aid
Upon Loyola's sons, now long endeared
To many a happy tribe, by them conveyed
From the open wilderness or woodland shade,
In towns of happiest polity to dwell.
Freely these faithful ministers essayed
The arduous enterprise, contented well
If with success they sped, or if as martyrs fell.

14.

And now it chanced some traders, who had felled
The trees of precious foliage far and wide
On Empalado's shore, when they beheld
The inviting woodlands on its northern side,
Crossed thither in their quest, and there espied
Yeruti's footsteps: searching then the shade,
At length a lonely dwelling they descried,
And, at the thought of hostile hordes dismayed,
To the nearest mission sped, and asked the Jesuit's aid.

15.

That was a call which ne'er was made in vain
Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay,
Much of injustice had they to complain,
Much of neglect; but, faithful laborers they
In the Lord's vineyard, there was no delay
When summoned to his work. A little band

Of converts made them ready for the way;
Their spiritual father took a Cross in hand
To be his staff, and forth they went to search the land.

16.

He was a man of rarest qualities,
Who to this barbarous region had confined
A spirit with the learnèd and the wise
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined:
From Gratz, amid the Styrian hills, he came,
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honored name.

17.

It was his evil fortune to behold
The labors of his painful life destroyed;
His flock, which he had brought within the fold,
Dispersed; the work of ages rendered void;
And all of good that Paraguay enjoyed
By blind and suicidal Power o'erthrown.
So he the years of his old age employed,
A faithful chronicler, in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

18.

And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain

Of sad remembrance; and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage.
And sure a willing ear she well might deign
To one whose tales may equally engage
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

19.

But of his native speech because well nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history, —
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
With matter of delight, and food for thought.
And, if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.

20.

Little he deemed when with his Indian band
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
A Poet then unborn, and in a land
Which had proscribed his order, should one day
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,
And shape a song, that, with no fiction dressed,
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
And, sinking deep in many an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest

21.

Behold him on his way! the breviary,
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield;
That well-known habit is his panoply;
That Cross, the only weapon he will wield:
By day he bears it for his staff afield,
By night it is the pillow of his bed;
No other lodging these wild woods can yield
Than earth's hard lap, and rustling overhead
A canopy of deep and tangled boughs far spread.

22.

Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First it behooves to clear a circle there,
And trample down the grass and plantage round,
Where many a deadly reptile might be found,
Whom with its bright and comfortable heat
The flame would else allure: such plagues abound
In these thick woods, and therefore must they beat
The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their feet.

23.

And now they heap dry reeds and broken wood:
The spark is struck, the crackling fagots blaze,
And cheer that unaccustomed solitude.
Soon have they made their frugal meal of maize;
In grateful adoration then they raise
The evening hymn. How solemn in the wild

That sweet accordant strain wherewith they
praise
The Queen of Angels, merciful and mild!
Hail, holiest Mary! Maid, and Mother undefiled.

24.

Blame as thou mayst the Papist's erring creed,
But not their salutary rite of even!
The prayers that from a pious soul proceed,
Though misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.
Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,
As our best birthright it behooves to hold
The precious charge; but, oh, beware the leaven
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.

25.

Think'st thou the little company, who here
Pour forth their hymn devout at close of day,
Feel it no aid that those who hold them dear,
At the same hour the self-same homage pay,
Commending them to Heaven when far away;
That the sweet bells are heard in solemn chime
Through all the happy towns of Paraguay,
Where now their brethren in one point of time
Join in the general prayer, with sympathy sublime

26.

That to the glorious Mother of their Lord
Whole Christendom that hour its homage pays

From court and cottage that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?
Amid the crowded city's restless ways,
One reverential thought pervades the throng:
The traveller on his lonely road obeys
The sacred hour, and, as he fares along,
In spirit hears and joins his household's even-song.

27.

What if they think that every prayer enrolled
Shall one day in their good account appear;
That guardian Angels hover round, and fold
Their wings in adoration while they hear;
Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal sphere
Waft it with joy, and to the grateful theme,
Well pleased, the Mighty Mother bends her ear?
A vain delusion this we rightly deem:
Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive dream.

28.

That prayer performed, around the fire reclined,
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resigned;
And the good Father with that toilsome day
Fatigued, full fain to sleep, — if sleep he may, —
Whom all-tormenting insects there assail;
More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey
Against whom strength may cope or skill prevail:
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

29.

Patience itself, that should the sovereign cure
For ills that touch ourselves alone, supply,
Lends little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky,
And swarm about their prey; there he must lie
And suffer while the hours of darkness wear:
At times he utters with a deep-drawn sigh
Some name adored, in accents of despair
Breathed sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

30.

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of light;
Welcome to him the earliest sound of day;
That, from the sufferings of that weary night
Released, he may resume his willing way,
Well pleased again the perils to essay
Of that drear wilderness, with hope renewed:
Success will all his labors overpay;
A quest like his is cheerfully pursued;
The heart is happy still that is intent on good.

31.

And now, where Empalado's waters creep
Through low and level shores of woodland wide,
They come: prepared to cross the sluggish deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
Where Towey and the salt-sea waters meet,

The Indians launch; they steady it and guide,
Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While in the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

32.

For three long summer days, on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude;
The fourth a human footstep is espied,
And through the mazes of the pathless wood
With hound-like skill and hawk-like eye pursued;
For keen upon their pious quest are they
As e'er were hunters on the track of blood.
Where softer ground or trodden herbs betray
The slightest mark of man, they there explore the way.

33.

More cautious when more certain of the trace,
In silence they proceed; not like a crew
Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase
With hound and horn in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant halloo,
And hurrying forward to their spoil desired,
The panting game before them, full in view:
Humaner thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.

34.

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of fear;
The perils of that enterprise they know:

Some savage horde may have its fastness here,
A race to whom a stranger is a foe,
Who not for friendly words, nor proffered show
Of gifts, will peace or parley entertain.
If by such hands their blameless blood should flow
To serve the Lamb who for their sins was slain,
Blessèd indeed their lot, for so to die is gain!

35.

Them, thus pursuing where the track may lead,
A human voice arrests upon their way:
They stop, and thither, whence the sounds proceed,
All eyes are turned in wonder, — not dismay;
For sure such sounds might charm all fear away:
No nightingale whose brooding mate is nigh,
From some sequestered bower at close of day,
No lark rejoicing in the orient sky,
Ever poured forth so wild a strain of melody.

36.

The voice which through the ringing forest floats
Is one which, having ne'er been taught the skill
Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter notes,
Utters all unpremeditate, at will,
A modulated sequence, loud and shrill,
Of inarticulate and long-breathed sound,
Varying its tones with rise and fall and trill,
Till all the solitary woods around
With that far-piercing power of melody resound.

37.

In mute astonishment attent to hear,
As if by some enchantment held, they stood,
With bending head, fixed eye, and eager ear,
And hand upraised in warning attitude
To check all speech or step that might intrude
On that sweet strain. Them leaving thus spell-bound,
A little way alone into the wood
The Father gently moved toward the sound,
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy ground.

38.

Anon, advancing thus the trees between,
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.
Mooma it was, that happy maiden mild,
Who in the sunshine, like a careless child
Of nature, in her joy was carolling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet birds of spring.

39.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she, in many an emulous essáy,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, — a wild display
Of sounds, in rich, irregular array, —
And now, as blithe as bird in vernal bower,

Poured in full flow the unexpressive lay;
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

40.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was raised, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
As if the voice exulted there to dwell:
But, when she could no more that pitch sustain,
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
That, with the music of its dying strain,
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

41.

It might be deemed some dim preságe possessed
The virgin's soul; that some mysterious sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impressed,
Had then called forth, e'er she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou losest in thy native shade
There is one change alone that may compense,
O Mooma! innocent and simple maid, —
Only one change, and it will not be long delayed!

42.

When now the Father issued from the wood
Into that little glade in open sight,

Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood:
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight,
When thus the actual vision came in view;
For instantly the Maiden read aright
Wherefore he came, — his garb and beard she knew.
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

43.

Nor was the Father filled with less surprise:
He, too, strange fancies well might entertain,
When this so fair a creature met his eyes.
He might have thought her not of mortal strain;
Rather, as bards of yore were wont to feign,
A nymph divine of Mondai's secret stream;
Or haply of Diana's woodland train:
For, in her beauty, Mooma such might seem,
Being less a child of earth than like a poet's dream.

44.

No art of barbarous ornament had scarred
And stained her virgin limbs, or 'filed her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marred
In her sweet countenance the natural grace
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage place,
Which seemed to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

45.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung:
By night it was the Maiden's bed; by day,
Her only garment. Round her as it hung,
In short, unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves, display
Her form. She stood with fixed and wondering eyes;
And trembling like a leaf upon the spray,
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries
She called her mother forth to share that glad surprise.

46.

At that unwonted call, with quickened pace,
The Matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Monnema a stranger's face!
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear!
How strangely to her disaccustomed ear
Came even the accents of her native tongue!
But, when she saw her countrymen appear,
Tears for that unexpected blessing sprung,
And once again she felt as if her heart were young

47.

Soon was her melancholy story told;
And glad consent unto that Father good
Was given, that they to join his happy fold
Would leave with him their forest solitude.
Why comes not now Yeruti from the wood?
Why tarrieth he so late this blessèd day?

They long to see their joy in his renewed,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide his long delay.

48.

He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfilled at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing mind
There is no doubt or fear to overcast;
No chilling forethought checks his bliss; the past
Leaves no regret for him; and all to come
Is change and wonder and delight. How fast
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectance makes him dumb!

49.

Oh happy day! the Messenger of Heaven
Hath found them in their lonely dwelling-place!
Oh happy day! to them it would be given
To share in that Eternal Mother's grace,
And one day see in heaven her glorious face,
Where Angels round her mercy-throne adore!
Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequestered from their fellow-kind no more:
Oh joy of joys supreme! oh bliss for them in store!

50.

Full of such hopes this night they lay them down,
But not, as they were wont, this night to rest.

Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
The peace wherewith till now they have been blest
Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast-following thoughts and busy fancies throng;
Their sleep itself is feverish, and possessed
With dreams that to the wakeful mind belong:
To Mooma and the youth then first the night seemed long.

51.

Day comes; and now a first and last farewell
To that fair bower within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell
Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,
And beasts and reptiles undisturbed intrude:
Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,
Emerging from their peaceful solitude,
To mingle with the world, but not to know
Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe.

CANTO IV.

1.

The bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower,
When in St. Joachin's the news was told
That Dobrizhoffer from his quest that hour
Drew nigh: the glad Guaranies, young and old,
Throng through the gate, rejoicing to behold
His face again; and all with heartfelt glee

Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful fold,
Where so beloved amid his flock was he,
That this return was like a day of jubilee.

2.

How more than strange, how marvellous a sight,
To the new-comers was this multitude!
Something like fear was mingled with affright,
When they the busy scene of turmoil viewed:
Wonder itself the sense of joy subdued,
And, with its all-unwonted weight, oppressed
These children of the quiet solitude;
And now and then a sigh, that heaved the breast
Unconsciously, bewrayed their feeling of unrest.

3.

Not more prodigious than that little town
Seemed to these comers were the pomp and power
To us of ancient Rome in her renown;
Nor the elder Babylon, or ere that hour
When her high gardens, and her cloud-capt tower,
And her broad walls, before the Persian fell;
Nor those dread fanes on Nile's forsaken shore,
Whose ruins yet their pristine grandeur tell,
Wherein the demon Gods themselves might deign
to dwell.

4.

But if, all humble as it was, that scene
Possessed a poor and uninstructed mind

With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well I ween,
Something to move its wonder there might find,
Something of consolation for its kind,
Some hope and earnest of a happier age,
When vain pursuits no more the heart shall blind,
But Faith the evils of this earth assuage,
And to all souls assure their heavenly heritage.

5.

Yes; for, in history's mournful map, the eye
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
May rest complacent: to humanity,
There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot
Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,
By Avarice undebased, exempt from care,
By perilous passions undisturbed. And what
If Glory never reared her standard there,
Nor with her clarion's blast awoke the slumbering air? —

6.

Content and cheerful Piety were found
Within those humble walls. From youth to age
The simple dwellers paced their even round
Of duty, not desiring to engage
Upon the busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been trained to dread:
Their inoffensive lives in pupilage
Perpetually, but peacefully, they led,
From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

7.

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loath,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he, with equal faith, the trust of both
Accepted and discharged. The bliss is theirs
Of that entire dependence that prepares
Entire submission, let what may befall;
And his whole careful course of life declares
That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,
Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all in all.

8.

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;
No forecast, no anxieties, have they;
The Jesuit governs and instructs and guides;
Their part it is to honor and obey,
Like children under wise parental sway.
All thoughts and wishes are to him confessed;
And when, at length, in life's last, weary day,
In sure and certain hope they sink to rest,
By him their eyes are closed, by him their burial blest.

9.

Deem not their lives of happiness devoid,
Though thus the years their course obscurely fill;
In rural and in household arts employed,
And many a pleasing task of pliant skill,
For emulation here unmixed with ill,
Sufficient scope was given. Each had assigned

His proper part, which yet left free the will,
So well they knew to mould the ductile mind
By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.

10.

It was a land of priestcraft, but the Priest
Believed himself the fables that he taught:
Corrupt their forms, and yet those forms at least
Preserved a salutary faith that wrought,
Maugre the alloy, the saving end it sought.
Benevolence had gained such empire there,
That even superstition had been brought
An aspect of humanity to wear,
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

11.

Nor lacked they store of innocent delight,
Music and song and dance and proud array,
Whate'er might win the ear or charm the sight;
Banners and pageantry in rich display
Brought forth upon some Saint's high holyday,
The altar dressed, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,
And festal tables spread for old and young,
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

12.

Thou who despisest so debased a fate,
As in the pride of wisdom thou mayst call

These meek, submissive Indians' low estate,
Look round the world, and see where over all
Injurious passions hold mankind in thrall;
How barbarous Force asserts a ruthless reign;
Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the ball,
Hath learned a baser empire to maintain, —
Mammon, the god of all who give their souls to gain.

13.

Behold the fraudful arts, the covert strife,
The jarring interests, that engross mankind;
The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the mind, —
That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;
And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!
The immortal soul, which hath so long been blind,
Recovers then clear sight, and sees too well
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14.

Far happier the Guaranies' humble race,
With whom, in dutiful contentment wise,
The gentle virtues had their dwelling-place.
With them the dear, domestic charities
Sustained no blight from fortune; natural ties
There suffered no divorcement, save alone
That which in course of nature might arise;
No artificial wants and ills were known;
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

15.

Obedience in its laws that takes delight
Was theirs; simplicity that knows no art;
Love, friendship, grateful duty, in its height:
Meekness and truth, that keep all strife apart;
And faith and hope, which elevate the heart
Upon its heavenly heritage intent.
Poor, erring, self-tormentor that thou art,
O Man! and on thine own undoing bent,
Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not with these content?

16.

Mild pupils in Submission's perfect school,
Two thousand souls were gathered here; and here,
Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing rule,
They dwelt, obeying him with love sincere,
That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear,
Nor anxious thought, which wears the heart away.
Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler dear;
Humbler or happier none could be than they,
Who knew it for their good in all things to obey.

17.

The Patron Saint, from whom their town was named,
Was that St. Joachin, who, legends say,
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proclaimed
The Advent. Being permitted, on the day
That Death enlarged him from this mortal clay
His daughter's high election to behold,

Thither his soul, glad herald, winged its way,
And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs old
The tidings of great joy and near deliverance told.

18.

There on the altar was his image set,
The lamp before it burning night and day,
And there was incensed, when his votaries met
Before the sacred shrine their beads to say,
And for his fancied intercession pray,
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee.
Such adoration they were taught to pay:
Good man, how little had he weened that he
Should thus obtain a place in Rome's idolatry!

19.

But chiefly there the Mother of our Lord,
His blessèd daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.
Amid the square on high her image stood,
Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,—
The Babe Divine, on whom she fixed her sight;
And in their hearts, albe the work was rude,
It raised the thought of all-commanding might,
Combined with boundless love and mercy infinite.

20.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and old

He deemed alike his children while he wrought
For their salvation, — seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enrolled,
To their slow minds, that could but ill conceive
The import of the mighty truths he told.
But errors they have none to which they cleave;
And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly believe.

21.

Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise.
How at believing aught should these delay,
When everywhere new objects met their eyes
To fill the soul with wonder and surprise?
Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
In man doth impious unbelief arise;
It is our instinct to believe and dread:
God bids us love, and then our faith is perfected.

22.

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend.
And to the font at once he might have brought
These converts, if the Father had not thought
Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lest lightly learnt might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23.

Of this they recked not whether soon or late;
For overpowering wonderment possessed
Their faculties; and in this new estate
Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh oppressed
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast,
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
But in their dreams, a mixed, disordered train,
The busy scenes of day disturbed their hearts again

24.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Returned, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude
Which late it left: strange faces were descried,
Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
And buildings seemed to tower amid the trees,
And forms of men and beasts on every side,
As ever-wakeful fancy hears and sees
All things that it had heard and seen, and more than these.

25.

For in their sleep strange forms deformed they saw
Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,
And souls who must abide the rigorous law
Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries

Blaspheming roll around their hopeless eyes;
And those who, doomed a shorter term to bear
In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
Seeking and finding consolation there,
And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

26.

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abased;
And infant faces in their dreams were seen
Hovering on cherub-wings; and Spirits placed
To be their guards invisible, who chased
With fiery arms their fiendish foes away:
Such visions overheated fancy traced,
Peopling the night with a confused array
That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27.

To all who, from an old erratic course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the force
Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,
A thick, perpetual umbrage overhead,
They came to dwell in open light and air.
This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,
And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaimed unhurt this total change to bear.

28.

All thoughts and occupations to commute,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uproot,
Conformed to which the vital powers pursued
Their functions, — such mutation is too rude
For man's fine frame unshaken to sustain.
And these poor children of the solitude
Began ere long to pay the bitter pain
That their new way of life brought with it in its train.

29.

On Monnema the apprehended ill
Came first: the Matron sunk beneath the weight
Of a strong malady, whose force no skill
In healing might avert or mitigate.
Yet, happy in her children's safe estate,
Her thankfulness for them she still expressed;
And, yielding then complacently to fate,
With Christian rites her passing hour was blest,
And with a Christian's hope she was consigned to rest.

30.

They laid her in the Garden of the Dead:
Such as a Christian burial-place should be
Was that fair spot, where every grave was spread
With flowers, and not a weed to spring was free;
But the pure blossoms of the orange-tree
Dropped like a shower of fragrance on the bier;

And palms, the type of immortality,
Planted in stately colonnades appear,
That all was verdant there throughout the unvarying year.

31.

Nor ever did irreverent feet intrude
Within that sacred spot; nor sound of mirth,
Unseemly there, profane the solitude,
Where solemnly committed earth to earth,
Waiting the summons for their second birth,
Whole generations in Death's peaceful fold
Collected lay, — green innocence, ripe worth,
Youth full of hope, and age whose days were told,
Compressed alike into that mass of mortal mould.

32.

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's voice
To put on immortality. That call
Shall one day make the sentient dust rejoice;
These bodies then shall rise, and cast off all
Corruption, with whate'er of earthly thrall
Had clogged the heavenly image then set free.
How, then, should death a Christian's heart appall?
Lo, Heaven for you is open! enter, ye
Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33.

This hope supported Mooma, hand in hand
When with Yeruti at the grave she stood.

Less even now of death they understand
Than of the joys eternal that ensued:
The bliss of infinite beatitude
To them had been their teacher's favorite theme,
Wherewith their hearts so fully were imbued,
That it the sole reality might seem,
Life, death, and all things else, a shadow or a dream.

34.

Yea, so possessed with that best hope were they,
That if the heavens had opened overhead,
And the Archangel with his trump that day
To judgment had convoked the quick and dead,
They would have heard the summons, not with dread,
But in the joy of faith that knows no fear:
"Come, Lord! come quickly!" would this pair have said;
"And thou, O Queen of men and Angels dear!
Lift us, whom thou hast loved, into thy happy sphere."

35.

They wept not at the grave, though overwrought
With feelings there as if the heart would break.
Some haply might have deemed they suffered not;
Yet they who looked upon that Maiden meek
Might see what deep emotion blanched her cheek.
An inward light there was which filled her eyes,
And told, more forcibly than words could speak,
That this disruption of her earliest ties
Had shaken mind and frame in all their faculties.

36.

It was not passion only that disturbed
Her gentle nature thus; it was not grief;
Nor human feeling by the effort curbed
Of some misdeeming duty, when relief
Were surely to be found, albeit brief,
If sorrow at its springs might freely flow;
Nor yet repining, stronger than belief
In its first force, that shook the Maiden so;
Though these alone might that frail fabric overthrow

37.

The seeds of death were in her at that hour;
Soon was their quickening and their growth displayed:
Thenceforth she drooped and withered like a flower,
Which, when it flourished in its native shade,
Some child to his own garden hath conveyed,
And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to fade,
Not under sharp disease, but day by day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38.

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone;
A deathy paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shone,
Now, like a lamp that is no longer fed,
Grew dim: but when she raised her heavy head
Some proffered help of kindness to partake,

Those feeble eyes a languid lustre shed,
And her sad smile of thankfulness would wake
Grief even in callous hearts for that sweet sufferer's sake.

39.

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade?
But he was spared the lamentable sight,
Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.
Joy of his heart, and of his eyes the light,
Had Mooma been to him, his soul's delight,
On whom his mind for ever was intent;
His darling thought by day, his dream by night,
The playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had passed in peacefulest content.

40.

Well was it for the youth, and well for her,
As there in placid helplessness she lay,
He was not present with his love to stir
Emotions that might shake her feeble clay,
And rouse up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
To earth the soul that soon must pass away.
But this was spared them; and no pain of mind
To trouble her had she, instinctively resigned.

41.

Nor was there wanting to the sufferers aught
Of careful kindness to alleviate

The affliction; for the universal thought
In that poor town was of their sad estate,
And what might best relieve or mitigate
Their case, what help of nature or of art;
And many were the prayers compassionate
That the good Saints their healing would impart,
Breathed in that Maid's behalf from many a tender heart.

42.

And vows were made for her, if vows might save:
She for herself the while preferred no prayer;
For, when she stood beside her Mother's grave,
Her earthly hopes and thoughts had ended there.
Her only longing now was, free as air
From this obstructive flesh to take her flight
For Paradise, and seek her Mother there;
And then, regaining her belovèd sight,
Rest in the eternal sense of undisturbed delight.

43.

Her heart was there; and there she felt and knew
That soon full surely should her spirit be.
And who can tell what foretastes might ensue
To one whose soul, from all earth's thraldom free,
Was waiting thus for immortality?
Sometimes she spake with short and hurried breath,
As if some happy sight she seemed to see,
While, in the fulness of a perfect faith,
Even with a lover's hope, she lay, and looked for death.

44.

I said that for herself the patient Maid
Preferred no prayer: but oft her feeble tongue
And feebler breath a voice of praise essayed;
And, duly when the vesper-bell was rung,
Her evening hymn in faint accord she sung,
So piously, that they who gathered round,
Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents hung,
As though they thought it were no mortal sound,
But that the place whereon they stood was holy ground.

45.

At such an hour, when Dobrizhoffer stood
Beside her bed, oh! how unlike, he thought,
This voice to that which, ringing through the wood,
Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
And was it then for this that he had brought
That harmless household from their native shade?
Death had already been the Mother's lot;
And this fair Mooma, was she formed to fade
So soon, — so soon must she in earth's cold lap be laid?

46.

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
And wherefore should he? He had acted well;
And, deeming of the ways of God aright,
Knew that to such as these, whate'er befell
Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,

So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue?

47.

She saw him weep; and she could understand
The cause thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved, she took his hand:
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Passed, while she looked at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loath to part,
Detaining him, her fingers, lank and weak,
Played with their hold; then, letting him depart,
She gave him a slow smile that touched him to the heart.

48.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
Think'st thou that it were worth a wish to live,
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?
That simple heart, that innocence sincere,
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be
For the great change; and, now that change is near,
Oh! who would keep her soul from being free?
Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee!

49.

She hath passed away; and on her lips a smile
Hath settled, fixed in death. Judged they aright,

Or suffered they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she had sight
Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight;
That Angels waited round her lowly bed;
And that, in that last effort of delight,
When lifting up her dying arms, she said,
"I come!" a ray from heaven upon her face was shed?

50.

St. Joachin's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief before,
As when, with tapers, dirge, and long array,
The Maiden's body to the grave they bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;
Yet, wondering at the fortune they lament,
They the wise ways of Providence adore,
By whom the Pastor surely had been sent,
When to the Mondai woods upon his quest he went.

51.

This was, indeed, a chosen family,
For Heaven's especial favor marked, they said;
Shut out from all mankind they seemed to be;
Yet mercifully they were visited,
That so within the fold they might be led,
Then called away to bliss. Already two
In their baptismal innocence were dead;
The third was on the bed of death, they knew,
And in the appointed course must presently ensue.

52.

They marvelled, therefore, when the youth once more
Rose from his bed, and walked abroad again:
Severe had been the malady, and sore
The trial, while life struggled to maintain
Its seat against the sharp assaults of pain.
But life in him was vigorous; long he lay
Ere it could its ascendency regain; [sway,
Then, when the natural powers resumed their
All trace of late disease passed rapidly away.

53.

The first inquiry, when his mind was free,
Was for his Sister. She was gone, they said, —
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be
With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed,
Nor was he seen to sorrow for the dead;
But took the fatal tidings in such part
As if a dull, unfeeling nature bred
His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart
To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

54.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems!
Waters that babble on their way proclaim
A shallowness; but in their strength deep streams
Flow silently. Of death, Yeruti deems
Not as an ill, but as the last great good,

Compared wherewith all other he esteems
Transient and void: how, then, should thought intrude
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude?

55.

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude,
Less had Yeruti learnt to entertain
A sense of age than death. He understood
Something of death from creatures he had slain;
But here the ills which follow in the train
Of age had first to him been manifest, —
The shrunken form, the limbs that move with pain,
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest, —
That in his heart he said to die betimes was best.

56.

Nor had he lost the dead: they were but gone
Before him, whither he should shortly go.
Their robes of glory they had first put on:
He, cumbered with mortality, below
Must yet abide awhile, content to know
He should not wait in long expectance here.
What cause, then, for repining or for woe?
Soon shall he join them in their heavenly sphere:
And often, even now, he knew that they were near.

57.

'Twas but in open day to close his eyes,
And shut out the unprofitable view

Of all this weary world's realities,
And forthwith, even as if they lived anew,
The dead were with him; features, form, and hue,
And looks and gestures, were restored again:
Their actual presence in his heart he knew;
And when their converse was disturbed, oh! then
How flat and stale it was to mix with living men!

58.

But not the less, whate'er was to be done,
With living men he took his part content,
At loom, in garden, or afield, as one
Whose spirit, wholly on obedience bent,
To every task its prompt attention lent.
Alert in labor he among the best;
And, when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

59.

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturbed his power
Of reason. Yet he seemed to feel the weight
Of time; for always, when from yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing hour.
The sound appeared to give him some delight;
And, when the evening shades began to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading light,
As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

60.

The old man, to whom he had been given in care,
To Dobrizhoffer came one day, and said,
"The trouble which our youth was thought to bear
With such indifference hath deranged his head.
He says that he is nightly visited;
His Mother and his Sister come and say
That he must give this message from the dead, —
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay."

61.

A dream the Jesuit deemed it; a deceit,
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;
A mere delusion, which it were not meet
To censure, lest the youth's distempered thought
Might thereby be to further error brought:
But he himself its vanity would find, —
They argued thus, — if it were noticed not.
His baptism was in fitting time designed,
The Father said, and then dismissed it from his mind.

62.

But the old Indian came again ere long
With the same tale, and freely then confessed
His doubt that he had done Yeruti wrong;
For something more than common seemed impressed.
And now he thought that certes it were best
From the youth's lips his own account to hear;

Haply the Father then to his request
Might yield, regarding his desire sincere,
Nor wait for further time if there were aught to fear

63.

Considerately the Jesuit heard, and bade
The Youth be called. Yeruti told his tale.
Nightly these blessèd spirits came, he said,
To warn him he must come within the pale
Of Christ without delay; nor must he fail
This warning to their Pastor to repeat,
Till the renewed entreaty should prevail:
Life's business then for him would be complete,
And 'twas to tell him this they left their starry seat.

64.

Came they to him in dreams? — he could not tell;
Sleeping or waking now small difference made:
For even, while he slept, he knew full well
That his dear Mother and that darling Maid
Both in the Garden of the Dead were laid.
And yet he saw them as in life, the same,
Save only that in radiant robes arrayed;
And round about their presence, when they came,
There shone an effluent light as of a harmless flame.

65.

And where he was he knew, the time, the place, —
All circumstantial things to him were clear,

His own heart undisturbed. His Mother's face
How could he choose but know; or, knowing, fear
Her presence and that Maid's, to him more dear
Than all that had been left him now below?
Their love had drawn them from their happy sphere;
That dearest love unchanged they came to show;
And he must be baptized, and then he, too, might go.

66.

With searching ken, the Jesuit, while he spake,
Perused him, if in countenance or tone
Aught might be found appearing to partake
Of madness. Mark of passion there was none;
None of derangement: in his eye alone,
As from a hidden fountain emanate,
Something of an unusual brightness shone:
But neither word nor look betrayed a state
Of wandering; and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

67.

Regular his pulse, from all disorder free;
The vital powers performed their part assigned;
And, to whate'er was asked, collectedly
He answered. Nothing troubled him in mind:
Why should it? Were not all around him kind?
Did not all love him with a love sincere,
And seem, in serving him, a joy to find?

He had no want, no pain, no grief, no fear:
But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

68.

"Thy will be done, Father in heaven who art!"
The Pastor said, nor longer now denied;
But, with a weight of awe upon his heart,
Entered the church; and there, the font beside,
With holy water, chrism, and salt applied,
Performed in all solemnity the rite.
His feeling was that hour with fear allied:
Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight;
And, while he knelt, his eyes seemed larger and more bright.

69.

His wish hath been obtained; and, this being done,
His soul was to its full desire content.
The day in its accustomed course passed on;
The Indian marked him ere to rest he went,
How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he bent,
And then, like one who casts all care aside,
Lay down. The old man feared no ill event,
When, "Ye are come for me!" Yeruti cried:
"Yes, I am ready now!" and instantly he died.

NOTES TO A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

So he, forsooth, a shapely boot must wear. — Proem, p. 10.

His leg had been set by the French after their conquest of Pamplona, and reset after his removal to his father's house. The latter operation is described as having been most severe, but borne by him, in his wonted manner, without any manifestation of suffering. For some time, his life was despaired of. "When the danger of death was past, and the bones were knit and becoming firm, two inconveniences remained: one occasioned by a portion of bone below the knee, which projected so as to occasion some deformity; the other was a contraction of the leg, which prevented him from walking erect, or standing firmly on his feet. Now, as he was very solicitous about his appearance, and intended at that time to follow the course of a military life, which he had begun, he inquired of his medical attendants, in the first place, whether the bone could be removed, which stood out in so unsightly a manner. They answered, that it was possible to remove it, but the operation would be exceedingly painful, — much more so than any which he had before undergone. He nevertheless directed them to cut it out, that he might have his will, and (as he himself related in my hearing, says Ribadeneira) that he might wear fashionable and well-fitting boots. Nor could he be dissuaded from this determination. He would not consent to be bound during the operation, and went through it with the same firmness of mind which he had manifested in the former operations. By this means, the deformity of the bone was removed. The contraction of the leg was in some degree relieved by other applications, and especially by certain machines, with which during many days, and with great and

continual pain, it was stretched: nevertheless, it could not be so extended but that it always remained something shorter than the other." — *Ribadeneira, Vita S. Ignatii Loyolæ, Acta SS. Jul.*, t. vii. p. 659.

A close-fitting boot seems to have been as fashionable at one time as close-fitting *innominables* of buckskin were about the year 1790; and perhaps it was as severe an operation to get into them for the first time. "The greasy shoemaker," says Tom Nash, "with his squirrel's-skin, and a whole stall of ware upon his arm, enters, and wrencheth his legs for an hour together, and after shows his tally. By St. Loy, that draws deep!" — *Nash's Lenten Stuff. Harl. Miscel.*, vol. ii. p. 289, 8vo edition.

The operation of fitting a Spanish dandy with short-laced quarter boots is thus minutely described by Juan de Zavaleta, who was historiographer at the commencement of Carlos II.'s reign: —

"In comes the shoemaker in the odor of haste and fatigue: he takes the shoes off the last with as much difficulty as if he were skinning the lasts. The gallant seats himself upon a chair: the shoemaker kneels down, and takes possession of one foot, which he handles as if he were sent there to administer the torture. He puts one shoeing-skin* in the heel of the shoe, fits the other upon the point of the foot, and then begins to guide the shoe over the shoeing-skin. Scarcely has it got farther than the toes when it is found necessary to draw it on with pincers; and even then it is hard work. The patient stands up, fatigued with the operation, but well pleased that the shoes are tight; and, by the shoemaker's directions, he stamps three or four times on the floor with such force, that it must be of iron if it does not give way.

"The cordovan and the soles, being thus beaten, submit: they are the skins of animals who obey blows. Our gallant returns to his seat: he turns up the upper leather of the shoe, and lays hold on it with the pincers. The tradesman kneels

* A piece of hare's-skin is used in Spain for this purpose, as it appears by the former extract from Tom Nash that squirrel's-skin was in England.

close by him on both knees; rests on the ground with his left hand; and bending in this all-four's position over the foot, making an arch with those fingers of the right hand which form the span, assists in drawing on the upper part of the cordovan; the gallant pulling the while with the pincers. He then puts himself on one knee, lays hold of the end of the foot with one hand, and with the palm of the other strikes his own hand as hard as if he were striking a ball with a racket; for necessity is so discreet, that the poor man inflicts this pain upon himself that he may give none to the person of whose custom he stands in need.

"The end of the foot being thus adjusted, he repairs to the heel, and with his tongue moistens the end of the seams, that they may not give way for being dry. Tremendous vanity, that one man should allow the mouth of another to be applied to his feet that he may have them trimly set out! The shoemaker unfolds the heel, turns round with the shoeing-skin in his hand, and begins to fit the second part of the shoe upon the foot. He desires the gallant to put the end of the foot down; and the gallant does as he is desired. He draws the shoe towards him with such force, that the person who is thus being shoed is compressed in an unseemly manner between the shoemaker's body and the back of the chair. Presently he tells him to put his heel down; and the man is as obedient as a slave. He orders him then to stamp upon the ground; and the man stamps as he is ordered. The gallant then seats himself again: the cruel operator draws the shoeing-skin from the instep, and in its place drives in a stick which they call *costa*.* He then turns upon it the punch, which makes the holes in the leather through which the ribbons are to pass: he again twists round his hand the strip of hare's-skin which hangs from the heel, and pulls it as if he were ringing a bell, and leaves upon the upper part of the top such pain and marks as if he had punched the holes in it. He bores the ears, passes the string through with a bodkin, brings the ears together that they may fasten the shoe, fits them to their in-

* Which is used to drive in upon the last to raise a shoe higher in the instep.

tended place, and ties the knot with such force, that, if it were possible to strangle a man by the neck of his foot, strangled the gallant would be. Then he makes the rose, with more care than grace. He goes then to take out the shoeing-skin, which is still hanging from the heel: he lays hold of this, strikes the sole of the foot with his other hand as if settling it, and draws out the skin, bringing out all with it. The gallant puts his foot to the ground, and remains looking at it: the shoemaker rises, wipes the sweat from his forehead with his fingers, and draws his breath like one who has been running. All this trouble might have been saved by making the shoe a little larger than the foot. Presently both have to go through the same pains with the other foot. Now comes the last and terrible act of payment. The tradesman collects his tools, receives his money, and goes out at the door, looking at the silver to see if it is good, and leaving the gallant walking as much at his ease as if he had been put in fetters.

"If they who wear tight shoes think that thereby they can lessen the size of their feet, they are mistaken: the bones cannot be squeezed one into another. If, therefore, the shoe is made short, the foot must be crooked at the joints, and grow upward if it is not allowed to grow forward; if it is pinched in the breadth, the flesh which is thus constrained must extend itself in length. They who are shod thus miserably remain with just the same quantity of foot.

"Of all animals, man is the one to which, in proportion to its size, Nature has given the largest feet; because as his whole body is to be supported upon them, and he has only two, she chose that he should walk in safety. He who wishes to abbreviate them acts as if he were inclined to fall, and to fall into vices which will do him more injury than if he fell upon stones. The feet are the part which in the fabric of the human body are placed nearest to the earth. They are meant therefore, to be the humblest part of his frame; but gallants take away all humility by adorning and setting them forth in bravery. This so displeases the Creator, that, having to make man an animal who should walk upon the earth, he made the earth of such properties that the footsteps should sink into it. The foot which is lifted from the ground leaves its own grave

open, and seems as if it rose from the grave. What a tremendous thing is it, then, to set off with adornments that which the earth wishes to devour at every step!" — *El dia de Fiesta: Obras de D. Juan de Zavaleta*, pp. 179, 180.

Whiling with books the weary hours away. — Proem, p. 10.

"Vede quanto importa a liçaõ de bons livros! Se o livro fora de cavallerias, sahiria Ignacio hum grande cavalleyro: foy hum livro de Vidas de Santos, sahio hum grande santo. Se lera cavallerias, sahiria Ignacio hum Cavalleyro da Ardente Espada: leo vidas de santos, sahio hum Santo da Ardente Tocha." — *Vieyra: Sermam de S. Ignacio*, t. i. 368.

"See," says Vieyra, "the importance of reading good books! If it had been a book of knight-errantry, Ignacio would have become a great knight-errant: it was the Lives of the Saints, and Ignatius became a great saint. If he had read about knights, he might have proved a Knight of the Burning Sword: he read about saints, and proved a Saint of the Burning Torch."

Nothing could seem more probable than that Cervantes had this part of Loyola's history in his mind when he described the rise of Don Quixote's madness, if Cervantes had not shown himself in one of his dramas to be thoroughly imbued with the pestilent superstition of his country. "El dichoso Rufian" is one of those monstrous compositions which nothing but the antichristian fables of the Romish church could have produced.

Landor, however, supposes that Cervantes intended to satirize a favorite dogma of the Spaniards. The passage occurs in his thirteenth conversation.

"The most dexterous attack ever made against the worship among Catholics, which opens so many side-chapels to pilfering and imposture, is that of Cervantes.

"*Leopold.* I do not remember in what part.

"*President.* Throughout 'Don Quixote.' Dulcinea was the beauteous, the immaculate; and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections. Surely your highness never could have imagined that Cervan-

tes was such a knight-errant as to attack knight-errantry; a folly that had ceased more than a century, if indeed it was any folly at all. And the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it is not less improbable; for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the garniture of chapter-houses, theology, and pervaded, as with a thread of gold, the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered amongst them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by this solitary archery, well knowing what amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows and discovering the bull's-eye hits.

"Charles V. was the Knight of La Mancha, devoting his labors and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making all minds, like watches, turn their indexes by a simultaneous movement to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in all other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and combining implicit belief in it with the grossest sensuality; for religion, when it is hot enough to produce enthusiasm, burns up and kills every seed intrusted to its bosom." — *Imaginary Conversations*, vol. i. 187.

The Jesuits, however, assure us that Loyola is *not* the author of their society, and that it is not allowable either to think or say so. "Societas Jesu ut à S. Ignatio de Loiolâ non ducit nomen, ita neque originem primam, et aliud sentire aut loqui, nefas." — *Imago Primi Sæculi Soc. Jesu*, p. 64. "Jesus primus ac præcipuus auctor Societatis" is the title of a chapter in this their secular volume, which is a curious and very beautiful book. Then follows "Beata Virgo nutrix, patrona, imò altera velut auctor Societatis." Lastly, "Post Christum et Mariam, Societatis Auctor et Parens sanctus Ignatius."

"On the 26th August, 1794, the French plundered the rich church of Loyola, at Azpeitia, and, proceeding to Elgoibas, loaded five carts with the spoils of the church of that place. This party of marauders consisted of two hundred. The peasants collected, fell upon them, and, after an obstinate conflict of three hours, recovered the whole booty, which they conveyed to

Vittoria in triumph. Among other things, a relic of Loyola was recovered, which was carried in procession to the church, the victorious peasants accompanying it." — *Marcillac, Hist. de la Guerre de l'Espagne*, p. 86.

Vaccination. — Canto I. st. 1.

It is odd that in Hindostan, where it might have been supposed superstition would have facilitated the introduction of this practice, a pious fraud was found necessary for removing the prejudice against it.

Mooperal Streenivaschary, a Brahmin, thus writes to Dr. Anderson, at Madras, on vaccine inoculation: —

"It might be useful to remove a prejudice in the minds of the people, arising from the term *cow-pock* being taken literally in our Tamul tongue; whereas there can be no doubt that it has been a drop of nectar from the exuberant udders of the cows in England, and no way similar to the humor discharged from the tongue and feet of diseased cattle in this country." — *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 423.

For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.
Canto I. st. 3.

Mackenzie gives a dreadful picture of the effect of small-pox among the North-American Indians: —

"The small-pox spread its destructive and desolating power, as the fire consumes the dry grass of the field. The fatal infection spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilential breath whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented, to those who had the melancholy and afflicting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead, the dying, and such as, to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence.

"The habits and lives of these devoted people, which provided not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have height-

ened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nought was left them but to submit in agony and despair.

"To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the putrid carcasses which the wolves, with a furious voracity, dragged forth from the huts, or which were mangled within them by the dogs, whose hunger was satisfied with the disfigured remains of their masters. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had not reached, to call them around him to represent the cruel sufferings and horrid fate of their relations, from the influence of some evil spirit, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to incite them to baffle death, with all its horrors, by their own poniards. At the same time, if their hearts failed them in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affection, and instantly to follow them to the common place of rest and refuge from human evil."

And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.
Canto I. st. 11.

I may be forgiven for not having strictly adhered to natural history in this instance. The liberty which I have taken is mentioned, that it may not be supposed to have arisen from ignorance of this animal's habits.

The jaguar will not attack a living horse if a dead one be near; and, when it kills its prey, it drags it to its den, but is said not to eat the body till it becomes putrid. They are caught in large traps of the cage kind, baited with stinking meat, and then speared or shot through the bars. The Chalcaquines had a braver way of killing them: they provoked the animal, fronted it, received its attack upon a thick truncheon, which they held by the two ends, threw it down while its teeth were fixed in the wood, and ripped the creature up before it could recover. — *Techo*, p. 29. A great profit is made by their skins. The jaguar which has once tasted human flesh becomes a most formidable animal: such a beast is called a *tigre cevado*, — a fleshed tiger. There was one which

infested the road between Santa Fé and Santiago, and had killed ten men; after which, a party of soldiers were sent to destroy it. The same thing is said of the lion and other beasts of prey, probably with truth: not, as is vulgarly supposed, because they have a particular appetite for this kind of food, but because, having once fed upon man, they from that time regard him, like any animal of inferior strength, as their natural prey. "It is a constant observation in Numidia," says Bruce, "that the lion avoids and flies from the face of men till by some accident they have been brought to engage, and the beast has prevailed against him: then that feeling of superiority, imprinted by the Creator in the heart of all animals, for man's preservation, seems to forsake him. The lion, having once tasted human blood, relinquishes the pursuit after the flock. He repairs to some highway or frequented path, and has been known, in the kingdom of Tunis, to interrupt the road to a market for several weeks; and in this he persists till hunters or soldiers are sent out to destroy him." Dobrizhoffer saw the skin of a jaguar which was as long as the standard hide. He says also that he saw one attack two horses which were coupled with a thong, kill one, and drag the other away after it.

A most unpleasant habit of this beast is, that, in cold or wet weather, he chooses to lodge within doors, and will steal into the house. A girl at Corrientes, who slept with her mother, saw one lying under the bed when she rose in the morning. She had presence of mind to bid her mother lie still, went for help, and soon rid the house of its perilous visitor. Cat-like, the jaguar is a good climber; but Dobrizhoffer tells us how a traveller who takes to a tree for shelter may profit by the position. "In promptu consilium; urina pro armis est: hac si tigridis ad arboris pedem minitantis oculos consperseris, salve res est. Quâ datâ portâ fuget illico." — i. 280. He who first did this must have been a good marksman as well as a cool fellow; and it was well for him that he reserved his fire till the jaguar was within shot.

Dobrizhoffer seems to credit an opinion (which is held in India of the tiger also) that the jaguar's claws are in a certain degree venomous: the scar which they leave is said to be

always liable to a very painful and burning sense of heat. But that author, in his usual amusing manner, repeats many credulous notions concerning the animal, — as that its burnt claws are a remedy for the toothache; and that it has a mode of decoying fish, by standing neck-deep in the water, and spitting out a white foam, which allures them within reach. Techo (30) says the same thing of a large snake.

An opinion, that wounds inflicted by the stroke of animals of this kind are envenomed, is found in the East also. Capt. Williamson says, "However trivial the scratches made by the claws of tigers may appear, yet, whether it be owing to any noxious quality in the claw itself, to the manner in which the tiger strikes, or any other matter, I have no hesitation in saying, that at least a majority of such as have been under my notice died; and I have generally remarked, that those whose cases appeared the least alarming were most suddenly carried off. I have ever thought the perturbation arising from the nature of the attack to have a considerable share in the fatality alluded to, especially as I never knew any one wounded by a tiger to die without suffering for some days under that most dreadful symptom, — a locked jaw. Such as have been wounded to appearance severely, but accompanied with a moderate hemorrhage, I have commonly found to recover, excepting in the rainy season: at that period, I should expect serious consequences from either a bite or a scratch." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 52.

Wild beasts were so numerous and fierce in one part of Mexico, among the Otomites, that Fr. Juan de Grijalva says in his time, in one year, more than two hundred and fifty Indians were devoured by them. "There then prevailed an opinion," he proceeds, "and still it prevails among many, that those tigers and lions were certain Indian sorcerers, whom they call Nahuales, who by diabolical art transform themselves into beasts, and tear the Indians in pieces, either to revenge themselves for some offences which they have received, or to do them evil; which is the proper condition of the Devil, and an effect of his fierceness. Some traces of these diabolical acts have been seen in our time; for, in the year 1579, the deaths of this kind being many, and the suspicion vehement, some Indians were put to

the question; and they confessed the crime, and were executed for it. With all this experience and proof, there are many persons who doubt these transformations, and say that the land, being mountainous, produces wild beasts; and the beasts, being once fleshed, commit these great ravages. And it was through the weak understandings of the Indians that they were persuaded to believe their conjurers could thus metamorphose themselves; and, if these poor wretches confessed themselves guilty of such a crime, it was owing to their weakness under the torture; and so they suffered for an offence which they had never committed."

Father Grijalva, however, holds with his Father S. Augustine, who has said concerning such things, "Hæc ad nos non quibuscunque qualibus credere putaremus indignum, sed eis referentibus pervenerunt, quos nobis non existimaremus fuisse mentitos." "In the days of my Father S. Augustine," he says, "wonderful things were related of certain innkeepers in Italy, who transformed passengers into beasts of burden, to bring to their inns straw, barley, and whatever was wanted from the towns, and then metamorphosed them into their own persons, that they might purchase, as customers, the very commodities they had carried. And, in our times, the witches of Logrono make so many of these transformations, that now no one can doubt them. This matter of the Nahuales, or sorcerers of Tututepec, has been confessed by so many, that that alone suffices to make it credible. The best proof which can be had is, that they were condemned to death by course of justice; and it is temerity to condemn the judges, for it is to be believed that they made all due inquiry. Our brethren who have been ministers there, and are also judges of the interior court (that is, of the conscience), have all held these transformations to be certain; so that there ought to be no doubt concerning it. On the contrary, it is useful to understand it, that if at any time, in heathen lands, the Devil should work any of these metamorphoses, the Indians may see we are not surprised at them, and do not hold them as miraculous, but can explain to them the reason and cause of these effects, which astonish and terrify them so greatly."

He proceeds to show that the Devil can only exercise this

power as far as he is permitted by God, in punishment for sin, and that the metamorphosis is not real, but only apparent; the sorcerer not being actually transformed into a lion, but seeming as if he were so both to himself and others. In what manner he can tear a man really to pieces with imaginary claws, and devour him in earnest with an imaginary mouth, the good friar has not condescended to explain. — *Historia de la Orden de S. Augustin en la Provincia de N. España*, pp. 34, 35.

Preserved by horrid art,
In ghastly image of humanity! — Canto I. st. 13.

The more ghastly in proportion as more of the appearance of life is preserved in the revolting practice. Such, however, it was not to the feelings of the Egyptians, who had as much pride in a collection of their ancestors as one of the strongest family feeling could have in a collection of family pictures. "The body," Diodorus says, "is delivered to the kindred with every member so whole and entire, that no part of the body seems to be altered, even to the very hairs of the eyelids and the eyebrows, so that the beauty and shape of the face seems just as before. By which means, many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in stately monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that, in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight, even as if they were still living among them." — Book i.

They believe, says Herodotus ("Euterpe," § 123), that, on the dissolution of the body, the soul immediately enters into some other animal; and that, after using as vehicles every species of terrestrial, aquatic, and winged creatures, it finally enters a second time into a human body. They affirm that it undergoes all these changes in the space of three thousand years. This opinion some among the Greeks have at different periods of time adopted as their own; but I shall not, though I could, specify their names.

How little did the Egyptians apprehend that the bodies which they preserved with such care, to be ready again for

use when the cycle should be fulfilled, would one day be regarded as an article of trade, broken up, exported piecemeal, and administered in grains and scruples, as a costly medicine, to rich patients! A preference was even given to virgin mummy.

The bodies of the Incas, from the founder of the empire, were preserved in the Temple of the Sun. They were seated each on his litter, and in such excellent preservation that they seemed to be alive, according to the testimony of P. Acosta and Garcilaso, who saw them, and touched them. It is not known in what manner they were prepared so as to resist the injuries of time. Gomara (c. 195) says they were embalmed by the juice of certain fragrant trees, which was poured down their throats, and by unguents of gum. Acosta says that a certain bitumen was used, and that plates of gold were placed instead of eyes, so well fitted that the want of the real eye was not perceived. Garcilaso thought the chief preparation consisted in freezing them with snow. They were buried in one of the courts of the Hospital of St. Andres. — *Merc. Peruano*, No. 221.

Hideous exhibitions of this kind are sometimes made in monasteries, where they are in perfect accord with monastic superstition. I remember seeing two human bodies, dry and shrivelled, suspended in the *Casas dos Ossos*, at Evora, a chapel, the walls of which are lined with skulls and bones.

"Among the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shown, under the fabric, a vault divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, all the Capuchins who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who, even after annihilation, disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that, in order to secure the preservation of these bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as

to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets disposed step above step along the sides of the vault: the head, the arms, and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid; the skin discolored, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, glued close to the bones. It is easy to imagine from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive may form an idea of this singular repository of dead friars." — *Sonnini.*

It is not surprising that such practices arise from superstition; but it is strange, indeed, that they should afford any gratification to pride. That excellent man, Fletcher of Madeley, has a striking remark upon this subject. "The murderer," says he, "is dissected, in the surgeon's hall, gratis; and the rich sinner is embowelled in his own apartment at great expense. The robber, exposed to open air, wastes away in hoops of iron; and the gentleman, confined to a damp vault, moulders away in sheets of lead; and, while the fowls of the air greedily prey upon the one, the vermin of the earth eagerly devour the other."

How different is the feeling of the Hindoos upon this subject from that of the Egyptians! "A mansion with bones for its rafters and beams; with nerves and tendons for cords; with muscles and blood for mortar; with skin for its outward covering; filled with no sweet perfume, but loaded with fæces and urine; a mansion infested by age and by sorrow; the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long. Such a mansion of the vital soul lets its occupier always cheerfully quit." — *Inst. of Menu.*

When the laden bee
Buzzed by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain ken. — Canto I. st. 20.

It is difficult to account for the superior quickness of sight which savages appear to possess. The Brazilian tribes used to

eradicate the eyelashes and eyebrows, as impeding it. "Some Indians," P. Andres Perez de Ribas says, "were so quick-sighted, that they could ward off the coming arrow with their own bow." — L. ii. c. 3, p. 41.

Covering with soft gums the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
In regular hues disposed. — Canto I. st. 25.

Inconvenient as this may seem, it was the full dress of the Tupi and Guarani tribes. A fashion less gorgeous and elaborate, but more refined, is described by one of the best old travellers to the East, — François Pyrard.

"The inhabitants of the Maldives use on feast-days this kind of gallantry. They bruise sanders (sandal-wood) and camphire on very slicke and smooth stones (which they bring from the firm land), and sometimes other sorts of odoriferous woods. After, they compound it with water distilled of flowers, and overspread their bodies with this paste, from the girdle upwards; adding many forms with their fingers, such as they imagine. It is somewhat like cut and pinked doublets, and of an excellent savor. They dress their wives or lemans in this sort, and make upon their backs works and shadows as they please." Skin-prints Purchas calls this. — *Pyrard de Laval. Purchas*, p. 1655.

The abominable practice of tarring and feathering was but too well known during the American war. It even found its way to England. I remember, when a child, to have seen a man in this condition in the streets of Bristol.

The costume of the savages, who figured so frequently in the pageants of the sixteenth century, seems to have been designed to imitate the Brazilian tribes, best known to the French and English at that time. Indeed, this is stated by Vincent Carloix, when, in describing an entertainment given to Marechal de Vieilleville by the captains of the galleys at Marseilles, he says, "Ayant lié six galères ensemble de front, et faict dresser les tables dessus, et tapissées en façon de grandes salles; ayant accoustrés les forceats en Bressiliens pour servir, ils firent une infinité de gambades et de tourbions

à la façon des sauvages, que personne n'avoit encore veues; dont tout le monde, avec une extresme allaigresse, s'esbahissoit merveilleusement." — *Mémoires*, l. x. ch. 18.

Drinking-feasts. — Canto I. st. 26.

"The point of honor in drinking is not the same among the savages of Guiana as among the English potators: they account him that is drunk first the bravest fellow." — *Harcourt's Voyage.*

A custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, howe'er it grew,
And once in the Old World known as widely as the New.
Canto I. st. 28.

"Je la trouve chez les Ibériens, ou les premiers peuples d'Espagne; je la trouve chez les anciens habitans de l'Isle de Corse. Elle étoit chez les Tibareniens en Asie; elle est aujourd'hui dans quelques unes de nos provinces voisines d'Espagne, où cela s'appelle faire couvade; elle est encore vers le Japon, et dans l'Amérique chez les Caraibes et les Galibis." — *Lafitau: Mœurs des Sauvages*, t. i. p. 50.

Strabo says, this strange custom existed in Cantabria (l. iii. p. 174, ed. 1571), so that its Gascon extraction has been direct. Diodorus Siculus is the authority for its existence in Corsica (book iii. ch. 1, English translation, 1814, vol. i. p. 305). Apollonius Rhodius describes it among the Tibareni (l. ii. 1012): ὡς ἱστορεῖ Νυμφόδωρος ἔν τισιν νόμοις, says the scholiast.

"Voicy la brutalité de nos sauvages dans leurs réjouissances pour l'accroissement de leur famille. C'est qu'au même tems que la femme est délivrée, le mary se met au lit, pour s'y plaindre et y faire l'accouchée; coutume, que bien que sauvage et ridicule, se trouve néantmoins, à ce que l'on dit, parmy les paysans d'une certaine province de France; et ils appellent cela *faire la couvade.* Mais ce qui est de fâcheuse pour le pauvre Caraibe que s'est mis au lit au lieu de l'accouchée, c'est qu'on luy fait faire diète dix ou douze jours de suite, ne luy donnant rien par jour qu'un morceau de cassave, et un

peu d'eau dans laquelle on a aussi fait boullir un peu de ce pain de racine. Après il mange un peu plus; mais il n'entame la cassave que luy est présentée que par le milieu durant quelques quarante jours, en laissant les bords entiers qu'il pend à sa case, pour servir à un festin qu'il fait ordinairement en suite à tous ses amis. Et même il s'abstient après cela, quelquefois dix mois ou un an entier de plusieurs viandes, comme de lamantin, de tortuë, de pourceau, de poules, de poisson, et de choses délicates, craignant par une pitoyable folie que cela ne nuise à l'enfant. Mais ils ne font ce grand jusne qu'à la naissance de leur premier enfant." — *Rochefort: Hist. Morale des Isles Antilles*, c. xxiii. p. 495.

Marco Polo (l. ii. c. 41), the other authority to which Lafitau refers, speaks of the custom as existing in the great khan's province of Cardandan. "Hanno un' usanza che subito ch' una donna ha partorito, si leva del letto, e lavato il fanciullo e ravolto ne' panni, il marito si mette a giacere in letto in sua vece, e tiene il figliuolo appresso di se, havendo la cura di quello per quaranta giorni, che non si parte mai. Et gli amici e parenti vanno a visitarlo per rallegrarlo e consolarlo; e le donne che sono da parto fanno quel che bisogna per casa, portando da mangiare e bere al marito, ch' e nel letto, e dando il latte al fanciullo, che gli è appresso." — *Ramusio*, t. ii. p. 36, ed. 1583.

Yet this custom, preposterous as it is, is not more strange than an opinion which was once so prevalent in this country, that Primerose made it the subject of a chapter in his work, "De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ," and thought it necessary to prove, by physical reasons, "maritum loco uxoris gravidæ non ægrotare;" for such is the title of one of his chapters. He says, "Inter errores quamplurimos maximè ridendus hic esse videtur, quod vir credatur ægrotare, iisque affici symptomatis, quibus ipsa mulier prægnans solet, illudque experientiâ confirmatum plurimi esse volunt. Habebam ægrum febre laborentem cum urinâ valde accensâ et turbidâ, qui ægrotationis suæ nullam causam agnoscebat quam uxoris suæ graviditatem. Nullibi terrarum quam in Angliâ id observatum memini me audivisse, aut legisse unquam. — Nec si quis maritus cum uxor gravida est, ægrotat ab uxore infectus fuit,

sed potest ex peculiari proprii corporis vitio id pati. Sicut dum hæc scribo, pluit; non est tamen pluvia aut causa scriptionis, aut scriptura pluviæ. Res nova non est, viros et mulieres etiam simul ægrotare. At mirum est hactenusque ignotum, graviditatem affectum esse contagiosum, et non alias mulieres sed viros, quos natura immunes ab hoc labore fecit, solos infici. Præterea observatum est non omnibus mulieribus ejusmodi symptomata, aut saltem non omnia singulis contingere; et tamen accidit sæpe ut cum mulier bene valet, ægrotet maritus, etiam absens per aliquot milliaria. Sed quoniam ex solâ relatione absurditas hujus erroris patet, plura non addam. Jupiter Bacchum in femore, Palladem in cerebro gestavit. Sed hoc illi esto proprium." — Lib. ii. c. 13.

This notion, however, is probably not yet extinct; for I know that it existed in full force some thirty years ago, and that not in the lowest rank of life.

Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear.

Canto I. st. 38.

This dreadful practice is carried to such an extent in the heart of South America, that whole tribes have become extinct in consequence of it, and of another practice hardly less nefarious.

Those bloody African savages, the Giagas, reared no children whatsoever; "for as soon," says Battell, "as the woman is delivered of her child, it is presently buried quick; so that there is not one child brought up in all this generation. But, when they take any town, they keep the boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age as their own children; but the men and women they kill and eat. These little boys they train up in the wars, and hang a collar about their necks for a disgrace, which is never taken off till he proveth himself a man, and brings his enemy's head to the general; and then it is taken off, and he is a free man, and is called '*gonso*,' or 'soldier.' This maketh them all desperate and forward to be free, and counted men; and so they do increase." "A generation without generation," says Purchas, p. 977.

Among the causes for which the Knisteneaux women procure abortion, Mackenzie (p. 98) assigns that of hatred for the father. No other traveller has ever suspected the existence of this motive. They sometimes kill their female children to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered.

"The practice among the Panches of Bogota was, that, if the first-born proved a girl, it was destroyed, and every girl in succession till the mother bore a boy; after which, girls were allowed to live: but, if the first-born were a boy, all the children then were reared." — *Piedrahita*, p. 11.

Perhaps the most flagitious motive for which this crime has ever become a practice is that which the Guana women assign for it: they destroy the greater number of their female infants, in order to keep up the value of the sex. — *Azara*, t. ii. 85–100. See *Hist. of Brazil*, vol. ii. 379. A knowledge of the evils which polygamy brings upon some of their neighbors may have led to this mode of preventing it.

Father Gumilla one day bitterly reproved a Betoya woman (whom he describes as having more capacity than any other of the Indians in those parts) for killing her new-born daughter. She listened to him without lifting her eyes from the ground; and when he had done, and thought that she was convinced of her guilt, and heartily repented of it, she said, "Father, if you will not be angry, I will tell you what is in my heart." He promised that he would not, and bade her speak freely. "This she said to me," he says, "as follows, literally translated from the Betoya tongue: 'Would to God, Father, would to God, my mother when she brought me forth had loved me so well and pitied me so much as to have saved me from all those troubles which I have endured till this day, and am to endure till death! If my mother had buried me as soon as I was born, I should have died, but should not have felt death, and should have been spared from that death which must come, and should have escaped so many things bitterer than death: who knows how many more such I must endure before I die? Consider well, Father, the hardships that a poor Indian woman endures among these Indians. They go with us to the plantations; but they have a bow and arrow in their hands, — nothing more. We go with a basketful of things on the back,

one child at the breast, another upon the basket. Their business is to shoot a bird or a fish; ours is to dig and work in the field. At evening, they go home without any burden: we, besides our children, have to carry roots for their food, and maize to make their drink. They, when they reach the house, go to converse with their friends: we have to seek wood, fetch water, and prepare their supper. Having supped, they go to sleep; but we, almost all the night, are pounding maize to make their *chica*. And what is the end of this our watching and labor? They drink the *chica;* they get drunk, and, being out of their senses, beat us with sticks, take us by the hair, drag us about, and trample on us. Would to God, Father, that my mother had buried me when she brought me forth! You know that I complain with cause; for all that I have said you witness every day. But our greatest pain you do not know, because you never can suffer it. You do not know, Father, the death it is for the poor Indian woman, when having served her husband as a slave, sweating in the field, and in the house without sleep, at the end of twenty years she sees him take a girl for another wife. Her he loves; and, though she ill uses our children, we cannot interfere; for he neither loves us nor cares for us now. A girl is to command over us, and treat us as her servants; and, if we speak, they silence us with sticks. Can any Indian woman do better for the daughter which she brings forth than to save it from all these troubles, and deliver it from this slavery, worse than death? I say again, Father, would to God my mother had made me feel her kindness by burying me as soon as I was born! Then would not this heart have had now so much to feel, nor these eyes so much to weep for.'

"Here," says Gumilla, "tears put an end to her speech; and the worst is, that all which she said, and all she would have said if grief had allowed her to proceed, is true." — *Orinoco Ilustrado*, t. ii. p. 65, ed. 1791.

From the dove,
They named the child Yeruti. — Canto I. st. 42.

This is the Guarani name for the species described by Azara, t. iv. p. 180, No. cccxx.

What Power had placed them here. — Canto II. st. 27.

"Some of the Orinoco tribes believe that their first forefathers grew upon trees." — *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 6.

"The Othomacas, one of the rudest of the Orinoco tribes, suppose themselves descended from a pile of stones upon the top of a rock called Barraguan, and that they all return to stone as they came from it; so that this mass of rock is composed of their forefathers. Therefore, though they bury their dead, within the year they take off their heads, and carry them to the holes in the rock." — *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 6.

"These are the odd people who always for a first marriage give a girl to an old man, and a youth to an old woman. Polygamy is not in use among them; and they say, that, if the young people came together, there could be no good household management." — *Gumilla*, t. i. c. 12.

P. Labbé (*Lett. Edif.* t. viii. p. 180, edit. 1781) speaks of a tribe on the north bank of the Plata who put their women to death when they were thirty years old, thinking they had then lived long enough. I have not seen this custom mentioned by any other writer, nor do I believe that it can possibly have existed.

And Father was his name. — Canto II. st. 28.

"Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guarani name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.

"The Patagones call the Supreme Being *Soychu*, — a word which is said to express that which cannot be seen, which is worthy of all veneration, and which is out of the world. They may thus explain the word; but it cannot contain this meaning. it is a definition of what they mean, and apparently not such as a savage would give. The dead they call *Soychuhet*; they who are with God, and out of the world.

"The Puelches, Picunches, and Moluches have no name for God. Their prayers are made to the sun, whom they regard as the giver of all good. A Jesuit once admonished them to worship that God who created all things, and this orb among the

rest; but they replied, they had never known any thing greater or better than the sun." — *Dobrizhoffer*, t. ii. p. 100.

The most remarkable mode of superstition I remember to have met with is one which is mentioned by the Bishop of Santa Marta, in his "History of the Nuevo Reyno de Granada." He tells us that "the Pijaos of the Nuevo Reyno worshipped nothing visible or invisible, except the spirits of those whom they killed for the purpose of deifying them. For they thought, that, if an innocent person were put to death, he became a god, and in that capacity would be grateful to those who were the authors of his apotheosis. For this reason, they used to catch strangers and kill them; not thinking one of their own horde, or of their enemies, could be esteemed innocent, and therefore fitting. A woman or a child would do. But after a few months they held it necessary to make a new god; the old one either having lost his power, or changed his place, or perhaps by that time discharged himself of his debt of gratitude." — *Piedrahita*, p. 12.

And once there was a way to that good land;
For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew.
Canto II. st. 33.

"Los Mocobis fingian un Arbol, que en su idioma llamaban Nalliagdigua, de altura tan desmedida que llegaba desde la tierra al cielo. Por el de rama en rama ganando siempre maior elevacion subian las almas á pezcar de un rio y lagunas muy grandes, que abundaban de pescado regaladisimo. Pero un dia que el alma de una Vieja no pudo pescar cosa alguna, y los pescadores la negaron el socorro de una limosna para su mantenimiento, se irritó tanto contra la nacion Mocobi que, transfiguranda en Capiguara tomó el exercicio de roer el Arbol por donde subian al cielo, y no desistió hasta derribarlo en tierra con increible sentimiento y dano irreparable de toda la nacion."

This legend is contained in a manuscript history of Paraguay, the Rio de la Plata, and Tucuman. For the use of the first volume (a transcript of which is in my possession), I am beholden, as for other civilities of the same kind, to Mr. Thomas Kinder. This portion of the work contains a good account of

the native tribes; the second volume contains the historical part: but, when Mr. Kinder purchased the one at Buenos Ayres the other was on its way to the United States, having been borrowed from the owner by an American, and not returned. Fortunately the subjects of the two volumes are so distinct, that each may be considered as a complete work; and I have referred, in the history of Brazil, to that which I possess, by the title of *Noticias del Paraguay*, &c.

The Land of Souls. — Canto II. st. 39.

Many of the Indian speculations respecting the condition of souls in a future state are given in my "History of Brazil." A description of a Keltic Island of the Blessed, as dressed up by Ossian Macpherson, may be found in the notes to "Madoc." A Tonga one is thus described in the very curious and valuable work of Mr. Mariner: —

"The Tonga people universally and positively believe in the existence of a large island lying at a considerable distance to the north-west of their own islands, which they consider to be the place of residence of their gods, and of the souls of their nobles and mataboohes. This island is supposed to be much larger than all their own islands put together; to be well stocked with all kinds of useful and ornamental plants, always in a state of high perfection, and always bearing the richest fruits and the most beautiful flowers, according to their respective natures; that, when these fruits or flowers are plucked, others immediately occupy their place; and that the whole atmosphere is filled with the most delightful fragrance that the imagination can conceive, proceeding from these immortal plants. The island is also well stocked with the most beautiful birds of all imaginable kinds, as well as with abundance of hogs, all of which are immortal, unless they are killed to provide food for the Hotooas, or gods: but, the moment a hog or bird is killed, another living hog or bird immediately comes into existence to supply its place, the same as with the fruits and flowers; and this, as far as they know or suppose, is the only mode of propagation of plants and animals. The Island of Bolotoo is supposed to be so far off as to render it danger-

ous for their canoes to attempt going there; and it is supposed moreover, that even if they were to succeed in reaching so far, unless it happened to be the particular will of the gods they would be sure to miss it. They give, however, an account of a Tonga canoe, which, in her return from the Feejee Islands a long time ago, was driven by stress of weather to Bolotoo. Ignorant of the place where they were, and being much in want of provisions, and seeing the country abound in all sorts of fruit, the crew landed, and proceeded to pluck some bread-fruit; but, to their unspeakable astonishment, they could no more lay hold of it than if it were a shadow. They walked through the trunks of the trees, and passed through the substance of the houses (which were built like those of Tonga), without feeling any resistance. They at length saw some of the Hotooas, who passed through the substance of their bodies as if there was nothing there. The Hotooas recommended them to go away immediately, as they had no proper food for them, and promised them a fair wind and a speedy passage. They accordingly put directly to sea; and in two days, sailing with the utmost velocity, they arrived at Hamoa (the Navigators' Island), at which place they wanted to touch before they got to Tonga. Having remained at Hamoa two or three days, they sailed for Tonga, where they arrived with great speed: but, in the course of a few days, they all died, not as a punishment for having been at Bolotoo, but as a natural consequence; the air of Bolotoo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death."

"In Yucatan, their notion of the happy after death was, that they rested in a delightful land, under the shade of a great tree, where there was plenty of food and drink." — *Herrera*, iv. 10, n.

"The Austral tribes believe that the dead live in some region under the earth, where they have their tents, and hunt the souls of ostriches." — *Dobrizh.*, ii. 295.

The Persians have a great reverence for large, old trees, thinking that the souls of the happy delight to dwell in them, and, for this reason, they call them *Pir*, which signifies an old man; by which name they also designate the supposed inhabitant. Pietro Della Valle describes a prodigious tree of this

character, in the hollow of which tapers were always kept burning to the honor of the *Pir*. He pitched his tent under its boughs twice, — once with his wife when on his way to embark for Europe, and again when returning with her corpse. The passage wherein he speaks of this last night's lodging is very affecting. We soon forgive this excellent traveller for his coxcombry, take an interest in his domestic affairs, and part with him at last as with an old friend.

Who thought
From Death, as from some living foe, to fly. — Canto II. st. 44.

An opinion of this kind has extended to people in a much higher grade of society than the American Indians.

"After this, DEATH appeared in Dwaraka in a human shape, the color of his skin being black and yellow, his head close shorn, and all his limbs distorted. He placed himself at men's doors, so that all those who saw him shuddered with apprehension, and became even as dead men from mere affright. Every person to whose door he came shot an arrow at him; and, the moment the arrow quitted the bowstring, they saw the spectre no more, nor knew which way he was gone." — *Life of Creeshna.*

This is a poetical invention; but such an invention has formed a popular belief in Greece, if M. Pouqueville may be trusted.

"The *Evil Eye*, the *Cacodæmon*, has been seen wandering over the roofs of the houses. Who can dare to doubt this? It was in the form of a withered old woman, covered with funeral rags: she was heard to call by their names those who are to be cut off from the number of the living. Nocturnal concerts, voices murmuring amid the silence of the darkest nights, have been heard in the air; phantoms have been seen wandering about in solitary places, in the streets, in the markets; the dogs have howled with the most dismal and melancholy tone, and their cries have been repeated by the echoes along the desert streets. It is when such things happen, as I was told very seriously by an inhabitant of Nauplia di Romania, that great care must be taken not to answer if you

should be called during the night. If you hear symphonies, bury yourself in the bed-clothes, and do not listen to them: it is the *Old Woman*, it is the Plague itself, that knocks at your door." — *Pouqueville*, 189.

"The Patagones, and other Austral tribes, attribute all diseases to an evil spirit. Their conjurers therefore beat drums by the patient, which have hideous figures painted upon them, thinking thus to frighten away the cause. If he dies, his relations endeavor to take vengeance upon those who pretended to cure him; but, if one of the chiefs dies, all the conjurers are slain, unless they can save themselves by flight." — *Dobrizhoffer*, t. ii. 286.

They dragged the dying out. — Canto II. st. 45.

The Austral tribes sometimes bury the dying, thinking it an act of mercy thus to shorten their sufferings. — *Dobrizh.*, t. ii. 286. But, in general, this practice, which extends widely among savages, arises from the selfish feeling assigned in the text. Superstition, without this selfishness, produces a practice of the same kind, though not absolutely as brutal, in the East. "The *moorda* or *chultries* are small huts, in which a Hindoo, when given over by his physicians, is deposited, and left alone to expire, and be carried off by the sacred flood." — *Cruso, in Forbes*, iv. 99.

"When there is no hope of recovery, the patient is generally removed from the bed, and laid on a platform of fresh earth, either out of doors, or prepared purposely in some adjoining room or veranda, that he may there breathe his last. In a physical sense, this removal at so critical a period must be often attended with fatal consequences, though perhaps not quite so decisive as that of exposing an aged parent or a dying friend on the banks of the Ganges. I now only mention the circumstances as forming part of the Hindoo religious system. After having expired upon the earth, the body is carried to the water-side, and washed with many ceremonies. It is then laid upon the funeral pile, that the fire may have a share of the victim: the ashes are finally scattered in the air, and fal upon the water.

"During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purport, although there may be a different mode of performing these religious rites in other parts of Hindostan: —

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother: of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns.

"O Fire! thou hadst a claim in our brother: during his life, he subsisted by thy influence in nature. To thee we commit his body. Thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

"O Air! while the breath of life continued, our brother respired by thee. His last breath is now departed. To thee we yield him.

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother: thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed. Receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!" — *Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*, iii. 12.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set. — Canto II. st. 51.

This is a common representation of the Virgin, from the Revelation.

> Virgem de Sol vestida, e dos seus raios
> Claros envolta toda, e das Estrellas
> Coroada, e debaixo os pés a Lua.
>
> *Francisco de Sa de Miranda.*

These lines are highly esteemed by the Portuguese critics.

> *Severe he was, and in his anger dread,*
> *Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,*
> *So well did he obey that Maiden undefiled.*
>
> Canto II. st. 51.

'How hath the conceit of Christ's humiliation here on earth, of his dependence on his *mother* during the time of his formation and birth, and of his subjection to *her* in his infancy, brought forth preposterous and more than heathenish transformations of his glory in the superstitious daughters of the

idolatrous church! They cannot conceive Christ as King, unless they acknowledge her as Queen Dowager of heaven. her title of Lady is æquiparant to his title of Lord; her authority for some purposes held as great, her bowels of compunction (towards the weaker sex especially) more tender. And as the heathens frame gods suitable to their own desire, soliciting them most (though otherwise less potent) whom they conceive to be most favorable to their present suits; so hath the blessed Virgin, throughout the Romish church, obtained (what she never sought) the entire monopoly of women's prayers in their travails; as if her presence at others' distressful labors (for she herself, by their doctrine, brought forth her first-born and only son without pain) had wrought in her a truer feeling or tenderer touch than the High Priest of their souls can have of their infirmities, or as if she would use more faithful and effectual intercession with her Son than he can or will do with his Father! Some in our times, out of the weakness of their sex, matching with the impetuousness of their adulterous and disloyal zeal, have in this kind been so impotently outrageous as to intercept others' supplications directed to Christ, and *superscribe* them in this form unto his mother: '*Blessed Lady*, command thy son to hear this woman's prayers, and send her deliverance!' These and the like speeches have moved some good women, in other points tainted rather with superstition than preciseness, to dispense with the law of secrecy, seldom violated in their parliaments; and I know not whether I should attribute it to their courage or stupidity not to be more affrighted at such blasphemies than at some monstrous and prodigious birth. This and the like inbred inclinations unto superstition, in the rude and uninstructed people, are more artificially set forward by the fabulous Roman legendary and his limner, than the like were in the heathen by heathen poets and painters." — *Dr. Thomas Jackson's Works*, vol. i. 1007.

Tyranny of the Spaniards. — Canto III. st. 7, 8.

The consumption of the Indians in the Paraguay tea-trade, and the means taken by the Jesuits for cultivating the Caatree, are described by Dobrizhoffer.

The Encomenderos compelled the unhappy people, whom they found living where they liked, to settle in such places as were most convenient for the work in which they were now to be compulsorily employed. All their work was task-work, imposed with little moderation, and exacted without mercy. This tyranny extended to the women and children; and as all the Spaniards, the officers of justice as well as the Encomenderos, were implicated in it, the Indians had none to whom they could look for protection. Even the institutions of Christianity, by which the Spanish government hoped to better the temporal condition of its new subjects, were made the occasion of new grievances, and more intolerable oppression. For, as the Indians were legally free, — free, therefore, to marry where they pleased, and the wife was to follow the husband, — every means was taken to prevent a marriage between two Indians who belonged to different *Repartimientos;* and the interest of the master counteracted all the efforts of the priest. The Spanish women are said to have exceeded their husbands in cruelty on such occasions, and to have instigated them to the most violent and iniquitous measures, that they might not lose their female attendants. The consequence was, that profligacy of manners among the Indians was rather encouraged than restrained, as it is now in the English sugar-islands, where the planter is not a religious man." — *Lozano*, l. i. § 3, 6, 7.

And she, in many an emulous essáy,
At length into a descant of her own
Had blended all their notes, &c. — Canto III. st. 39, &c.

An extract from a journal written in Switzerland will be the best comment upon the description in these stanzas; which, indeed, were probably suggested by my recollections of the Staubach.

"While we were at the waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spray, and set up — surely the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears — a song, not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more

flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."

It will be seen by the subjoined sonnet of Mr. Wordsworth's, who visited this spot three years after me, that he was not less impressed than I had been by this wild concert of voices: —

"*On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen.*

"Tracks let me follow far from human-kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
Where only Nature tunes her voice to teach
Careless pursuits, and raptures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to allay the wind
That drives some vessel towards a dangerous beach)
More thrilling melodies! no caverned Witch,
Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!
Alas that from the lips of abject Want
And Idleness, in tatters mendicant,
They should proceed, — enjoyment to inthrall,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born waterfall!"

"The vocal powers of these musical beggars," says Mr. Wordsworth, "may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard. The notes reached me from a distance; and on what occasion they were sung, I could not guess; only they seemed to belong in some way or other to the waterfall, and reminded me of religious services chanted to streams and fountains in Pagan times."

Some dim presage. — Canto III. st. 41.

Upon this subject an old Spanish romancer speaks thus: "Aunque hombre no sabe lo de adelante como ha de venir, el espiritu lo siente, y antes que venga se duele dello: y de aqui se levantaron los grandes sospiros que hombres dan á sobrevienta no pensando en ninguna cosa, como á muchos acaesce; que aquel que el sospiro echa de si, el espiritu es que siente el mal que ha de ser." — *Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo*, p. ii. v. 171.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung. — Canto III. st. 45.

Pinkerton, in his Geography (vol. ii. p. 535, n. 3d edit.), says that nets are sometimes worn among the Guaranis instead of clothes, and refers to this very story in proof of his assertion. I believe he had no other ground for it. He adds, that "perhaps they were worn only to keep off the flies;" as if those blood-suckers were to be kept off by open net-work!

We owe something, however, to the person who introduces us to a good and valuable book; and I am indebted originally to Mr. Pinkerton for my knowledge of Dobrizhoffer. He says of him, when referring to the *Historia de Abiponibus*, "The lively singularity of the old man's Latin is itself an amusement; and, though sometimes garrulous, he is redundant in authentic and curious information. His work, though bearing a restricted title, is the best account yet published of the whole viceroyalty of La Plata."

St. Joachin. — Canto IV. st. 17.

The legend of his visit to Limbo is given here in a translated extract from that very curious work, the "Life of the Virgin Mary, as related by herself to Sister Maria de Jesus, Abbess of the Franciscan Convent de la Inmaculada Concepcion at Agreda," and published with the sanction of all the ecclesiastical authorities in Spain.

After some conversation between the Almighty and the Virgin, at that time three years and a half old, the Franciscan confessor, who was the accomplice of the abbess in this blasphemous imposture, proceeds thus: —

"The Most High received, this morning, sacrifice from his tender spouse, Mary the most holy, and with a pleased countenance said to her, 'Thou art beautiful in thy thoughts, O Prince's daughter! my dove, and my beloved. I admit thy desires, which are agreeable to my eyes; and it is my will, in fulfilment of them, that thou shouldest understand the time draws nigh, when, by my divine appointment, thy father Joachin must pass from this mortal life to the life immortal and eternal. His death shall be short; and he will soon rest

in peace, and be placed with the saints in Limbo, awaiting the redemption of the whole human race.' This information from the Lord neither disturbed nor troubled the regal breast of Mary, the Princess of Heaven; yet as the love of children to their parents is a debt due by nature, and that love in all its perfection existed in this most holy child, a natural grief at losing her most holy father Joachin, whom as a daughter she devoutly loved, could not fail to be resented. The tender and sweet child Mary felt a movement of grief compatible with the serenity of her magnanimous heart; and acting with greatness in every thing, following both grace and nature, she made a fervent prayer for her father Joachin: she besought the Lord, that, as the mighty and true God, he would look upon him in the hour of his happy death, and defend him from the Devil, especially in that hour, and preserve him, and appoint him in the number of his elect, as one who in his life had confessed and magnified his holy and adorable name. And, the more to oblige his Majesty, the most faithful daughter offered to endure for her father, the most holy Joachin, all that the Lord might ordain.

"His Majesty accepted this petition, and consoled the divine child, assuring her that he would be with her father as a merciful and compassionate remunerator of those who love and serve him, and that he would place him with the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and he prepared her again to receive and suffer other troubles. Eight days before the death of the holy patriarch Joachin, Mary the most holy had other advices from the Lord, declaring the day and hour in which he was to die; as in fact it occurred, only six months after our Queen went to reside in the temple. When her Highness had received this information from the Lord, she besought the twelve angels (who, I have before said, were those whom St. John names in the Revelation) that they would be with her father Joachin in his sickness, and comfort him and console him in it; and thus they did. And, for the last hour of his transit, she sent all those of her guard, and besought the Lord that he would make them manifest to her father for his greater consolation. The Most High granted this, and in every thing fulfilled the desire of his elect, unique, and perfect one; and

the great patriarch and happy Joachin saw the thousand holy angels who guarded his daughter Maria, at whose petition and desire the grace of the Almighty superabounded, and by his command the Angels said to Joachin these things: —

"'Man of God, the Most High and Mighty is thy eternal salvation; and he sends thee from his holy place the necessary and timely assistance for thy soul! Mary, thy daughter, sends us to be with thee at this hour, in which thou hast to pay to thy Creator the debt of natural death. She is thy most faithful and powerful intercessor with the Most High, in whose name and peace depart thou from this world with consolation and joy, that he hath made thee parent of so blessed a daughter. And although his incomprehensible Majesty, in his serene wisdom, hath not till now manifested to thee the sacrament and dignity in which he will constitute thy daughter, it is his pleasure that thou shouldest know it now, to the intent that thou mayest magnify him and praise him, and that at such news the jubilee of thy spirit may be joined with the grief and natural sadness of death. Mary, thy daughter and our Queen, is the one chosen by the arm of the Omnipotent, that the Divine Word may in her clothe himself with flesh, and with the human form. She is to be the happy Mother of the Messiah, blessed among women, superior to all creatures, and inferior only to God himself. Thy most happy daughter is to be the repairer of what the human race lost by the first fall, and the high mountain whereon the new law of grace is to be formed and established. Therefore, as thou leavest now in the world its restauratrix and daughter, by whom God prepares for it the fitting remedy, depart thou in joy; and the Lord will bless thee from Zion, and will give thee a place among the Saints, that thou mayest attain to the sight and possession of the happy Jerusalem.'

"While the holy Angels spake these words to Joachin, St. Anna, his wife, was present, standing by the pillow of his bed: and she heard, and, by divine permission, understood them. At the same time, the holy Patriarch Joachin lost his speech, and, entering upon the common way of all flesh, began to die, with a marvellous struggle between the light of such joyful things and the pain of death. During this conflict with his

interior powers, many and fervent acts of divine love, of faith and adoration and praise and thanksgiving and humiliation, and other virtues, did he heroically perform; and, thus absorbed in the new knowledge of so divine a mystery, he came to the end of his natural life, dying the precious death of the Saints. His most holy spirit was carried by the Angels to the Limbo of the Holy Fathers and of the Just; and, for a new consolation and light in the long night wherein they dwelt, the Most High ordered that the soul of the holy Patriarch Joachin should be the new Paranymph and Ambassador of his Great Majesty for announcing to all that great congregation of the Just how the day of eternal light had now dawned, and the daybreak was born, — Mary, the most holy daughter of Joachin and of Anna, from whom should be born the Sun of Divinity, Christ, Restorer of the whole human race. The Holy Fathers and the Just in Limbo heard these tidings, and, in their jubilee, composed new hymns of thanksgiving to the Most High.

"This happy death of the Patriarch St. Joachin occurred (as I have before said) half a year after his daughter, Mary the most holy, entered the Temple; and, when she was at the tender age of three and a half, she was thus left in the world without a natural father. The age of the patriarch was sixty and nine years, distributed and divided thus: At the age of forty-six years, he took St. Anna to wife; twenty years after this marriage, Mary the most holy was born; and the three years and a half of her Highness's age make sixty-nine and a half, a few days more or less.

"The holy Patriarch and father of our Queen being dead, the holy Angels of her guard returned incontinently to her presence, and gave her notice of all that had occurred in her father's transit. Forthwith the most prudent child solicited with prayers for the consolation of her mother St. Anna, entreating that the Lord would, as a father, direct and govern her in the solitude wherein, by the loss of her husband Joachin, she was left. St. Anna herself sent also news of his death, which was first communicated to the Mistress of our divine Princess, that, in imparting it, she might console her The Mistress did this; and the most wise child heard her with

all composure and dissimulation, but with the patience and the modesty of a queen: but she was not ignorant of the event which her Mistress related to her as news." — *Mistica Ciudad de Dios*, par. 1, l. 2, c. 16, § 664–69. Madrid, 1744.

It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that the work from which this extract is translated was palmed upon the Spaniards as a new revelation. Gross and blasphemous as the imposture is, the work was still current when I procured my copy about twenty years ago; and it is not included in the Spanish Index Expurgatorius of 1790, the last (I believe) which was published, and which is now before me.

He could not tarry here. — Canto IV. st. 67.

A case precisely of the same kind is mentioned by Mr. Mariner: "A young chief at Tonga, a very handsome man, was inspired by the ghost of a woman in Bolotoo, who had fallen in love with him. On a sudden he felt himself low-spirited, and, shortly afterwards, fainted away. When he came to himself, he was very ill, and was taken accordingly to the house of a priest. As yet, he did not know who it was that inspired him; but the priest informed him that it was a woman of Bolotoo, mentioning her name, who had died some years before, and who wished him now to die, that he might be near her. He accordingly died in two days. The chief said he suspected this from the dreams he had had at different times, when the figure of a woman came to him in the night. Mr. Mariner was with the sick chief three or four times during his illness, and heard the priest foretell his death, and relate the occasion of it." — *Mariner*.

The following similar case appeared in a newspaper: "Died on Sunday evening, the 14th instant, John Sackeouse, aged twenty-two, a native of the west coast of Greenland. This Esquimau has occupied a considerable share of public attention, and his loss will be very generally felt. He had already rendered important service to the country in the late expedition of discovery, and great expectations were naturally formed of the utility which he would prove on the expedition about to sail for Baffin's Bay. The Admiralty, with great liberality and

judgment, had directed the greatest pains to be taken in his further education; and he had been several months in Edinburgh with this view, when he was seized with a violent inflammation in the chest, which carried him off in a few days. He was extremely docile; and, though rather slow in the attainment of knowledge, he was industrious, zealous, and cheerful, and was always grateful for the kindness and attention shown to him. His amiable disposition and simple manners had interested those who had opportunities of knowing him personally, in a way that will not soon be forgotten. To the public, his loss, we fear, is irreparable; to his friends, it is doubly severe. Just before his death, the poor Esquimau said he knew be was going to die; that his father and mother had died in the same way; and that his sister, who was the last of all his relations, had just appeared to him, and called him away." — *Edinburgh Courant*, Feb. 19.

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

A SINNER WELL SAVED

TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

COULD I look forward to a distant day,
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might bear inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here;
What unforeseen calamities prevent,
Alas, how oft! the best-resolved intent;
And therefore this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister Poetess!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

KESWICK, Feb. 21, 1829.

THE story of the following poem is taken from a "Life of St. Basil," ascribed to his contemporary St. Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium; a Latin version of which, made by Cardinal

Ursus in the ninth century, is inserted by Rosweyde among the "Lives of the Fathers," in his compilation "Historiæ Eremiticæ." The original had not then been printed; but Rosweyde obtained a copy of it from the Royal Library at Paris. He intimates no suspicion concerning the authenticity of the life, or the truth of this particular legend; observing only, that "hæc narratio apud solum invenitur Amphilochium." It is, indeed, the flower of the work; and, as such, had been culled by some earlier translator than Ursus.

The very learned Dominican, P. François Combefis, published the original, with a version of his own, and endeavored to establish its authenticity in opposition to Baronius, who supposed the life to have been written by some other Amphilochius, not by the Bishop of Iconium. Had Combefis possessed powers of mind equal to his erudition, he might even then have been in some degree prejudiced upon this subject; for, according to Baillet, "il avoit un attachement particulier pour S. Basile." His version is inserted in the "Acta Sanctorum" (Jun. t. ii. pp. 937–57). But the Bollandist Baert brands the life there as apocryphal; and, in his annotations, treats Combefis more rudely, it may be suspected, than he would have done had he not belonged to a rival and hostile order.

I.

A Youth hath entered the Sorcerer's door;
But he dares not lift his eye,
For his knees fail, and his flesh quakes,
And his heart beats audibly.

"Look up, young man!" the Sorcerer said;
"Lay open thy wishes to me!
Or art thou too modest to tell thy tale?
If so, I can tell it thee.

"Thy name is Eleëmon;
Proterius's freedman thou art;
And on Cyra, thy Master's daughter,
Thou hast madly fixed thy heart.

"But fearing (as thou well mayst fear!)
The high-born Maid to woo,
Thou hast tried what secret prayers and vows
And sacrifice might do.

"Thou hast prayed unto all Saints in Heaven,
And to Mary their vaunted Queen;
And little furtherance hast thou found
From them or from her, I ween!

"And thou, I know, the Ancient Gods,
In hope forlorn, hast tried,
If haply Venus might obtain
The maiden for thy bride.

"On Jove and Phœbus thou hast called,
And on Astarte's name,
And on her who still at Ephesus
Retains a faded fame.

"Thy voice to Baal hath been raised;
To Nile's old Deities:
And to all Gods of elder time,
Adored by men in every clime,
When they ruled earth seas, and skies.

"Their Images are deaf!
Their Oracles are dumb!
And therefore thou, in thy despair,
To Abibas art come.

"Ay, because neither Saints nor Gods
Thy pleasure will fulfil,
Thou comest to me, Eleëmon,
To ask if Satan will!

"I answer thee, 'Yes!' But a faint heart
Can never accomplish its ends:
Put thy trust boldly in him, and be sure
He never forsakes his friends."

While Eleëmon listened,
He shuddered inwardly
At the ugly voice of Abibas,
And the look in his wicked eye.

And he could then almost have given
His fatal purpose o'er;
But his Good Angel had left him
When he entered the Sorcerer's door.

So, in the strength of evil shame,
His mind the young man knit
Into a desperate resolve,
For his bad purpose fit.

"Let thy Master give me what I seek,
O Servant of Satan!" he said,
"As I ask firmly, and for his
Renounce all other aid!

"Time presses. Cyra is content
To bid the world farewell,
And pass her days, a virgin vowed,
Among Emmelia's sisterhood,
The tenant of a cell.

"Thus hath her Father willed, that so
A life of rigor here below
May fit her for the skies,
And Heaven acceptably receive
His costliest sacrifice.

"The admiring people say of this,
That Angels, or that Saints in bliss,
That holy thought inspire;
And she is called a blessèd Maid,
And he a happy Sire.

"Through Cappadocia far and wide
The news hath found its way,
And crowds to Cæsarea flock
To attend the solemn day.

"The robes are ready, rich with gold
Even like a bridal dress,

Which at the altar she will wear
When self-devoted she stands there
In all her loveliness.

"And that coarse habit, too, which she
Must then put on, is made,
Therein to be for life and death
Unchangeably arrayed.

"This night, this precious night, is ours;
Late, late, I come to you;
But all that must be dared or done,
Prepared to dare and do."

"Thou hast hesitated long!" said Abibas;
"And thou hast done amiss,
In praying to Him whom I name not,
That it never might come to this!

But thou hast chosen thy part, and here thou art,
And thou shalt have thy desire;
And, though at the eleventh hour
Thou hast come to serve our Prince of Power,
He will give thee in full thine hire.

"These Tablets take;" (he wrote as he spake;)
"My letters, which thou art to bear,
Wherein I shall commend thee
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

"Go from the North Gate out, and take
On a Pagan's tomb thy stand;
And, looking to the North, hold up
The Tablets in thy hand; —

"And call the Spirits of the Air,
That they my messenger may bear
To the place whither he would pass,
And there present him to their Prince
In the name of Abibas.

"The passage will be swift and safe;
No danger awaits thee beyond;
Thou wilt only have now to sign and seal,
And hereafter to pay the Bond."

II.

Shunning human sight, like a thief in the night,
Eleëmon made no delay,
But went unto a Pagan's tomb
Beside the public way.

Enclosed with barren elms it stood,
There planted when the dead
Within the last abode of man
Had been deposited.

And thrice ten years those barren trees,
Enjoying light and air,
Had grown and flourished, while the dead
In darkness mouldered there.

Long had they overtopped the tomb;
And closed was now that upper room
Where friends were wont to pour,
Upon the honored dust below,
Libations through the floor.

There on that unblest monument
The young man took his stand,
And northward he the tablets held
In his uplifted hand.

A courage not his own he felt,
A wicked fortitude,
Wherewith bad influences unseen
That hour his heart endued.

The rising Moon grew pale in heaven
At that unhappy sight;
And all the blessèd Stars seemed then
To close their twinkling light;
And a shuddering in the elms was heard,
Though winds were still that night.

He called the Spirits of the Air,
He called them in the name

Of Abibas; and at the call
The attendant Spirits came.

A strong hand, which he could not see,
Took his uplifted hand;
He felt a strong arm circle him,
And lift him from his stand; —

A whir of unseen wings he heard
About him everywhere,
Which onward, with a mighty force,
Impelled him through the air.

Fast through the middle sky and far
It hurried him along;
The Hurricane is not so swift,
The Torrent not so strong; —

The Lightning travels not so fast,
The Sunbeams not so far;
And now behind him he hath left
The Moon and every Star.

And still, erect as on the tomb
In impious act he stood,
Is he rapt onward, onward, still
In that fixed attitude.

But, as he from the living world
Approached where Spirits dwell,

His bearers there in thinner air
Were dimly visible; —

Shapeless, and scarce to be descried
In darkness where they flew:
But still, as they advanced, the more
And more distinct they grew.

And when their way fast speeding they
Through their own region went,
Then were they in their substance seen, —
The angelic form, the fiendish mien,
Face, look, and lineament.

Behold where dawns before them now,
Far off, the boreal ray,
Sole daylight of that frozen zone,
The limit of their way!

In that drear realm of outer night,
Like the shadow or the ghost of light,
It moved in the restless skies,
And went and came, like a feeble flame
That flickers before it dies.

There the fallen Seraph reigned supreme
Amid the utter waste;
There, on the everlasting ice,
His dolorous throne was placed.

Son of the Morning! is it then
For this that thou hast given
Thy seat, pre-eminent among
The hierarchies of Heaven? —

As if dominion here could joy
To blasted pride impart,
Or this cold region slake the fire
Of Hell within the heart!

Thither the Evil Angels bear
The youth, and, rendering homage there,
Their service they evince,
And in the name of Abibas
Present him to their Prince.

Just as they seized him when he made
The Sorcerer's mandate known,
In that same act and attitude
They set him before the throne.

The fallen Seraph cast on him
A dark, disdainful look;
And from his raised hand scornfully
The proffered tablets took.

"Ay, — love!" he cried. "It serves me well.
There was the Trojan boy, —
His love brought forth a ten-years' war,
And fired the towers of Troy.

"And when my own Mark Antony
Against young Cæsar strove,
And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
The cause was, — all for love!

"Some for ambition sell themselves;
By avarice some are driven;
Pride, envy, hatred, best will move
Some souls; and some for only love
Renounce their hopes of Heaven.

"Yes, of all human follies, love,
Methinks, hath served me best;
The Apple had done but little for me,
If Eve had not done the rest.

"Well, then, young Amorist, whom love
Hath brought unto this pass,
I am willing to perform the word
Of my servant Abibas.

"Thy Master's daughter shall be thine,
And with her sire's consent;
And not more to thy heart's desire
Than to her own content.

"Yea, more; — I give thee with the girl,
Thine after-days to bless,
Health, wealth, long life, and whatsoe'er
The world calls happiness.

"But, mark me! — on conditions, youth!
No paltering here we know!
Dost thou here, solemnly, this hour,
Thy hope of Heaven forego?

"Dost thou renounce thy baptism,
And bind thyself to me,
My woful portion to partake
Through all eternity?

"No lurking purpose shall avail,
When youth may fail and courage quail,
To cheat me by contrition!
I will have thee written down among
The children of Perdition.

"Remember, I deceive thee not,
Nor have I tempted thee!
Thou comest of thine own accord,
And actest knowingly.

"Dost thou, who now to choose art free,
For ever pledge thyself to me?
As I shall help thee, say!" —
"I do; so help me, Satan!" said
The wilful castaway.

"A resolute answer," quoth the Fiend;
"And now then, Child of Dust,

In further proof of that firm heart,
Thou wilt sign a Bond before we part;
For I take thee not on trust!"

Swift as thought, a scroll and a reed were brought,
And to Eleëmon's breast,
Just where the heart-stroke plays, the point
Of the reed was gently pressed.

It pierced not in, nor touched the skin;
But the sense that it caused was such,
As when an electric pellet of light
Comes forcibly out at a touch;—

A sense no sooner felt than gone,
But, with that short feeling, then
A drop of his heart's blood came forth,
And filled the fatal pen.

And, with that pen accurst, he signed
The execrable scroll,
Whereby he to perdition bound
His miserable soul.

"Eleëmon, Eleëmon!" then said the Demon,
"The girl shall be thine,
By the tie she holds divine,
Till time that tie shall sever;
And by this writing thou art mine,
For ever and ever and ever!"

III.

Look at yon silent dwelling now!
A heavenly sight is there,
Where Cyra in her chamber kneels
Before the Cross in prayer.

She is not loath to leave the world;
For she hath been taught with joy
To think that prayer and praise thenceforth
Will be her life's employ.

And thus her mind hath she inclined,
Her pleasure being still
(An only child, and motherless)
To do her Father's will.

The moonlight falls upon her face,
Upraised in fervor meek,
While peaceful tears of piety
Are stealing down her cheek.

That duty done, the harmless Maid
Disposed herself to rest;
No sin, no sorrow, in her soul,
No trouble in her breast.

But when upon the pillow then,
Composed, she laid her head,

She little thought what unseen Powers
Kept watch beside her bed.

A double ward had she that night,
When evil near her drew;
Her own Good Angel guarding her,
And Eleëmon's too.

Their charge it was to keep her safe
From all unholy things;
And o'er her, while she slept, they spread
The shadow of their wings.

So, when an Evil Dream drew nigh,
They barred him from access,
Nor suffered him to reach her with
A breath of sinfulness;—

But with his instigations they
A hallowing influence blent,
And made his fiendish ministry
Subserve to their intent.

Thus while in troubled sleep she lay,
Strange impulses were given,
Emotions earthly and of earth,
With heavenly ones of Heaven.

And now the nightingale hath ceased
Her strain, who all night long

Hath in the garden rosier trilled
A rich and rapturous song.

The storks on roof and dome and tower
Forbear their clattering din,
As now the motions and the sounds
Of daily life begin.

Then as, from dreams that seemed no dreams,
The wondering Maid awoke,
A low, sweet voice was in her ear,
Such as we might expect to hear
If some Good Angel spoke.

According with her dreams, it said,
"So, Cyra, must it be:
The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordained for thee."

This was no dream full well she knew;
For open-eyed she lay,
Conscious of thought and wakefulness,
And in the light of day;
And twice it spake, if doubt had been,
To do all doubt away.

Alas! but how shall she make known
This late and sudden change?
Or how obtain belief for what
Even to herself is strange?

How will her Father brook a turn
That must to all seem shame?
How bear to think that vulgar tongues
Are busy with her name? —

That she should for a voice — a dream —
Expose herself to be the theme
Of wonder and of scorn;
Public as her intent had been,
And this the appointed morn!

The Nuns even now are all alert;
The altar hath been dressed,
The scissors that should clip her hair
Provided, and the black hood there,
And there the sable vest.

And there the Priests are robing now;
The Singers in their station:
Hark! in the city she can hear
The stir of expectation!

Through every gate the people pour,
And guests on roof and porch and tower
Expectant take their place;
The streets are swarming, and the church
Already fills apace.

Speak, then, she must: her heart she felt
This night had changed its choice;

Nor dared the Maiden disobey —
Nor did she wish to (sooth to say) —
That sweet and welcome voice.

Her Father comes: she studies not
For gloss or for pretence;
The plain, straight course will Cyra take
(Which none without remorse forsake)
Of truth and innocence.

"O Father, hear me patiently!"
The blushing Maiden said:
"I tremble, Father, while I speak,
But surely not for dread.

"If all my wishes have till now
Found favor in thy sight,
And ever to perform thy will
Hath been my best delight,
Why should I fear to tell thee now
The visions of this night?

"I stood in a dream at the altar, —
But it was an earthly Bride;
And Eleëmon, thy freedman,
Was the Bridegroom at my side.

"Thou, Father, gavest me to him
With thy free and full consent;
And — why should I dissemble it? —
Methought I was content.

"Months then and years were crowded
In the course of that busy night:
I clasped a baby to my breast,
And, oh, with what delight!

"Yea, I was fruitful as a vine;
Our Heavenly Parent me and mine
In all things seemed to bless;
Our ways were ways of peace, our paths
Were paths of pleasantness.

"When I taught lisping lips to pray,
The joy it was to me,
O Father, thus to train these plants
For immortality!

"I saw their little winning ways
Their grandsire's love engage:
Methought they were the pride, the joy,
The crown, of his old age.

"When from the Vision I awoke,
A voice was in my ear,—
A waking voice; I heard it twice;
No human tongue was near;—

"No human utterance so could reach
The secret soul, no human speech
So make the soul rejoice:
In hearing it, I felt and knew
It was an Angel's voice!

"And thus, in words distinct, it said,
'So, Cyra, must it be:
The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordained for thee.'"

Her cheek was like the new-blown rose,
While thus she told her tale:
Proterius listened earnestly,
And, as he heard, grew pale; —

For he, too, in the dreams of night,
At the altar had seemed to stand,
And to Eleëmon, his freedman,
Had given his daughter's hand.

Their offspring, courting his caress,
About his knees had thronged;
A lovely progeny, in whom,
When he was in the silent tomb,
His line should be prolonged.

And he had heard a waking voice,
Which said it so must be,
Pronouncing upon Cyra's name
A holiest eulogy: —

"Her shall her husband praise, and her
Her children blest shall call:
Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thine exceileth them all!"

No marvel if his heart were moved;
The dream he saw was one:
He kissed his trembling child, and said,
"The will of Heaven be done!"

Little did child or sire in this
The work of sorcery fear;
As little did Eleëmon think
That the hand of Heaven was here.

IV.

From house to house, from street to street,
The rapid rumor flies;
Incredulous ears it found, and hands
Are lifted in surprise;
And tongues through all the astonished town
Are busier now than eyes.

"So sudden and so strange a change!
A Freedman, too, the choice!
The shame, — the scandal, — and for what?
A vision and a voice!

"Had she not chosen the strait gate, —
The narrow way, — the holy state, —
The Sanctuary's abode?
Would Heaven call back its votary
To the broad and beaten road?

"To carnal wishes would it turn
The mortified intent?
For this are miracles vouchsafed
For this are Angels sent?

"A plain collusion, a device
Between the girl and youth!
Good easy man must the Father be,
To take such tale for truth!"

So judged the acrid and the austere,
And they whose evil heart
Inclines them, in whate'er betides,
To take the evil part.

But others, whom a kindlier frame
To better thoughts inclined,
Preserved, amid their wonderment,
An equitable mind.

They would not of Proterius thus
Injuriously misdeem,—
A grave, good man, and with the wise
For wisdom in esteem.

No easy ear or vain belief
Would he to falsehood lend;
Nor ever might light motive him
From well-weighed purpose bend.

And surely on his pious child,
The gentle Cyra, meek and mild,
Could no suspicion rest;
For in this daughter he had been
Above all fathers blest.

As dutiful as beautiful,
Her praise was widely known;
Being one who, as she grew in years,
Had still in goodness grown.

And what though Eleëmon were
A man of lowly birth?
Enough it was if Nature had
Ennobled him with worth.

"This was no doubtful thing," they said,
"For he had in the house been bred,
Nor e'er from thence removed;
But there from childhood had been known
And trusted and approved.

"Such as he was, his qualities
Might to the world excuse
The Maid and Father for their choice,
Without the vision and the voice,
Had they been free to choose.

"But Heaven by miracle had made
Its pleasure manifest;

That manifested will must set
All doubtful thoughts to rest:
Mysterious though they be, the ways
Of Providence are best."

The wondering City thus discoursed:
To Abibas alone
The secret truth, and even to him
But half the truth, was known.

Meantime the Church hath been prepared
For spousal celebration:
The Sisters to their cells retire,
Amazed at such mutation.

The habit and hood of camel's hair,
Which with the sacred scissors there
On the altar were displayed,
Are taken thence, and in their stead
The marriage-rings are laid.

Behold, in garments gay with gold,
For other spousals wrought,
The Maiden from her Father's house
With bridal pomp is brought!

And now before the Holy Door
In the Ante-nave they stand;
The Bride and Bridegroom side by side,
The Paranymphs, in festal pride,
Arranged on either hand.

Then from the Sanctuary the Priests,
With incense burning sweet,
Advance, and at the Holy Door
The Bride and Bridegroom meet.

There to the Bride and Bridegroom they
The marriage-tapers gave;
And to the altar as they go,
With crossway movement to and fro,
The thuribule they wave.

For fruitfulness, and perfect love,
And constant peace, they prayed,
On Eleëmon, the Lord's Servant,
And Cyra, the Lord's Handmaid.

They called upon the Lord to bless
Their spousal celebration,
And sanctify the marriage rite
To both their souls' salvation.

A pause at every prayer they made;
Whereat, with one accord,
The Choristers took up their part,
And sung, in tones that thrilled the heart,
"Have mercy on us, Lord!"

Then with the marriage rings the Priest
Betrothed them each to each,
And, as the sacred pledge was given,
Resumed his awful speech; —

Pronouncing them, before high Heaven,
This hour espoused to be,
Now and for evermore, for time
And for eternity.

This did he in the presence
Of Angels and of men;
And at every pause the Choristers
Intoned their deep "Amen!"

Then to that gracious Lord, the Priest
His supplication made,
Who, as our Sacred Scriptures tell,
Did bring Rebecca to the well
When Abraham's servant prayed.

He called upon that gracious Lord
To stablish with his power
The espousals made between them,
In truth and love, this hour;—

And with his mercy and his word
Their lot, now linked, to bless,
And let his Angel guide them
In the way of righteousness.

With a Christian benediction,
The Priest dismissed them then;
And the Choristers, with louder voice,
Intoned the last "Amen!"

The days of Espousals are over;
And on the Crowning-day,
To the sacred fane the bridal train,
A gay procession, take again
Through thronging streets their way.

Before them, by the Paranymphs,
The coronals are borne,
Composed of all sweet flowers of spring
By virgin hands that morn.

With lighted tapers in array
They enter the Holy Door;
And the Priest with the waving thuribule
Perfumes the way before.

He raised his voice, and called aloud
On Him who from the side
Of our first Father, while he slept.
Formed Eve to be his bride; —

Creating Woman thus for Man
A helpmate meet to be,
For youth and age, for good and ill,
For weal and woe, united still
In strict society, —

Flesh of his flesh; appointing them
One flesh to be, one heart.
Whom God hath joined together,
Them let not man dispart!

And on our Lord he called, by whom
The marriage feast was blest,
When first by miracle he made
His glory manifest.

Then, in the ever-blessèd Name,
Almighty over all,
From the man's Paranymph he took
The marriage coronal;—

And crowning him therewith, in that
Thrice holy Name, he said,
"Eleëmon, the Servant of God, is crowned
For Cyra, the Lord's Handmaid!"

Next, with like action and like words,
Upon her brow he set
Her coronal, intwined wherein
The rose and lily met:
How beautifully they beseemed
Her locks of glossy jet!

Her he for Eleëmon crowned,
The Servant of the Lord:
Alas! how little did that name
With his true state accord!

"Crown them with honor, Lord!" he said,
"With blessings crown the righteous head!

To them let peace be given,
A holy life, a hopeful end,
A heavenly crown in Heaven!"

Still as he made each separate prayer
For blessings that they in life might share,
And for their eternal bliss,
The echoing Choristers replied,
"O Lord! so grant thou this!"

How differently, meantime, before
The altar as they knelt,
While they the sacred rites partake
Which endless matrimony make,
The Bride and Bridegroom felt!

She, who possessed her soul in peace
And thoughtful happiness,
With her whole heart had inly joined
In each devout address.

His lips the while had only moved
In hollow repetition;
For he had steeled himself, like one
Bound over to perdition.

In present joy he wrapped his heart,
And resolutely cast
All other thoughts beside him,
Of the future or the past.

V.

Twelve years have held their quiet course
Since Cyra's nuptial day:
How happily, how rapidly,
Those years have passed away!

Blest in her husband she hath been:
He loved her as sincerely
(Most sinful and unhappy man!)
As he had bought her dearly.

She hath been fruitful as a vine,
And in her children blest;
Sorrow hath not come near her yet,
Nor fears to shake, nor cares to fret,
Nor grief to wound the breast.

And blest alike would her husband be,
Were all things as they seem:
Eleëmon hath every earthly good,
And with every man's esteem.

But, where the accursèd reed had drawn
The heart-blood from his breast,
A small red spot remained
Indelibly impressed.

Nor could he from his heart throw off
The consciousness of his state:

It was there with a dull, uneasy sense,
A coldness and a weight; —

It was there when he lay down at night,
It was there when at morn he rose;
He feels it whatever he does,
It is with him wherever he goes.

No occupation from his mind
That constant sense can keep;
It is present in his waking hours,
It is present in his sleep; —

But still he felt it most,
And with painfulest weight it pressed,
O miserable man!
When he was happiest.

O miserable man,
Who hath all the world to friend,
Yet dares not in prosperity
Remember his latter end!

But happy man, whate'er
His earthly lot may be,
Who looks on Death as the Angel
That shall set his spirit free,
And bear it to its heritage
Of immortality!

In such faith hath Proterius lived;
And strong is that faith, and fresh,
As if obtaining then new power,
When he had reached the awful hour
Appointed for all flesh.

Eleëmon and his daughter
With his latest breath he blest;
And saying to them, "We shall meet
Again before the Mercy-seat!"
Went peacefully to rest.

This is the balm which God
Hath given for every grief;
And Cyra, in her anguish,
Looked heavenward for relief.

But her miserable husband
Heard a voice within him say,
"Eleëmon, Eleëmon,
Thou art sold to the Demon!"
And his heart seemed dying away.

Whole Cæsarea is poured forth
To see the funeral state,
When Proterius is borne to his resting-place
Without the Northern Gate.

Not like a Pagan's is his bier
At doleful midnight borne

By ghastly torchlight, and with wail
Of women hired to mourn.

With tapers in the face of day,
These rites their faithful hope display;
In long procession slow,
With hymns that fortify the heart,
And prayers that soften woe.

In honor of the dead man's rank,
But of his virtues more,
The holy Bishop Basil
Was one the bier who bore.

And with the Bishop side by side,
As nearest to the dead allied,
Was Eleëmon seen:
All marked, but none could read aright,
The trouble in his mien.

"His master's benefits on him
Were well bestowed," they said,
"Whose sorrow now full plainly showed
How well he loved the dead."

They little weened what thoughts in him
The solemn psalm awoke,
Which to all other hearts that hour
Its surest comfort spoke: —

"Gather my Saints together:
In peace let them be laid,
They who with me," thus saith the Lord,
"Their covenant have made!"

What pangs to Eleëmon then,
O wretchedest of wretched men,
That psalmody conveyed!
For conscience told him that he, too,
A covenant had made.

And when he would have closed his ears
Against the unwelcome word,
Then from some elms beside the way
A Raven's croak was heard.

To him it seemed a hollow voice
That warned him of his doom;
For the tree whereon the Raven sate
Grew over the Pagan's tomb.

VI.

When weariness would let her
No longer pray and weep,
And midnight long was past,
Then Cyra fell asleep.

Into that wretched sleep she sunk
Which only sorrow knows,
Wherein the exhausted body rests,
But the heart hath no repose.

Of her Father she was dreaming,
Still aware that he was dead,
When, in the visions of the night,
He stood beside her bed.

Crowned and in robes of light he came:
She saw he had found grace;
And yet there seemed to be
A trouble in his face.

The eye and look were still the same
That she from her cradle knew;
And he put forth his hand, and blest her,
As he had been wont to do.

But then the smile benign
Of love forsook his face,
And a sorrowful displeasure
Came darkly in its place; —

And he cast on Eleëmon
A melancholy eye,
And sternly said, "I bless thee not, —
Bondsman! thou knowest why!"

Again to Cyra then he turned, —
" Let not thy husband rest
Till he hath washed away with tears
The red spot from his breast!

" Hold fast thy hope, and Heaven will not
Forsake thee in thine hour:
Good Angels will be near thee,
And evil ones shall fear thee,
And Faith will give thee power."

Perturbed, yet comforted, she woke;
For in her waking ear
The words were heard which promised her
A strength above all fear.

An odor, that refreshed no less
Her spirit with its blessedness
Than her corporeal frame,
Was breathed around, and she surely found
That from Paradise it came.

And, though the form revered was gone,
A clear, unearthly light
Remained, encompassing the bed,
When all around was night.

It narrowed as she gazed;
And soon she saw it rest,
Concentred, like an eye of light,
Upon her husband's breast.

Not doubting now the presence
Of some good-presiding Power,
Collectedness as well as strength
Was given her in this hour.

And, rising half, the while in deep
But troubled sleep he lay,
She drew the covering from his breast
With cautious hand away.

The small, round, blood-red mark she saw:
Eleëmon felt her not;
But in his sleep he groaned, and cried,
"Out, out, accursèd spot!"

The darkness of surrounding night
Closed then upon that eye of light:
She waited for the break
Of day, and lay the while in prayer
For that poor sinner's sake, —

In fearful, miserable prayer:
But, while she prayed, the load of care,
Less heavily bore on her heart,
And light was given, enabling her
To choose her difficult part; —

And she drew, as comfortable texts
Unto her thoughts recurred,
Refreshment from the living well
Of God's unerring word.

But, when the earliest dawn appeared,
Herself in haste she arrayed,
And watched his waking patiently,
And still as she watched she prayed;
And, when Eleëmon had risen,
She spake to him, and said, —

"We have been visited this night;
My Father's Ghost I have seen;
I heard his voice, — an awful voice! —
And so hast thou, I ween!"

Eleëmon was pale when he awoke;
But paler then he grew,
And over his whole countenance
There came a deathlike hue.

Still he controlled himself, and sought
Her question to beguile;
And forcing, while he answered her,
A faint and hollow smile, —

"Cyra," he said, "thy thoughts, possessed
With one too painful theme,
Their own imaginations
For reality misdeem:
Let not my dearest, best beloved,
Be troubled for a Dream!"

"O Eleëmon!" she replied,
"Dissemble not with me thus:

Ill it becomes me to forget
What Dreams have been to us!

"Think'st thou there can be peace for me,
Near to me as thou art,
While some unknown and fearful sin
Is festering at thy heart?

"Eleëmon, Eleëmon!
I may not let thee rest,
Till thou hast washed away with tears
The red spot from thy breast!

"Thus to conceal thy crime from me,
It is no tenderness!
The worst is better known than feared:
Whatever it be, confess;
And the Merciful will cleanse thee
From all unrighteousness!"

Like an aspen-leaf he trembled;
And his imploring eye
Bespake compassion, ere his lips
Could utter their dreaded reply.

"O dearly loved, as dearly bought!
My sin and punishment I had thought
To bear through life alone:
Too much the Vision hath revealed,
And all must now be known!

"On thee, methinks, and only thee,
Dare I for pity call;
Abhor me not, renounce me not,
My life, my love, my all!

"And, Cyra, sure, if ever cause
Might be a sinner's plea,
'Twould be for that lost wretch who sold
His hope of Heaven for thee!

"Thou seest a miserable man
Given over to despair,
Who has bound himself, by his act and deed,
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air."

She seized him by the arm,
And hurrying him into the street,
"Come with me to the Church," she cried,
"And to Basil the Bishop's feet!"

VII.

PUBLIC must be the sinner's shame,
As heinous his offence;
So Basil said, when he ordained
His form of penitence.

And never had such dismay been felt
Through that astonished town,

As when, at morn, the Crier went
Proclaiming up and down, —

"The miserable sinner, Eleëmon,
Who for love hath sold himself to the Demon,
His guilt before God and man declares,
And beseeches all good Christians
To aid him with their prayers."

Many were the hearts compassionate
Whom that woful petition moved;
For he had borne his fortune meekly,
And therefore was well beloved.

Open his hand had been,
And liberal of its store;
And the prayers of the needy arose,
Who had daily been fed at his door.

They, too, whom Cyra's secret aid
Relieved from pressing cares,
In this her day of wretchedness
Repaid her with their prayers.

And from many a gentle bosom
Supplications for mercy were sent,
If haply they might aid
The wretched penitent.

Sorely such aid he needed then!
Basil himself, of living men

The powerfulest in prayer,
For pity, rather than in hope,
Had bidden him not despair.

So hard a thing for him it seemed
To wrest from Satan's hand
The fatal Bond, which, while retained,
Must against him in judgment stand.

"Dost thou believe," he said, "that Grace
Itself can reach this grief?"
With a feeble voice, and a woful eye,
"Lord, I believe!" was the sinner's reply:
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

The Bishop then crossed him on the brow,
And crossed him on the breast;
And told him, if he did his part
With true remorse and faithful heart,
God's mercy might do the rest.

"Alone in the holy Relic-room
Must thou pass day and night,
And wage with thy ghostly enemies
A more than mortal fight.

The trial may be long, and the struggle strong;
Yet be not thou dismayed;
For thou mayest count on Saints in Heaven,
And on earthly prayers, for aid.

"And in thy mind this scripture bear
With steadfast faithfulness, whate'er
To appall thee may arrive,—
When the wicked man turneth away from his sin,
He shall save his soul alive!'

"Take courage as thou lookest around
On the relics of the blest;
And, night and day, continue to pray,
Until thy tears have washed away
The stigma from thy breast!"

"Let me be with him!" Cyra cried:
"If thou mayest not be there,
In this sore trial I at least
My faithful part may bear.

"My presence may some comfort prove,
Yea, haply some defence:
O Father, in myself I feel
The strength of innocence!"

"Nay, Daughter, nay; it must not be!
Though dutiful this desire:
He may by Heaven's good grace be saved,
But only as if by fire.

"Sights which should never meet thine eye
Before him may appear,

And fiendish voices proffer words
Which should never assail thy ear:
Alone must he this trance sustain;
Keep thou thy vigils here!"

He led him to the Relic-room;
Alone he left him there;
And Cyra with the Nuns remained
To pass her time in prayer.

Alone was Eleëmon left
For mercy on Heaven to call:
Deep and unceasing were his prayers,
But not a tear would fall.

His lips were parched, his head was hot,
His eyeballs throbbed with heat;
And in that utter silence
He could hear his temples beat.

But cold his feet, and cold his hands;
And at his heart there lay
An icy coldness unrelieved,
While he prayed the livelong day.

A long, long day! It passed away
In dreadful expectation;
Yet free throughout the day was he
From outward molestation.

Nor sight appeared, nor voice was heard,
Though every moment both he feared:
The Spirits of the Air
Were busy the while in infusing
Suggestions of despair.

And he in strong endeavor still
Against them strove with earnest will:
Heart-piercing was his cry,
Heart-breathed his groaning; but it seemed
That the source of tears was dry.

And now had evening closed:
The dim lamp-light alone
On the stone cross, and the marble walls,
And the shrines of the Martyrs, shone.

Before the Cross Eleëmon lay;
His knees were on the ground:
Courage enough to touch the Cross
Itself, he had not found.

But on the steps of the pedestal
His lifted hands were laid;
And in that lowliest attitude
The suffering sinner prayed.

A strong temptation of the Fiend,
Which bade him despair and die,

He with the aid of Scripture
Had faithfully put by;
And then, as with a dawning hope,
He raised this contrite cry: —

"Oh that mine eyes were fountains!
If the good grace of Heaven
Would give me tears, methinks I then
Might hope to be forgiven!"

To that meek prayer a short, loud laugh
From fiendish lips replied:
Close at his ear he felt it,
And it sounded on every side.

From the four walls and the vaulted roof
A shout of mockery rung;
And the echoing ground repeated the sound,
Which pealed above and below and around,
From many a fiendish tongue.

The lamps went out at that hideous shout;
But darkness had there no place,
For the room was filled with a lurid light
That came from a Demon's face.

A dreadful face it was, — too well
By Eleëmon known!
Alas! he had seen it when he stood
Before the dolorous Throne.

"Eleëmon! Eleëmon!"
Sternly said the Demon,
"How have I merited this?
I kept my covenant with thee,
And placed thee in worldly bliss!

"And still thou mightest have had,
Thine after-days to bless,
Health, wealth, long life, and whatsoe'er
The World calls happiness.

"Fool, to forego thine earthly joys,
Who hast no hope beyond!
For judgment must be given for me,
When I sue thee upon the Bond.

"Remember, I deceived thee not;
Nor had I tempted thee:
Thou camest of thine own accord,
And didst act knowingly!

"I told thee thou mightst vainly think
To cheat me by contrition,
When thou wert written down among
The Children of Perdition!

"'So help me, Satan!' were thy words
When thou didst this allow:
I helped thee, Eleëmon, then,—
And I will have thee now!"

At the words of the Fiend, from the floor
Eleëmon in agony sprung;
Up the steps of the pedestal he ran,
And to the Cross he clung.

And then it seemed as if he drew,
While he clasped the senseless stone,
A strength he had not felt till then,
A hope he had not known.

So, when the Demon ceased,
He answered him not a word;
But, looking upward, he
His faithful prayer preferred: —

"All, all, to Thee, my Lord
And Saviour, I confess!
And I know that Thou canst cleanse me
From all unrighteousness!

"I have turned away from my sin
In Thee do I put my trust:
To such Thou hast promised forgiveness;
And Thou art faithful and just!"

With that the Demon disappeared;
The lamps resumed their light;
Nor voice nor vision more
Disturbed him through the night.

He stirred not from his station,
But there stood fixed in prayer;
And, when Basil the Bishop entered
At morn, he found him there.

VIII.

WELL might the Bishop see what he
Had undergone that night:
Remorse and agony of mind
Had made his dark hair white.

So should the inner change, he weened,
With the outward sign accord;
And holy Basil crossed himself,
And blest our gracious Lord.

"Well hast thou done," he said, "my son,
And faithfully fought the fight;
So shall this day complete, I trust,
The victory of the night.

"I feared that forty days and nights
Too little all might be;
But great and strange hath been the change
One night hath wrought in thee."

"O Father! Father!" he replied,
"And hath it been but one?
An endless time it seemed to me!
I almost thought Eternity
With me had been begun.

"And surely this poor flesh and blood
Such terrors could not have withstood,
If grace had not been given;
But, when I clasped the blessèd Cross,
I then had help from Heaven.

"The coldness from my heart is gone,
But still the weight is there;
And thoughts, which I abhor, will come
And tempt me to despair.

"Those thoughts I constantly repel;
And all, methinks, might yet be well,
Could I but weep once more,
And with true tears of penitence
My dreadful state deplore.

"Tears are denied; their source is dried!
And must it still be so?
O Thou, who from a rock didst make
The living waters flow!—

"A broken and a bleeding heart
This hour I offer Thee;

And, when Thou seest good, my tears
Shall then again be free!"

A knocking at the door was heard
As he ended this reply:
Hearing that unexpected sound,
The Bishop turned his eye;
And his venerable Mother,
Emmelia, the Abbess, drew nigh.

"We have not ceased this mournful night,"
Said she, "on Heaven to call;
And our afflicted Cyra
Hath edified us all.

"More fervent prayers from suffering heart,
I ween, have ne'er been sent;
And now she asks, as some relief
In this her overwhelming grief,
To see the penitent.

"So earnestly she asked, that I
Her wish would not defer;
And I have brought her to the door:
Forgive me, Son, if I err."

"Hard were I did I not consent
To thy compassionate intent,
O Mother!" he replied;
And, raising then his voice, "Come in,
Thou innocent!" he cried.

That welcome word when Cyra heard,
With a sad pace and slow,
Forward she came, like one whose heart
Was overcharged with woe.

Her face was pale, — long illness would
Have changed those features less;
And long-continued tears had dimmed
Her eyes with heaviness.

Her husband's words had reached her ear
When at the door she stood:
"Thou hast prayed in vain for tears," she said,
"While I have poured a flood!

"Mine flow, and they will flow; they must;
They cannot be repressed!
And oh that they might wash away
The stigma from thy breast!

"Oh that these tears might cleanse that spot, —
Tears which I cannot check!"
Profusely weeping as she spake,
She fell upon his neck.

He clasped the mourner close, and in
That passionate embrace,
In grief for her, almost forgot
His own tremendous case.

Warm as they fell, he felt her tears;
And in true sympathy,
So gracious Heaven permitted then,
His own to flow were free.

And then the weight was taken off,
Which at his heart had pressed;—
O mercy! and the crimson spot
Hath vanished from his breast!

At that most happy sight,
The four, with one accord,
Fell on their knees, and blest
The mercy of the Lord.

"What then! before the strife is done,
Would ye of victory boast?"
Said a Voice above: "they reckon too soon
Who reckon without their host!"

"Mine is he by a Bond
Which holds him fast in law:
I drew it myself for certainty;
And sharper than me must the Lawyer be
Who in it can find a flaw!

"Before the Congregation,
And in the face of day,
Whoever may pray, and whoever gainsay,

I will challenge him for my Bondsman,
And carry him quick away!"

"Ha, Satan! dost thou in thy pride,"
With righteous anger Basil cried,
"Defy the force of prayer?
In the face of the Church wilt thou brave it?
Why, then, we will meet thee there!

"There mayest thou set forth thy right,
With all thy might, before the sight
Of all the Congregation;
And they that hour shall see the power
Of the Lord unto salvation!"

"A challenge fair! We meet, then, there!"
Rejoined the Prince of the Powers of the Air;
"The Bondsman is mine by right:
Let the whole city come at thy call,
And great and small: in face of them all,
I will have him in thy despite!"

So, having said, he tarried not
To hear the Saint's reply:
"Beneath the sign which Constantine,"
Said Basil, "beheld in the sky,
We strive, and have our strength therein,
Therein our victory!"

IX.

The Church is filled, so great the faith
That City in its Bishop hath;
And now the Congregation
Are waiting there in trembling prayer
And terrible expectation.

Emmelia and her sisterhood
Have taken there their seat;
And Choristers and Monks and Priests
And Psalmists there, and Exorcists,
Are stationed in order meet.

In sackcloth clad, with ashes strewn
Upon his whiter hair,
Before the steps of the altar,
His feet for penance bare,
Eleëmon stands, a spectacle
For men and Angels there.

Beside him Cyra stood, in weal
Or woe, in good or ill,
Not to be severed from his side,
His faithful helpmate still.

Dishevelled were her raven locks,
As one in mourner's guise;
And pale she was, but faith and hope
Had now relumed her eyes.

At the altar Basil took his stand:
He held the Gospel in his hand;
And in his ardent eye
Sure trust was seen, and conscious power,
And strength for victory.

At his command, the Chorister
Enounced the Prophet's song,—
"To God our Saviour mercies
And forgivenesses belong."

Ten thousand voices joined to raise
The holy hymn on high,
And hearts were thrilled and eyes were filled
By that full harmony.

And when they ceased, and Basil's hand
A warning signal gave,
The whole huge multitude was hushed
In a stillness like that of the grave.

The Sun was high in a bright-blue sky;
But a chill came over the crowd,
And the Church was suddenly darkened,
As if by a passing cloud.

A sound as of a tempest rose,
Though the day was calm and clear:
Intrepid must the heart have been
Which did not then feel fear

In the sound of the storm came the dreadful Form
The Church then darkened more;
And He was seen erect on the screen
Over the Holy Door.

Daylight had sickened at his sight;
And the gloomy Presence threw
A shade profound over all around,
Like a cheerless twilight hue.

"I come hither," said the Demon,
"For my Bondsman Eleëmon!
Mine is he, body and soul:
See, all men!" and with that on high
He held the open scroll.

The fatal signature appeared,
To all the multitude,
Distinct as when the accursèd pen
Had traced it with fresh blood.
"See, all men!" Satan cried again,
And then his claim pursued.

"I ask for justice. I prefer
An equitable suit!
I appeal to the Law; and the case
Admitteth of no dispute.

"If there be justice here,
If Law have place in Heaven,

Award upon this Bond
Must then for me be given.

"What to my rightful claim,
Basil, canst thou gainsay,
That I should not seize the Bondsman,
And carry him quick away?

"The writing is confessed;—
No plea against it shown;—
The forfeiture is mine;
And now I take my own!"

"Hold, there!" cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swooped
To pounce upon his prey;—

"Hold, there, I say! Thou canst not sue
Upon this Bond by law!
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not, in thy boasted plea,
Detect its fatal flaw.

"The Deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent;
A thing unlawful in itself;
A wicked instrument,—
Not to be pleaded in the Courts.—
Sir Fiend, thy cause is shent!

"This were enough; but, more than this,
A maxim, as thou knowest, it is,
Whereof all Laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.

"The man, thou sayest, thy Bondsman is:
Mark, now, how stands the fact!
Thou hast allowed, nay, aided him,
As a Freedman, to contract
A marriage with this Christian woman here,
And by a public act.

"That act being publicly performed
With thy full cognizance,
Claim to him as thy Bondsman thou
Canst never more advance;—

"For when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of Angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him;
And we on this might stand.

"Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken;
A marriage thus by thee procured,
May not by thee be shaken;
And thou, O Satan! as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken!"

So Basil said, and paused awhile;
The Arch-fiend answered not;
But he heaved in vexation
A sulphurous sigh for the Bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought: —

"The Law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready, and tongue so free!
To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white, —
What a loss have I had in thee!"

"I rest not here," the Saint pursued;
"Though thou in this mayest see
That in the meshes of thine own net
I could entangle thee!

"Fiend! thou thyself didst bring about
The spousal celebration,
Which linked them by the nuptial tie
For both their souls' salvation.

"Thou sufferedst them before high Heaven
With solemn rites espoused to be;
Then and for evermore, for time
And for eternity.

"That tie holds good; those rites
Will reach their whole intent;

And thou of his salvation wert
Thyself the instrument.

"And now, methinks, thou seest in this
A higher power than thine,
And that thy ways were overruled
To work the will divine!"

With rising energy he spake,
And more majestic look,
And with authoritative hand
Held forth the Sacred Book.

Then with a voice of power he said,
"The Bond is null and void!
It is nullified, as thou knowest well,
By a Covenant whose strength by Hell
Can never be destroyed! —

"The Covenant of grace,
That greatest work of Heaven,
Which whoso claims in perfect faith,
His sins shall be forgiven.

"Were they as scarlet red,
They should be white as wool:
This is the All-mighty's Covenant,
Who is All-merciful!

"His Minister am I!
In his All-mighty name

To this repentant sinner
God's pardon I proclaim!

"In token that against his soul
The sin shall no longer stand,
The writing is effaced, which there
Thou holdest in thy hand!

"Angels that are in bliss above
This triumph of Redeeming Love
Will witness, and rejoice;
And ye shall now in thunder hear
Heaven's ratifying voice!"

A peal of thunder shook the pile;
The Church was filled with light;
And, when the flash was past, the Fiend
Had vanished from their sight.

He fled as he came, but in anger and shame;
The pardon was complete;
And the impious scroll was dropped, a blank,
At Eleëmon's feet.

NOTES TO ALL FOR LOVE.

There, on the everlasting ice,
His dolorous throne was placed. — II. p. 142.

It was the north of heaven that Lucifer, according to grave authors, attempted to take by storm. "En aver criado Dios con tanta hermosura el cielo y la tierra, quedo ordenada su celestial Corte de divinas Hierarchias; mas reynò tanto la ingratitud en uno de los Cortesanos, viendose tan lindo y bello, y en mas eminente lugar que los demas (segun Theodoreto), que quiso emparejar con el Altissimo, y subir al Aquilon, formando para esto una quadrilla de sus confidentes y parciales."

With this sentence, Fr. Marco de Guadalajara y Xaviera begins his account of the "Memorable Expulsion, y justissimo destierro de los Moriscos de España."

The marriage. — IV. p. 157.

The description of the marriage service is taken from Dr. King's work upon the "Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia." "In all the offices of the Greek church," he says, "there is not perhaps a more curious service than this of matrimony, nor any which carries more genuine marks of antiquity; as from the bare perusal of it may be seen, at one view, most of the ceremonies which antiquarians have taken great pains to ascertain." It agrees very closely with the ritual given by Martene, "De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus," t. ii. pp. 390–98.

In these ceremonies, —

"The which do endless matrimony make," —

the parties are betrothed to each other "for their salvation," — "now and for ever, even unto ages of ages."

The Ante-nave. — IV. p. 157.

The Πρόναος.

The coronals, . . .
Composed of all sweet flowers. — IV. p. 160.

"Formerly these crowns were garlands made of flowers or shrubs; but now there are generally in all churches crowns of silver, or other metals, kept for that purpose." — *Dr. King's Rites*, &c., p. 232.

"A certain crown of flowers used in marriage," says the excellent Bishop Heber (writing from the Carnatic), "has been denounced to me as a device of Satan! And a gentleman has just written to complain that the Danish government of Tranquebar will not allow him to excommunicate some young persons for wearing masks, and acting, as it appears, in a Christmas mummery, or at least in some private rustic theatricals. If this be heathenish, Heaven help the wicked! But I hope you will not suspect that I shall lend any countenance to this kind of ecclesiastical tyranny, or consent to men's consciences being burdened with restrictions so foreign to the cheerful spirit of the gospel." — vol. iii. p. 446.

Basil, of living men
The powerfulest in prayer. — VII. pp. 174–5.

The most remarkable instance of St. Basil's power in prayer is to be found, not in either of his lives, the veracious or the apocryphal one, but in a very curious account of the opinions held by the Armenian Christians, as drawn up for the information of Pope Benedict XII., and inserted by Domenico Bernino in his "Historia di tutte l'Heresie" (Secolo xiv. cap. iv. t. iii. pp. 508–36). It is there related, that on the sixth day of the creation, when the rebellious angels fell from heaven through that opening in the firmament which the Armenians call Arocea, and we the Galaxy, one unlucky angel, who had no participation in their sin, but seems to have been caught in the crowd, fell with them; and many others would in like

manner have fallen by no fault of their own, if the Lord had not said unto them, "Pax vobis." But this unfortunate angel was not restored till he obtained, it is not said how, the prayers of St. Basil: his condition meantime, from the sixth day of the creation to the fourth century of the Christian era, must have been even more uncomfortable than that of Klopstock's repentant Devil. — p. 512, § 16.

Eleëmon's penance. — VII. p. 175.

In the legend, the penitent is left forty days and nights to contend with the Powers of Darkness in the Relic-chamber.

The penances which Indian fanatics voluntarily undertake and perform would be deemed impossible in Europe, if they had not been witnessed by so many persons of unquestionable authority. The penances which the Bramins enjoin are probably more severe than they would otherwise be, on this account, lest they should seem trifling in the eyes of a people accustomed to such exhibitions.

The lamps went out. — VII. p. 179.

There is the authority of a holy man, in the romance of "Merlin," — which is as good authority for such a fact as any thing in the Acta Sanctorum, — that the Devil, like other wild beasts who prowl about seeking what they may devour, is afraid of a light. The holy man's advice to a pious damsel is never to lie down in the dark: "Garde que là où tu coucheras il y ait tousjours clarté, car le Diable haït toutes cleres choses; ni ne vient pas voulontiers où il y a clarté." — vol. i. f. 4.

And white is black, and black is white. — IX. p. 193.

Satan might have been reconciled to St. Basil's profession, if he had understood, by his faculty of second-sight, that this, which it is sometimes the business of a lawyer to prove, would one day be the duty of the Romanists *to believe*, if their church were to tell them so. No less a personage than St. Ignatius

Loyola has asserted this. In his "Exercitia Spiritualia," the 13th of the Rules which are laid down *ad sentiendum cum Ecclesiâ* is in these words: —

"Denique, ut ipsi Ecclesiæ Catholicæ omnino unanimes, conformesque simus, *si quid, quod oculis nostris apparet album, nigrum illa esse definierit, debemus itidem, quod nigrum sit, pronuntiare.* Indubitate namque credendum est, eumdem esse Domini nostri Jesu Christi, et Ecclesiæ orthodoxæ, sponsæ ejus, spiritum, per quem gubernamur ac dirigimur ad salutem; neque alium esse Deum, qui olim tradidit Decalogi præcepta, et qui nunc temporis Ecclesiam hierarchicam instruit atque regit." — p. 141. Antwerpiæ, 1635.

Such is the implicit obedience enjoined in those "Spiritual Exercises," of which Pope Paul III. said in his brief, *Sub annulo Piscatoris*, "Omnia et singula in eis contenta, ex certâ scientiâ nostrâ, approbamus, collaudamus, ac præsentis scripti patrocinio communimus." The Romanists are to believe that black is white, if the Roman church tells them so: morally and politically it has often told them so; and *they have believed and acted accordingly.*

THE

PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA;

BEING THE

LEGEND OF A COCK AND A HEN, TO THE HONOR AND GLORY OF SANTIAGO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Res similis fictæ; sed quid mihi fingere prodest.
OVID, Met. xiii. v. 935.

Hear also no lean story of theirs! — LIGHTFOOT.

THE legend (for a genuine legend it is) which has been made the subject of the ensuing ballad is related by Bishop Patrick in his "Parable of the Pilgrim" (ch. xxxv. pp. 430–34). Udal ap Rhys relates it in his "Tour through Spain and Portugal" (pp. 35–38). Both these writers refer to Lucius Marineus Siculus as their authority. And it is told also in the "Journal du Voyage d'Espagne" (Paris, 1669), by a *Conseiller* who was attached to the French embassy in that country (p. 18)

The story may likewise be found in the "Acta Sanctorum." A duplicate of the principal miracle occurs in the third volume, for the month of May (*die* 12â. p. 171), and is there ascribed to S. Domingo de la Calzada; the author, Luiz de la Vega, contending that both relations are to be received as true, the Bollandist (Henschenius) contrariwise opining that they are distinct miracles, but leaving the reader nevertheless to determine freely for himself "utrum id malit, an vero credere velit, unicum dumtaxat esse quod sub quadam circumstantiarum varietate refertur ut geminum."

In the sixth volume of the same work, for the month of

July (*die* 25â), the legend of the Pilgrim is twice told, — once (p. 45) as occurring to a native of Utrecht (Cæsarius Heisterbachensis is the authority); once as having befallen a German at Thoulouse (p. 50). The latter story is in the collection of Santiago's miracles, which Pope Calixtus II. is said to have compiled.

PRELUDE.

"Tell us a story, old Robin Gray!
This merry Christmas time:
We are all in our glory; so tell us a story,
Either in prose or in rhyme.

"Open your budget, old Robin Gray!
We very well know it is full:
Come! out with a murder, a Goblin, a Ghost,
Or a tale of a Cock and a Bull!"

"I have no tale of a Cock and a Bull,
My good little women and men;
But 'twill do as well, perhaps, if I tell
A tale of a Cock and a Hen."

INTRODUCTION.

You have all of you heard of St. James for Spain,
As one of the Champions Seven,
Who, having been good Knights on Earth,
Became Hermits, and Saints in Heaven.

Their history once was in good repute,
And so it ought to be still:
Little friends, I dare say you have read it;
And if not, why, I hope you will.

Of this St. James that book proclaims
Great actions manifold;
But more amazing are the things
Which of him in Spain are told;—

How once a ship, of marble made,
Came sailing o'er the sea,
Wherein his headless corpse was laid,
Perfumed with sanctity;—

And how, though then he had no head,
He afterwards had two,
Which both worked miracles so well,
That it was not possible to tell
The false one from the true;* —

* Whereby, my little friends, we see
That an original may sometimes be
No better than its fac-simile:
A useful truth, I trow,
Which picture-buyers won't believe,
But which picture-dealers know.

Young Connoisseurs who will be,
Remember I say this —
For your benefit hereafter —
In a parenthesis.

And, not to interrupt
The order of narration,
This warning shall be printed
By way of annotation

And how he used to fight the Moors
Upon a milk-white charger:
Large tales of him the Spaniards tell;
Munchausen tells no larger.

But in their cause, of latter years,
He has not been so hearty;
For that he never struck a stroke is plain,
When our Duke, in many a hard campaign,
Beat the French armies out of Spain,
And conquered Bonapartè.

Yet still they worship him in Spain,
And believe in him with might and main;
Santiago there they call him;
And, if any one there should doubt these tales,
They've an Inquisition to maul him.

At Compostella, in his Church,
His body and one head
Have been, for some eight hundred years,
By Pilgrims visited.

Old scores might there be clean rubbed off;
And tickets there were given
To clear all toll-gates on the way
Between the Churchyard and Heaven.

Some went for payment of a vow
In time of trouble made;

And some, who found that pilgrimage
Was a pleasant sort of trade; —

And some, I trow, because it was
Believed, as well as said,
That all, who in their mortal stage
Did not perform this pilgrimage,
Must make it when they were dead; —

Some upon penance for their sins,
In person, or by attorney;
And some who were or had been sick;
And some who thought to cheat Old Nick;
And some who liked the journey; —

Which well they might when ways were safe;
And therefore rich and poor
Went in that age on pilgrimage,
As folks now make a tour.

The poor with scrip, the rich with purse,
They took their chance for better, for worse,
From many a foreign land,
With a scallop-shell in the hat for badge,
And a Pilgrim's staff in hand.

Something there is, the which to leave
Untold would not be well,
Relating to the Pilgrim's staff,
And to the scallop-shell.

For the scallop shows, in a coat-of-arms,
That of the bearer's line
Some one, in former days, hath been
To Santiago's shrine.

And the staff was bored and drilled for those
Who on a flute could play;
And thus the merry Pilgrim had
His music on the way.

THE LEGEND.

PART I.

Once on a time, three Pilgrims true,
Being Father and Mother and Son,
For pure devotion to the Saint,
This pilgrimage begun.

Their names, little friends, I am sorry to say,
In none of my books can I find:
But the son, if you please, we'll call Pierre;
What the parents were called, never mind.

From France they came, in which fair land
They were people of good renown;
And they took up their lodging one night on the way
In La Calzada town.

Now, if poor Pilgrims they had been,
And had lodged in the Hospice instead of the Inn.
My good little women and men,
Why, then you never would have heard
This tale of the Cock and the Hen.

For the Innkeepers they had a daughter,
Sad to say, who was just such another
As Potiphar's daughter, I think, would have been,
If she followed the ways of her mother.

This wicked woman to our Pierre
Behaved like Potiphar's wife;
And, because she failed to win his love,
She resolved to take his life.

So she packed up a silver cup
In his wallet privily;
And then, as soon as they were gone,
She raised a hue and cry.

The Pilgrims were overtaken;
The people gathered round;
Their wallets were searched, and in Pierre's
The silver cup was found.

They dragged him before the Alcade;
A hasty Judge was he:
"The theft," he said, "was plain and proved,
And hanged the thief must be."

So to the gallows our poor Pierre
Was hurried instantly.

If I should now relate
The piteous lamentation
Which for their son these parents made,
My little friends, I am afraid
You'd weep at the relation.

But Pierre in Santiago still
His constant faith professed:
When to the gallows he was led,
"'Twas a short way to Heaven," he said,
"Though not the pleasantest."

And from their pilgrimage he charged
His parents not to cease;
Saying, that, unless they promised this,
He could not be hanged in peace.

They promised it with heavy hearts:
Pierre then, therewith content,
Was hanged; and they upon their way
To Compostella went.

PART II.

Four weeks they travelled painfully:
They paid their vows, and then

To La Calzada's fatal town
Did they come back again.

The Mother would not be withheld,
But go she must to see
Where her poor Pierre was left to hang
Upon the gallows-tree.

Oh tale most marvellous to hear,
Most marvellous to tell!
Eight weeks had he been hanging there,
And yet was alive and well!

"Mother," said he, "I am glad you're returned:
It is time I should now be released;
Though I cannot complain that I'm tired,
And my neck does not ache in the least.

"The Sun has not scorched me by day;
The Moon has not chilled me by night;
And the winds have but helped me to swing,
As if in a dream of delight.

"Go you to the Alcade,
That hasty Judge unjust:
Tell him Santiago has saved me,
And take me down he must!"

Now, you must know the Alcade,
Not thinking himself a great sinner,

Just then at table had sate down,
About to begin his dinner.

His knife was raised to carve
The dish before him then:
Two roasted Fowls were laid therein;
That very morning they had been
A Cock and his faithful Hen.

In came the Mother, wild with joy:
"A miracle!" she cried;
But that most hasty Judge unjust
Repelled her in his pride.

"Think not," quoth he, "to tales like this
That I should give belief!
Santiago never would bestow
His miracles, full well I know,
On a Frenchman and a thief."

And pointing to the Fowls, o'er which
He held his ready knife,
"As easily might I believe
These birds should come to life!"

The good Saint would not let him thus
The Mother's true tale withstand;
So up rose the Fowls in the dish,
And down dropped the knife from his hand.

The Cock would have crowed, if he could;
To cackle, the Hen had a wish;
And they both slipped about in the gravy,
Before they got out of the dish.

And when each would have opened its eyes,
For the purpose of looking about them,
They saw they had no eyes to open,
And that there was no seeing without them.

All this was to them a great wonder;
They staggered and reeled on the table;
And either to guess where they were,
Or what was their plight, or how they came there
Alas! they were wholly unable;—

Because, you must know, that that morning—
A thing which they thought very hard—
The Cook had cut off their heads,
And thrown them away in the yard.

The Hen would have pranked up her feathers,
But plucking had sadly deformed her;
And for want of them she would have shivered with cold,
If the roasting she had had not warmed her.

And the Cock felt exceedingly queer:
He thought it a very odd thing

That his head and his voice were he did not know
where,
And his gizzard tucked under his wing.

The gizzard got into its place, —
But how, Santiago knows best;
And so, by the help of the Saint,
Did the liver and all the rest.

The heads saw their way to the bodies:
In they came from the yard, without check·
And each took its own proper station,
To the very great joy of the neck.

And in flew the feathers, like snow in a shower,
For they all became white on the way;
And the Cock and the Hen in a trice were refledged,
And then who so happy as they?

"Cluck! cluck!" cried the Hen right merrily then;
The Cock his clarion blew;
Full glad was he to hear again
His own cock-a-doo-del-doo!

PART III.

"A MIRACLE! a miracle!"
The people shouted, as they might well,
When the news went through the town;

And every child and woman and man
Took up the cry, and away they ran
To see Pierre taken down.

They made a famous procession:
My good little women and men,
Such a sight was never seen before,
And I think will never again.

Santiago's Image, large as life,
Went first, with banners and drum and fife;
And next, as was most meet,
The twice-born Cock and Hen were borne
Along the thronging street.

Perched on a cross-pole hoisted high,
They were raised in sight of the crowd;
And, when the people set up a cry,
The Hen she clucked in sympathy,
And the Cock he crowed aloud.

And because they very well knew for why
They were carried in such solemnity,
And saw the Saint and his banners before 'em
They behaved with the greatest propriety
And most correct decorum.

The Knife, which had cut off their heads that morn,
Still red with their innocent blood, was borne, —
The scullion-boy he carried it;

And the Skewers also made a part of the show,
With which they were trussed for the spit.

The Cook in triumph bore that Spit
As high as he was able;
And the Dish was displayed, wherein they were lai
When they had been served at table.

With eager faith the crowd pressed round:
There was a scramble of women and men
For who should dip a finger-tip
In the blessèd Gravy then.

Next went the Alcade, beating his breast,
Crying aloud like a man distressed,
And amazed at the loss of his dinner, —
"Santiago, Santiago!
Have mercy on me, a sinner!"

And, lifting oftentimes his hands
Towards the Cock and Hen,
"*Orate pro nobis!*" devoutly he cried;
And as devoutly the people replied,
Whenever he said it, "Amen!"

The Father and Mother were last in the train:
Rejoicingly they came,
And extolled, with tears of gratitude,
Santiago's glorious name.

So, with all honors that might be,
They gently unhanged Pierre:
No hurt or harm had he sustained;
But, to make the wonder clear,
A deep, black halter-mark remained
Just under his left ear.

PART IV.

And now, my little listening dears,
With open mouths and open ears,
Like a rhymer whose only art is
That of telling a plain, unvarnished tale,
To let you know, I must not fail,
What became of all the parties.

Pierre went on to Compostella
To finish his pilgrimage:
His parents went back with him joyfully,
After which they returned to their own country;
And there, I believe, that all the three
Lived to a good old age.

For the gallows on which Pierre
So happily had swung,
It was resolved that never more
On it should man be hung.

To the Church it was transplanted,
As ancient books declare;
And the people in commotion,
With an uproar of devotion,
Set it up for a relic there.

What became of the halter I know not,
Because the old books show not;
But we may suppose and hope
That the city presented Pierre
With that interesting rope.

For in his family — and this
The Corporation knew —
It rightly would be valued more
Than any *cordon bleu*.

The Innkeepers' wicked daughter
Confessed what she had done:
So they put her in a convent,
And she was made a Nun.

The Alcade had been so frightened,
That he never ate fowls again;
And he always pulled off his hat
When he saw a Cock and Hen.

Wherever he sat at table,
Not an egg might there be placed;
And he never even mustered courage for a custard

Though garlic tempted him to taste
Of an omelet now and then.

But always, after such a transgression,
He hastened away to make confession;
And not till he had confessed,
And the Priest had absolved him, did he feel
His conscience and stomach at rest.

The twice-born Birds, to the Pilgrim's Church,
As by miracle consecrated,
Were given; and there unto the Saint
They were publicly dedicated.

At their dedication, the Corporation
A fund for their keep supplied;
And, after following the Saint and his banners,
This Cock and Hen were so changed in their manners
That the Priests were edified.

Gentle as any turtle-dove,
Saint Cock became all meekness and love;
Most dutiful of wives,
Saint Hen she never pecked again:
So they led happy lives.

The ways of ordinary fowls,
You must know, they had clean forsaken;
And if every Cock and Hen in Spain
Had their example taken,

Why, then — the Spaniards would have had
No eggs to eat with bacon.

These blessèd Fowls, at seven years' end,
In the odor of sanctity died:
They were carefully plucked; and then
They were buried, side by side.

And, lest the fact should be forgotten,
(Which would have been a pity,)
'Twas decreed, in honor of their worth,
That a Cock and Hen should be borne thenceforth
In the arms of that ancient City.

Two eggs Saint Hen had laid, — no more;
The chicken were her delight:
A Cock and Hen they proved;
And both, like their parents, were virtuous and white.

The last act of the Holy Hen
Was to rear this precious brood; and, when
Saint Cock and she were dead,
This couple, as the lawful heirs,
Succeeded in their stead.

They also lived seven years;
And they laid eggs but two,
From which two milk-white chicken
To Cock and Henhood grew;

And always their posterity
The self-same course pursue.

Not one of these eggs ever addled,
(With wonder be it spoken!)
Not one of them ever was lost,
Not one of them ever was broken.

Sacred they are, — neither magpie nor rat,
Snake, weasel, nor marten, approaching them;
And woe to the irreverent wretch
Who should even dream of poaching them!

Thus, then, is this great miracle
Continued to this day;
And to their Church all Pilgrims go,
When they are on the way;
And some of the feathers are given them,
For which they always pay.

No price is set upon them,
And this leaves all persons at ease:
The Poor give as much as they can;
The Rich, as much as they please.

But that the more they give the better,
Is very well understood;
Seeing whatever is thus disposed of
Is for their own souls' good; —

For Santiago will always
Befriend his true believers;
And the money is for him, the Priests
Being only his receivers.

To make the miracle the more,
Of these feathers there is always store,
And all are genuine too;
All of the original Cock and Hen,
Which the Priests will swear is true.

Thousands a thousand times told have bought them;
And, if myriads and tens of myriads sought them,
They would still find some to buy;
For, however great were the demand,
So great would be the supply.

And if any of you, my small friends,
Should visit those parts, I dare say
You will bring away some of the feathers,
And think of Old Robin Gray.

NOTES TO THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

A ship, of marble made. — Introd. p. 201.

The marble ship I have not found anywhere, except in Geddes, who must have found it in some version of the legend which has not fallen into my hands. But that the ship was made of marble, I believe to be quite as true as any other part of the legend of Santiago. Whether of marble or not, it was a miraculous ship, which, without oars or sails, performed the voyage from Joppa to Iria Flava, now El Padron, in Galicia, in seven days.

Classical fables were still so passable when the "Historia Compostelana" was written that the safe passage of this ship over the Syrtes, and between Scylla and Charybdis, is ascribed to the presiding hand of Providence. — *España Sagrada*, t. xx p. 6.

His headless corpse. — Introd. p. 201.

How the body came to leave its head behind is a circumstance which has not been accounted for; and yet it requires explanation, because we are assured that Santiago took particular care not to part with his head when it was cut off.

"At the moment," says the annalist of Galicia, "when the cruel executioner severed from its neck the precious head of the sacred apostle, the body miraculously raised its hands and caught it, and in that posture it continued till night. The astonished Jews attempted to separate it, but in vain; for, upon touching the venerable corpse, their arms became cold, as if frozen, and they remained without the use of them." — *Añales de Galicia, por El Doctor D. Francisco Xavier Manuel de la Huerta y Vega.* Santiago, 1733.

" Cortada la cabeza no Dio en tierra,
Que por virtud de Dios, el con las manos,
Antes que cayga al suelo á si la añerra,
Que no pueden quitarsela tyranos."
Christoval de Mesa: El Patron de España, f. 62.

Perhaps his companions dropped it on their way to the coast; for the poet tells us they travelled in the dark, and in a hurry.

" Cubiertos de la noche con el manto
Sin que ningun contrario los impida,
Mas presto que si fueran á galope,
Llevan el cuerpo á la ciudad de Jope."
Ib. f. 65.

But, according to the " Historia Compostelana " (España Sagrada, t. xx. p. 6), there is the testimony of Pope St. Leo, that the original head came with the body.

And how, though then he had no head,
He afterwards had two. — Introd. p. 201.

This is a small allowance, and must be understood with reference to the two most authentic ones in that part of the world, — that at Braga, and one of the two at Compostella.

It is a common thing for saints to be polycephalous; and Santiago is almost as great a pluralist in heads as St. John the Baptist has been made by the dealers in relics. There are some half-dozen heads, and almost as many whole bodies, ascribed to him, — all in good odor, all having worked miracles, and all, beyond a doubt, equally authentic.

And how he used to fight the Moors. — Introd. p. 202.

Most appropriately, therefore, according to P. Sautel, was he called Boanerges.

" Conspicitur media cataphractus in aere ductor,
Qui dedit in trepidam barbara castra fugam.
Tam cito tam validæ cur terga dedere phalanges?
Nimirum Tonitru Filius ista patrat."
Annus Sacer Poeticus, vol. ii. p. 82.

— " Siendo acá en España nuestro amparo y defensa en las

guerras, mereció con razon este nombre: pues mas feroz que trueno ni rayo espantaba, confundia y desbarataba los grandes exercitos de los Moros." — *Morales, Coronica Gen. de España*, l. ix. c. vii. § 4.

"Vitoria España, vitoria,
que tienes en tu defensa,
uno de los Doze Pares;
mas no de nacion Francesa.
Hijo es tuyo, y tantos mata,
que parece que su fuerza
excede á la de la muerte
quando mas furiosa y presta."
Ledesma, Conceptos Espirituales, p. 242.

The Spanish clergy had a powerful motive for propagating these fables; their *Privilegio de los votos* being one of the most gainful as well as most impudent forgeries that ever was committed.

An old hymn, which was formerly used in the service of his day, likens this apostle to — a lion's whelp!

"Electus hic apostolus,
Decorus et amabilis,
Velut leonis catulus
Vicit bella certaminis."
Divi Tutelares, 229.

"Thirty-eight visible appearances," says the Padre Maestro Fray Felipe de la Gandara, chronicler-general of the kingdom of Galicia, — "thirty-eight visible appearances, in as many different battles, aiding and favoring the Spaniards, are recounted by the very learned Don Miguel Erce Gimenez, in his most erudite and laborious work upon the 'Preaching of Santiago in Spain;' from which work, the *illustrissimus* Doctor Don Antonio Calderon has collected them in his book upon the excellences of this apostle. And I hold it for certain that his appearances have been many more; and that, in every victory which the Spaniards have achieved over their enemies, this their great captain has been present with his favor and intercession." — *Armas i Triunfos del Reino de Galicia*, p. 648.

The Chronista General proceeds to say that Galicia may be especially proud of its part in all these victories, the saint having publicly prided himself upon his connection with that kingdom; for, being asked in battle once, who and what he was (being a stranger), he replied, "I am a soldier, a kinsman of the eternal King, a citizen and inhabitant of Compostella, and my name is James." For this fact, the chronicler assures us that a book of manuscript sermons, preached in Paris three centuries before his time by a Franciscan friar, is sufficient authority: "*es valiente autoridad!*" — *Armas i Triunfos del Reino de Galicia*, p. 649.

Santiago there they call him. — Introd. p. 202.

"The true name of this saint," says Ambrosio de Morales, "was Jacobo (that is, according to the Spanish form), taken with little difference from that of the Patriarch Jacob. A greater is that which we Spaniards have made, corrupting the word little by little, till it has become the very different one which we now use. From Santo Jacobo we shortened it, as we commonly do with proper names, and said Santo Jaco. We clipped it again after this abbreviation, and, by taking away one letter and changing another, made it into Santiago. The alteration did not stop here; but, because Yago or Tiago by itself did not sound distinctly and well, we began to call it Diago, as may be seen in Spanish writings of two or three hundred years old. At last, having passed through all these mutations, we rested with Diego for the ordinary name, reserving that of Santiago when we speak of the saint." — *Coronica General de España*, l. ix. c. vii. § 2.

Florez pursues the corruption further: "Nombrandole por la voz Latina Jacobus Apostolus con abreviacion y vulgaridad Jacobo Apostolo, ó Giacomo Postolo, ó Jiac Apostol." — *España Sagrada*, t. xix. p. 71.

It has not been explained how *Jack* in this country was transferred from James to John.

The Prior Cayrasco de Figueroa assures us that St. James was a gentleman, his father Zebedee being —

"Varon de ilustre sangre y Galileo,
Puesto que usava el arte piscatoria,
Que entonces no era illicito, ni feo,
Ni aora en muchas partes menos gloria,
La gente principal tener oficio,
O por su menester, ó su exercicio."
Templo Militante, p. iii. p. 83.

Morales also takes some pains to establish this point. Zebedee, he assures us, "era hombre principal, señor de un navio, con que seguia la pesca;" and it is clear, he says, "como padre y hijos seguian este trato de la pesqueria honradamente, mas como señores que como oficiales!" — *Coronica Gen. de España*, l. ix. c. vii. § 3.

They've an Inquisition to maul him. — Introd. p. 202.

Under the dominion of that atrocious tribunal, Ambrosio de Morales might truly say, "No one will dare deny that the body of the glorious apostle is in the city which is named after him, and that it was brought thither, and afterwards discovered there by the great miracles," of which he proceeds to give an account. "People have been burnt for less," as a fellow at Leeds said the other day of a woman whom he suspected of bewitching him.

There is nothing of which the Spanish and Portuguese authors have boasted with greater complacency and pleasure than of the said Inquisition.

All, who in their mortal stage
Did not perform this pilgrimage,
Must make it when they were dead — Introd. p. 203.

Fray Luys de Escobar has this among the five hundred proverbs of his Litany: —

"El camino á la muerte
Es como el de Santiago.
Las quatrocientas," &c. f. 140.

It seems to allude to this superstition; meaning, that it is a journey which all must take. The particular part of the pilgrimage which must be performed, either in ghost or in person

is that of crawling through a hole in the rock at El Padron, which the apostle is said to have made with his staff. In allusion to this part of the pilgrimage, which is not deemed so indispensable at Compostella as at Padron, they have this proverb: "Quien va á Santiago, y non va á Padron, ó faz Romeria ó non." The pilgrim, indeed, must be incurious who would not extend his journey thither. A copious fountain, of the coldest and finest water which Morales tasted in Galicia, rises under the high altar, but on the outside of the church: the pilgrims drink of it, and wash in its waters, as the apostle is said to have done. They ascend the steps in the rock upon their knees, and finally perform the passage which must be made by all: "y cierto, considerado el sitio, y la hermosa vista que de alli hay á la ciudad, que estaba abaxo en lo llano, y á toda la ancha hoya llena de grandes arboledas y frescuras de mas de dos leguas en largo, lugar es aparejado para mucha contemplacion." — *Viage de Morales*, p. 174.

One of Pantagruel's "Questions Encylopédiques" is, "Utrum le noir Scorpion pourroit souffrir solution de continuité en sa substance, et par l'effusion de son sang obscurcir et embrunir la voye lactée, au grand intérest et dommage des Lifrelofres Jacobipetes." — *Rabelais*, t. ii. p. 417.

The scallop-shell. — Introd. p. 203.

"The escallops, being denominated by ancient authors the 'Shells of Gales,' or 'Galicia,' plainly apply to this pilgrimage in particular." — *Fosbrooke, British Monachism*, p. 423.

Fuller is therefore mistaken, when, speaking of the Dacres family (Church Hist. cent. xii. p. 42), who gave their arms *gules*, three scallop-shells argent, he says, "Which scallop-shells (I mean the nethermost of them, because most concave and capacious), smooth within, and artificially plated without, was oft-times cup and dish to the pilgrims in Palestine, and thereupon their arms often charged therewith."

The staff was bored and drilled for those
Who on a flute could play. — Introd. p. 204.

Sir John Hawkins says "that the pilgrims to St. James of

Compostella excavated a staff, or walking-stick, into a musical instrument, for recreation on their journey." — *History of Music*, vol. iv. p. 139, quoted in *Fosbrooke's British Monachism*, p. 469. Mr. Fosbrooke thinks that "this ascription of the invention of the Bourdon to these pilgrims in particular is very questionable." Sir John probably supposed, with Richelet, that the Bourdon was peculiar to these pilgrims, and therefore that they had invented it.

Mr. Fosbrooke more than doubts the etymon from a musical use. "The barbarous Greek Βορδονια," he observes, "signified a beast of burden, and the Bourdon was a staff of support. But the various meanings of the word, as given by Cotgrave, make out its history satisfactorily. *Bourdon*, a drone, or dorre-bee (Richelet says 'grosse mouche, ennemie des abeilles'); also the humming or buzzing of bees; also the drone of a bagpipe; also a pilgrim's staff; also a walking-staff, having a sword, &c., within it.

"It was doubtless applied to the use of pitching the note, or accompanying the songs with which pilgrims used to recreate themselves on their journeys, and supposed by Menestrier to be hymns and canticles." — *Fosbrooke*, p. 422.

In Germany, "walking-sticks that serve as tubes for pipes, with a compressing pump at one end to make a fire, and a machine at the other for impaling insects without destroying their beauty, are common." ("Hodgkins's Travels," vol. ii. p. 135.) I have seen a telescope and barometer in a walking-stick, if that name may be applied to a staff of copper.

The twice-born Cock and Hen. — III. p. 211.

There is another story of a bird among the miracles of Santiago the poor subject of the miracle was not so fortunate as the Cock and Hen of the Alcade; but the story is true. It occurred in Italy; and the Spanish fable is not more characteristic of the fraudulent practices carried on in the Romish church, than the Italian story is of the pitiable superstition which such frauds fostered, and which was, and is to this day encouraged by the dignitaries of that church.

At the request of St. Atto, Bishop of Pistoja, the Pistojans

say that some relics, taken from Santiago's most precious head, were given to their church by the Archbishop of Compostella, Diego Gelmirez, a person well known in Spanish history. "Nullus umquam mortalium hoc donum impetrare posset," he affirmed, when he made the gift; and the historian of the translator adds, "Quod verè a Domino factum credimus et non dubitamus, sicut manifestis et apertis indiciis manifestè et apertè miracula declarabunt." There is a good collection of these miracles, but this of the bird is the most remarkable.

"In those days," says the writer, "another miracle, as pious as it is glorious, was wrought by the Lord, in the which he who worthily perpends it will perceive what may pertain to the edification of all those who visit the shrine of Santiago, and of all faithful Christians. About three weeks after the consecration of Santiago's altar, a certain girl of the country near Pistoja was plucking hemp in a garden, when she observed a pigeon flying through the air, which came near her, and alighted; upon which she put up a prayer to the Lord Santiago, saying, 'O Lord Santiago, if the things which are related of thee at Pistoja be true, and thou workest miracles, as the Pistojans affirm, give me this pigeon, that it may come into my hands!' Forthwith the pigeon rose from the spot where it had alighted, and, as if it were a tame bird, came to her; and she took it in her hands, and held it there as if it had been lifeless. What then did the girl do? She carried it home, showed it to her father, and to him and the rest of the family related in what manner it had come to her hands. Some of them said, 'Let us kill and eat it;' others said, 'Do not hurt it, but let it go.' So the girl opened her hand to see what it would do. The pigeon, finding itself at liberty, fled to the ground, and joined the poultry, which were then picking up their food; nor did it afterwards go from the house, but remained in their company, as if it belonged to them.

"All therefore regarding, with no common wonder, the remarkable tameness of this pigeon, which indeed was not a tame bird, but a wild one, they went to a priest in the adjacent city, and acquainted him with the circumstances. The priest, giving good counsel to the girl and her father as he was bound

to do, said, 'We will go together to our lord the bishop, on Sunday, and act as he may think proper to direct us in this matter.' Accordingly, on the Sunday they went to Pistoja, and presented the pigeon to the bishop, who, with his canons, was then devoutly celebrating Mass, in honor of Santiago, upon the holy altar which had been consecrated to his honor. The prelate, when he had listened to their story, took the bird, and placed it upon the wall of the chancel, which is round about the altar of Santiago; and there it remained three weeks, never departing from thence, excepting that sometimes, and that very seldom, it flew about the church, but always returned without delay to its own station, and there mildly, gently, harmlessly, and tamely continued; and rarely did it take food.

"But people from Lucca, and other strangers, plucked feathers from its neck, that they might carry them away for devotion, and, moreover, that they might exhibit them to those who had not seen the bird itself. From such injuries it never attempted to defend itself, though its neck was skinned by this plucking; and this the unthinking people continued to do, till at length the pigeon paid the debt of nature. And it was no wonder that it died; for how could any creature live that scarcely ever ate or slept? People came thither night and day from all parts, and one after another disturbed it; and every night vigils were kept there, the clergy and the people with loud voices singing praises to the Lord; and many lights were continually burning there. How, therefore, could it live, when it was never allowed to be at rest? The clergy and people, grieving at its death, as indeed it was a thing to be lamented, took counsel, and hung up the skin and feathers to be seen there by all comers.

"In such and so great a matter, what could be more gratifying, what more convenient, than this wonderful sign which the Almighty was pleased to give us? There is no need to relate any thing more concerning the aforesaid pigeon: it was seen there openly and publicly by all comers; so that not only the laity and clergy of that city, but many religious people from other parts, — abbots, friars, clergy, and laity, — are able to attest the truth. And I also add this my testimony as a true

and faithful witness; for I saw the pigeon myself for a whole week, and actually touched it with my own hands."

There is a postscript to this story, as melancholy as the tale itself. The sick and the crippled and the lame had been brought to this church, in expectation of obtaining a miraculous cure by virtue of the new relics which had arrived. Among these was a poor woman in the last stage of disease, who had been brought upon her pallet into the church, and was laid in a corner, and left there; nor was it observed that this poor creature was *in articulo mortis*, till the pigeon flew to the place and alighted upon her, and so drew the attention of the people in the church to the dying woman, "quam quidem, prout credimus, nisi columba monstrasset, nemo morientem vidisset." They removed her out of the church just before she breathed her last; and in consequence of this miracle, as it was deemed, they gave her an honorable funeral. — *Acta Sanctorum*, Jul. t. vi. p. 64.

What became of the halter I know not,
Because the old books show not. — IV. p. 214.

"Antiguedad sagrada, el que se arriedra
De te, sera su verso falto y manco."

So Christoval de Mesa observes, when he proceeds to relate how the rude stone, upon which the disciples of Santiago laid his body when they landed with it in Spain, formed itself into a sepulchre of white marble. — *El Patron de España*, f. 68.

END OF VOL. VII.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOLUME VIII.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

ΚΑΤΑΡΑΙ, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΑΛΕΚΤΡΥΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ
ΑΕΙ, ΟΨΕ ΚΕΝ ΕΠΑΝΗΞΑΝ ΕΓΚΑΘΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ.

Αποφθ. Ανεκ. του Γυλιελ. του Μητ.

CURSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKENS: THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "GEBIR,"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Στήσατέ μοι Πρωτῆα πολύτροπον, ὄφρα φανείη,
Ποικίλον εἶδος ἔχων, ὅτι ποικίλον ὕμνον ἀράσσω.

Νόν. Διον

For I will, for no man's pleasure,
Change a syllable or measure:
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please.

GEORGE WITHER.

PREFACE TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

SEVERAL years ago, in the Introduction of my "Letters to Mr. Charles Butler, vindicating the 'Book of the Church,'" I had occasion to state, that, while a schoolboy at Westminster, I had formed an intention of exhibiting the most remarkable forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of a narrative poem. The performance, as might be expected, fell far short of the design; and yet it proved something more than a dream of juvenile ambition.

I began with the Mahommedan religion, as being that with which I was then best acquainted myself, and of which every one, who had read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," possessed all the knowledge necessary for readily understanding and entering into the intent and spirit of the poem. Mr. Wilberforce thought that I had conveyed in it a very false impression of that religion, and that the moral sublimity which he admired in it was owing to this flattering misrepresentation. But "Thalaba the Destroyer" was professedly an Arabian tale. The design required that I should bring into view the best features of that system of belief and worship which had been developed under the Covenant with Ishmael, placing in the most favorable light the morality of the "Koran," and what the least corrupted of the Mahommedans retain of the patriarchal faith. It would have been altogether incongruous to have touched upon the abominations ingrafted upon it, first by the false Prophet himself, who appears to have been far more remarkable for audacious profligacy than for any intel-

lectual endowments, and afterwards by the spirit of Oriental despotism which accompanied Mahommedanism wherever it was established.

Heathen mythologies have generally been represented by Christian poets as the work of the Devil and his angels; and the machinery derived from them was thus rendered credible, according to what was during many ages a received opinion. The plan upon which I proceeded in "Madoc" was to produce the effect of machinery, as far as was consistent with the character of the poem, by representing the most remarkable religion of the New World such as it was, — a system of atrocious priestcraft. It was not here, as in "Thalaba," the foundation of the poem, but, as usual in what are called epic poems, only incidentally connected with it.

When I took up, for my next subject, that mythology which Sir William Jones had been the first to introduce into English poetry, I soon perceived that the best mode of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never for a moment have thought of any other measure than blank verse for "Joan of Arc" and for "Madoc," and afterwards for "Roderick." The reason why the irregular, rhymeless lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for "Thalaba" was that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story. Indeed, of all the laudatory criticisms with which I have been favored during a long literary life, none ever gratified me more than that of Henry Kirke White upon this occasion, when he observed, that, if any other known measure had been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. And when he added, that the author never seemed to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what might be the fashion of the times, but took that course which his own sense of fitness pointed out, I could not have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simplest and easiest form of verse, induced me to take a different course in an Indian poem. It appeared to me, that here neither the tone of morals nor the strain of poe-

ary could be pitched too high; that nothing but moral sublimity could compensate for the extravagance of the fictions; and that all the skill I might possess in the art of poetry was required to counterbalance the disadvantage of a mythology with which few readers were likely to be well acquainted, and which would appear monstrous if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavored, therefore, to combine the utmost richness of versification with the greatest freedom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style. I had learnt the language of poetry from our own great masters and the great poets of antiquity.

No poem could have been more deliberately planned, nor more carefully composed. It was commenced at Lisbon on the 1st of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeared to me by many once delightful but now mournful recollections) in which "Madoc" had been finished, and "Thalaba" begun. A little was added during the winter of that year in London. It was resumed at Kingsdown in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval "Madoc" was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was recast at Keswick: there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it on the 25th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places. Were I to name the persons to whom it was communicated during its progress, it would be admitted now that I might well be encouraged by their approbation; and, indeed, when it was published, I must have been very unreasonable if I had not been satisfied with its reception.

It was not till the present edition of these poems was in the press, that, eight and twenty years after "Kehama" had been published, I first saw the article upon it in the "Monthly Review," parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved anywhere than here: it shows the determination with which the reviewer entered upon his task, and the importance which he attached to it.

"Throughout our literary career, we cannot recollect a more favorable opportunity than the present for a full discharge of

our critical duty. We are, indeed, bound now to make a firm stand for the purity of our poetic taste against this last and most desperate assault, conducted as it is by a writer of considerable reputation, and unquestionably of considerable abilities. If this poem were to be tolerated, all things after it may demand impunity; and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any one established rule of poetry as to design and subject, as to character and incident, as to language and versification. We may return at once to the rude hymn in honor of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustics in the season of the vintage: —

'Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.'

It shall be our plan to establish these points, we hope, beyond reasonable controversy, by a complete analysis of the twenty-four sections (as they may truly be called) of the portentous work, and by ample quotations interspersed with remarks, in which we shall endeavor to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved."

The reviewer fulfilled his promises, however much he failed in his object. He was not more liberal of censure than of praise, and he was not sparing of quotations. The analysis was sufficiently complete for the purposes of criticism, except that the critic did not always give himself the trouble to understand what he was determined to ridicule. "It is necessary for us," he said, "according to our purpose of deterring future writers from the choice of such a story, or from such a management of that story, to detail the gross follies of the work in question; and, tedious as the operation may be, we trust that, in the judgment of all those lovers of literature who duly value the preservation of sound principles of composition among us, the end will excuse the means." The means were ridicule and reprobation, and the end at which he aimed was thus stated in the reviewer's peroration: —

"We know not that Mr. Southey's most devoted admirers can complain of our having omitted a single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our prolixity, were we not desirous, as we hinted before, of giving a death-blow to

the gross extravagances of the author's school of poetry, if we cannot hope to reform so great an offender as himself. In general, all that nature and all that art has lavished on him is rendered useless by his obstinate adherence to his own system of fancied originality, in which every thing that is good is old, and every thing that is new is good for nothing. Convinced as we are that many of the author's faults proceed from mere idleness, deserving even less indulgence than the erroneous principles of his poetical system, we shall conclude by a general exhortation to all critics to condemn, and to all writers to avoid, the example of combined carelessness and perversity which is here afforded by Mr. Southey; and we shall mark this last and worst eccentricity of his Muse with the following character: Here is the composition of a poet not more distinguished by his genius and knowledge than by his contempt for public opinion, and the utter depravity of his taste, — a depravity which is incorrigible, and, we are sorry to add, most unblushingly rejoicing in its own hopelessness of amendment."

The "Monthly Review" has, I believe, been for some years defunct. I never knew to whom I was beholden for the good service rendered me in that journal, when such assistance was of most value; nor by whom I was subsequently, during several years, favored in the same journal with such flagrant civilities as those of which the reader has here seen a sample.

Keswick, May 19, 1838.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

In the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an *Avatar*, or incarnation of Vishnu the Preserver, necessary. This belief is the foundation of the following poem. The story is original, but, in all its parts, consistent with the superstition upon which it is built; and, however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.

No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque, and less poetical, than the mythological personages of the Bramins. This deformity was easily kept out of sight. Their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, "whose countenance," as the "Bhagvat-Geeta" expresses it, "is turned on every side." To the other obvious objection, that the religion of Hindostan is not generally known enough to supply fit machinery for an English poem, I can only answer, that, if every allusion to it throughout the work is not sufficiently self-explained to render the passage intelligible, there is a want of skill in the poet. Even those readers who should be wholly unacquainted with the writings of our learned Orientalists will find all the preliminary knowledge that can be needful, in the brief explanation of mythological names prefixed to the poem.

BRAMA . . . . . the Creator.
VISHNU . . . . . the Preserver
SEEVA . . . . . the Destroyer.

These form the Trimourtee, or Trinity, as it has been called, of the Bramins. The allegory is obvious, but has been made for the Trimourtee, not the Trimourtee for the allegory; and these Deities are regarded by the people as three distinct and personal Gods. The two latter have at this day their hostile sects of worshippers: that of Seeva is the most numerous; and, in this poem, Seeva is represented as supreme among the Gods. This is the same God whose name is variously written Seeb, Sieven, and Siva; Chiven by the French; Xiven by the Portuguese; and whom European writers sometimes denominate Eswara, Iswaren, Mahadeo, Mahadeva, Rutren, — according to which of his thousand and eight names prevailed in the country where they obtained their information.

INDRA . . . . . God of the Elements.
The SWERGA . . . . his Paradise,— one of the Hindoo heavens.
YAMEN . . . . . Lord of Hell, and Judge of the Dead.
PADALON . . . . . Hell, — under the Earth,

And, like the Earth, of an octagon shape: its eight gates are guarded by as many Gods.

MARRIATALY . . . . the Goddess who is chiefly worshipped by the lower castes.
POLLEAR . . . . . or Ganesa, — the Protector of Travellers.

His statues are placed in the highways, and sometimes in a small, lonely sanctuary, in the streets and in the fields.

CASYAPA . . . . . the Father of the Immortals.
DEVETAS . . . . . the Inferior Deities.
SURAS . . . . . Good Spirits.
ASURAS . . . . . Evil Spirits, or Devils.
GLENDOVEERS . . the most beautiful of the Good Spirits, the Grindouvers of Sonnerat.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I.

THE FUNERAL.

1.

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets ablaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all, abroad to gaze:
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils,
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

2.

Vainly, ye blessèd twinklers of the night!
Your feeble beams ye shed,

Quenched in the unnatural light which might outstare
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon! an ineffectual ray:
For, lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold, the fragrant smoke, in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy!

3.

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing:
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is drowned
Amid the deafening sound:
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan,
Though the trumpet's breath and the dirge of death
Swell with commingled force the funeral yell.
But, rising over all, in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name

From all that countless rout, —
" Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Arvalan ! Arvalan ! "
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call " Arvalan ! " The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated, rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

4.

The death-procession moves along :
Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
The Bramins lead the way,
Chanting the funeral song.
And now at once they shout,
" Arvalan ! Arvalan ! "
With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordant cry,
" Arvalan ! Arvalan ! "
The universal multitude reply.
In vain ye thunder on his ear the name :
Would ye awake the dead ?
Borne upright in his palanquin,
There Arvalan is seen !
A glow is on his face, — a lively red :
It is the crimson canopy
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade hath shed.
He moves, — he nods his head ;
But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,
As the body, borne aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

5.

Close following his dead son, Kehama came,
Nor joining in the ritual song,
Nor calling the dear name:
With head depressed, and funeral vest,
And arms infolded on his breast,
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.
King of the World, his slaves, unenvying now,
Behold their wretched Lord; rejoiced they see
The mighty Rajah's misery;
That Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,
And taught the Master of Mankind to know
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

6.

Oh sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan,
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen!
Their widow-robes of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen.
Woe! woe! around their palanquin,
As on a bridal day,
With symphony and dance and song,
Their kindred and their friends come on.
The dance of sacrifice! the funeral song!
And next the victim-slaves in long array,
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,
Move onward to their death:
The clarions' stirring breath
Lifts their thin robes in every flowing fold,

And swells the woven gold,
That on the agitated air
Flutters and glitters to the torches' glare.

7.

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came:
Oh wretched father! oh unhappy child!
Them were all eyes of all the throng exploring:
Is this the daring man
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan?
Is this the wretch condemned to feel
Kehama's dreadful wrath?
Them were all hearts of all the throng deploring;
For not in that innumerable throng
Was one who loved the dead; for who could know
What aggravated wrong
Provoked the desperate blow!

8.

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
In ordered files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light.
Far, far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamor
Of horn and trump and tambour;
Incessant as the roar
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of breakers on the rocky shore,

When the winds rage over the waves,
And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

9.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where, winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear
With myrrh and ambergris bestrewed,
And built of precious sandal-wood.
They cease their music and their outcry here;
Gently they rest the bier;
They wet the face of Arvalan, —
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite;
They feel his breast, — no motion there;
They feel his lips, — no breath;
For not with feeble nor with erring hand
The brave avenger dealt the blow of death.
Then, with a doubling peal and deeper blast,
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry
They call on Arvalan.

10.

Woe! woe! for Azla takes her seat
Upon the funeral pile!
Calmly she took her seat,
Calmly the whole terrific pomp surveyed;
As on her lap the while
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.

11.

Woe! woe! Nealliny,
The young Nealliny,
They strip her ornaments away,—
Bracelet and anklet, ring and chain and zone:
Around her neck they leave
The marriage-knot alone,—
That marriage band, which, when
Yon waning moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung;
Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,
Her jetty locks they crown.

12.

Oh sight of misery!
You cannot hear her cries,—their sound
In that wild dissonance is drowned;
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony,—
See in her swelling throat the desperate strength
That with vain effort struggles yet for life;
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,
Now wildly at full length
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread:
They force her on, they bind her to the dead.

13.

Then all around retire:
Circling the pile, the ministering Bramins stand,

Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.
Alone the Father of the dead advanced,
And lit the funeral pyre.

14.

At once on every side
The circling torches drop;
At once on every side
The fragrant oil is poured;
At once on every side
The rapid flames rush up.
Then hand in hand the victim band
Roll in the dance around the funeral pyre:
Their garments' flying folds
Float inward to the fire;
In drunken whirl they wheel around;
One drops, — another plunges in;
And still with overwhelming din
The tambours and the trumpets sound;
And clap of hand, and shouts and cries,
From all the multitude arise;
While round and round, in giddy wheel,
Intoxicate they roll and reel,
Till one by one whirled in they fall,
And the devouring flames have swallowed all.

15.

Then all was still; the drums and clarions ceased
The multitude were hushed in silent awe;
Only the roaring of the flames was heard.

II.

THE CURSE.

1.

ALONE towards the Table of the Dead
Kehama moved: there on the altar-stone
Honey and rice he spread;
There, with collected voice and painful tone,
He called upon his son.
Lo, Arvalan appears!
Only Kehama's powerful eye beheld
The thin, ethereal spirit hovering nigh;
Only the Rajah's ear
Received his feeble breath.
"And is this all," the mournful Spirit said,
"This all that thou canst give me after death, —
This unavailing pomp,
These empty pageantries, that mock the dead?"

2.

In bitterness the Rajah heard,
And groaned, and smote his breast, and o'er his face
Cowled the white mourning vest.

3.

ARVALAN.

Art thou not powerful, — even like a God?
And must I, through my years of wandering,
Shivering and naked to the elements,
In wretchedness await

The hour of Yamen's wrath?
I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,
Undying as I am;
Yea, re-create me! — Father, is this all?
This all? and thou Almighty!

4.

But in that wrongful and upbraiding tone
Kehama found relief;
For rising anger half suppressed his grief.
"Reproach me not!" he cried:
"Had I not spell-secured thee from disease,
Fire, sword, — all common accidents of man?
And thou, — fool, fool! — to perish by a stake!
And by a peasant's arm!
Even now, when from reluctant Heaven,
Forcing new gifts and mightier attributes,
So soon I should have quelled the Death-God' power."

5.

"Waste not thy wrath on me!" quoth Arvalan;
"It was my hour of folly! Fate prevailed;
Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.
I am in misery, Father! Other souls,
Predoomed to Indra's Heaven, enjoy the dawn
Of bliss; to them the tempered elements
Minister joy; genial delight the sun
Sheds on their happy being, and the stars
Effuse on them benignant influences;

And thus o'er earth and air they roam at will,
And, when the number of their days is full,
Go fearlessly before the awful throne.
But I, — all naked feeling and raw life, —
What worse than this hath Yamen's hell in store?
If ever thou didst love me, mercy, Father!
Save me. for thou canst save; the Elements
Know and obey thy voice."

6.

KEHAMA.

The Elements
Shall sin no more against thee; whilst I speak,
Already dost thou feel their power is gone.
Fear not! I cannot call again the past, —
Fate hath made that its own; but Fate shall yield
To me the future, and thy doom be fixed
By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime all power
Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made
Participant, I give. Is there aught else
To mitigate thy lot?

ARVALAN.

Only the sight of vengeance. Give me that!
Vengeance, — full, worthy vengeance! not the stroke
Of sudden punishment; no agony
That spends itself, and leaves the wretch at rest;
But lasting, long revenge.

KEHAMA.

What, boy? is that cup sweet? Then take thy fill!

7.

So, as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride
Inflamed his cheek: with quick and angry stride
He moved toward the pile,
And raised his hand to hush the crowd, and cried,
"Bring forth the murderer!" At the Rajah's voice,
Calmly, and like a man whom fear had stunned,
Ladurlad came, obedient to the call;
But Kailyal started at the sound,
And gave a womanly shriek, and back she drew,
And eagerly she rolled her eyes around,
As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew
No aid could there be found.

8.

It chanced that near her, on the river-brink,
The sculptured form of Marriataly stood:
It was an Idol roughly hewn of wood,
Artless and mean and rude:
The Goddess of the poor was she;
None else regarded her with piety.
But, when that holy Image Kailyal viewed,
To that she sprung, to that she clung;
On her own Goddess, with close-clasping arms,
For life the maiden hung.

9.

They seized the maid; with unrelenting grasp
They bruised her tender limbs:
She, nothing yielding, to this only hope

Clings with the strength of frenzy and despair.
She screams not now, she breathes not now,
She sends not up one vow,
She forms not in her soul one secret prayer;
All thought, all feeling, and all powers of life,
In the one effort centring. Wrathful they
With tug and strain would force the maid away:
Didst thou, O Marriataly! see their strife?
In pity didst thou see the suffering maid?
Or was thine anger kindled, that rude hands
Assailed thy holy Image? — for, behold,
The holy Image shakes!

10.

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid
Relaxed her stubborn hold,
And now with force redoubled drag their prey;
And now the rooted Idol to their sway
Bends, yields; and now it falls. But then they scream;
For, lo! they feel the crumbling bank give way,
And all are plunged into the stream.

11.

"She hath escaped my will!" Kehama cried;
"She hath escaped, — but thou art here:
I have thee still,
The worser criminal!"
And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe
He fixed his dreadful frown.

The strong reflection of the pile
Lit his dark lineaments, —
Lit the protruded brow, the gathered front,
The steady eye of wrath.

12.

But, while the fearful silence yet endured,
Ladurlad roused himself:
Ere yet the voice of destiny,
Which trembled on the Rajah's lips, was loosed,
Eager he interposed,
As if despair had wakened him to hope:
"Mercy! oh, mercy! only in defence,
Only instinctively,
Only to save my child, I smote the Prince.
King of the world, be merciful!
Crush me, but torture not!"

13.

The Man-Almighty deigned him no reply:
Still he stood silent; in no human mood
Of mercy, in no hesitating thought
Of right and justice. At the length he raised
His brow, yet unrelaxed; his lips unclosed;
And, uttered from the heart,
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,
The gathered vengeance came.

14.

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,

From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From Sickness I charm thee,
And Time shall not harm thee;
But Earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And Water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the Winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the Dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee;
And thou shalt seek Death
To release thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never;
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever."

15.

There where the Curse had stricken him,
There stood the miserable man;
There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hanging arms,
And eyes of idiot wandering.

Was it a dream? Alas!
He heard the river flow;
He heard the crumbling of the pile;
He heard the wind which showered
The thin, white ashes round.
There motionless he stood,
As if he hoped it were a dream,
And feared to move, lest he should prove
The actual misery;
And still at times he met Kehama's eye, —
Kehama's eye, that fastened on him still.

III.

THE RECOVERY.

1.

The Rajah turned toward the pile again:
Loud rose the song of death from all the crowd;
Their din the instruments begin,
And once again join in
With overwhelming sound.
Ladurlad starts, — he looks around:
What hast thou here in view,
O wretched man! in this disastrous scene? —
The soldier train, the Bramins who renew
Their ministry around the funeral pyre,
The empty palanquins,
The dimly-fading fire.

2.

Where, too, is she whom most his heart held dear?
His best-belovèd Kailyal, where is she,
The solace and the joy of many a year
Of widowhood? Is she, then, gone?
And is he left all utterly alone
To bear his blasting curse, and none
To succor or deplore him?
He staggers from the dreadful spot; the throng
Give way in fear before him:
Like one who carries pestilence about,
Shuddering they shun him where he moves along
And now he wanders on
Beyond the noisy rout:
He cannot fly, and leave his Curse behind;
Yet doth he seem to find
A comfort in the change of circumstance.
Adown the shore he strays,
Unknowing where his wretched feet shall rest;
But farthest from the fatal place is best.

3.

By this in the orient sky appears the gleam
Of day. Lo! what is yonder in the stream,
Down the slow river floating slow,
In distance indistinct, and dimly seen?
The childless one, with idle eye,
Followed its motion thoughtlessly;
Idly he gazed, unknowing why,
And half unconscious that he watched its way.

Belike it is a tree,
Which some rude tempest in its sudden sway
Tore from the rock, or from the hollow shore
The undermining stream hath swept away.

4.

But when, anon outswelling, by its side
A woman's robe he spied,
Oh! then Ladurlad started,
As one who in his grave
Had heard an Angel's call.
Yea, Marriataly! thou hast deigned to save;
Yea, Goddess! it is she,
Kailyal, still clinging senselessly
To thy dear Image, and in happy hour
Upborne amid the wave
By that preserving power.

5.

Headlong in hope and in joy
Ladurlad plunged in the water:
The Water knew Kehama's spell;
The Water shrunk before him.
Blind to the miracle,
He rushes to his daughter,
And treads the river-depths in transport wild,
And clasps and saves his child.

6.

Upon the farther side, a level shore
Of sand was spread: thither Ladurlad bore

His daughter, holding still with senseless hand
The saving Goddess; there upon the sand
He laid the livid maid;
Raised up against his knees her drooping head;
Bent to her lips, — her lips as pale as death, —
If he might feel her breath,
His own the while in hope and dread suspended;
Chafed her cold breast, and ever and anon
Let his hand rest, upon her heart extended.

7.

Soon did his touch perceive, or fancy, there
The first faint motion of returning life.
He chafes her feet, and lays them bare
In the sun; and now again upon her breast
Lays his hot hand; and now her lips he pressed,
For now the stronger throb of life he knew;
And her lips tremble too!
The breath comes palpably:
Her quivering lids unclose,
Feebly and feebly fall,
Relapsing, as it seemed, to dead repose.

8.

So in her father's arms thus languidly,
While over her with earnest gaze he hung,
Silent and motionless she lay,
And painfully and slowly writhed at fits;
At fits, to short, convulsive starts was stung.
Till, when the struggle and strong agony

Had left her, quietly she lay reposed;
Her eyes now resting on Ladurlad's face,
Relapsing now, and now again unclosed.
The look she fixed upon his face implies
Nor thought nor feeling: senselessly she lies,
Composed like one who sleeps with open eyes.

9.

Long he leaned over her,
In silence and in fear.
"Kailyal!" at length he cried, in such a tone
As a poor mother ventures who draws near,
With silent footstep, to her child's sick-bed.
"My Father!" cried the maid, and raised her head,
Awakening then to life and thought; "thou here?"
For, when his voice she heard,
The dreadful past recurred,
Which dimly, like a dream of pain,
Till now with troubled sense confused her brain.

10.

"And hath he spared us, then?" she cried,
Half rising as she spake;
For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied:
"In mercy hath he curbed his cruel will,
That still thou livest?" But, as thus she said,
Impatient of that look of hope, her sire
Shook hastily his head:
"Oh! he hath laid a Curse upon my life,—
A clinging curse," quoth he;

"Hath sent a fire into my heart and brain,—
A burning fire, for ever there to be!
The Winds of Heaven must never breathe on me;
The Rains and Dews must never fall on me;
Water must mock my thirst, and shrink from me;
The common Earth must yield no fruit to me;
Sleep, blessed Sleep! must never light on me;
And Death, who comes to all, must fly from me,
And never, never, set Ladurlad free."

11.

"This is a dream!" exclaimed the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice the while a fear expressed,
Which in her larger eye was manifest;
"This is a dream!" She rose, and laid her hand
Upon her father's brow to try the charm:
He could not bear the pressure there; he shrunk;
He warded off her arm
As though it were an enemy's blow; he smote
His daughter's arm aside.
Her eye glanced down; his mantle she espied,
And caught it up. "Oh misery!" Kailyal cried;
"He bore me from the river-depths, and yet
His garment is not wet!"

IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

1.

Reclined beneath a Cocoa's feathery shade,
Ladurlad lies;
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath laid,
To hide her streaming eyes.
The boatman, sailing on his easy way,
With envious eye beheld them where they lay:
For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew;
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious hour;
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moistened sand, and raised no shower
Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they!

2.

But now the Sun in heaven is high:
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour;
They pant and palpitate with heat;
Their bills are open languidly
To catch the passing air;
They hear it not, they feel it not,

It murmurs not, it moves not.
The boatman, as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger there;
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.

3.

There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,
Silent and motionless, like one at ease;
There motionless upon her father's knees
Reclined the silent maid.
The man was still; pondering with steady mind,
As if it were another's Curse,
His own portentous lot;
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy thought,
As though it were a last-night's tale of woe,
Before the cottage-door
By some old beldam sung,
While young and old, assembled round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound,
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous tongue.

4.

Musing so long he lay, that all things seem
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream, —
A monstrous dream of things which could not be.
That beating, burning brow, — why, it was now
The height of noon, and he was lying there
In the broad sun, all bare!
What if he felt no wind; the air was still:

That was the general will
Of Nature, not his own peculiar doom.
Yon rows of rice erect and silent stand;
The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest plume
Is steady on the sand.

5.

Is it indeed a dream? He rose to try:
Impatient to the water-side he went;
And down he bent,
And in the stream he plunged his hasty arm
To break the visionary charm.
With fearful eye and fearful heart,
His daughter watched the event:
She saw the start and shudder,
She heard the indrawn groan;
For the Water knew Kehama's charm;
The Water shrunk before his arm;
His dry hand moved about unmoistened there:
As easily might that dry hand avail
To stop the passing gale,
Or grasp the impassive air.
"He is Almighty then!"
Exclaimed the wretched man in his despair:
"Air knows him; Water knows him; Sleep
His dreadful word will keep;
Even in the grave there is no rest for me,
Cut off from that last hope, — the wretch's joy;
And Vishnu hath no power to save,
Nor Siva to destroy."

6.

"Oh, wrong not them!" quoth Kailyal;
"Wrong not the Heavenly Powers!
Our hope is all in them. They are not blind!
And lighter wrongs than ours,
And lighter crimes than his,
Have drawn the Incarnate down among mankind.
Already have the Immortals heard our cries,
And in the mercy of their righteousness
Beheld us in the hour of our distress!"
She spake with streaming eyes,
Where pious love and ardent feeling beam,
And, turning to the Image, threw
Her grateful arms around it. "It was thou
Who savedst me from the stream!
My Marriataly, it was thou!
I had not else been here
To share my Father's Curse,
To suffer now, — and yet to thank thee thus!

7.

'Here, then," the maiden cried, "dear Father, here
Raise our own Goddess, our divine Preserver!
The mighty of the earth despise her rites;
She loves the poor who serve her.
Set up her Image here;
With heart and voice the guardian Goddess bless;
For jealously would she resent
Neglect and thanklessness; —

Set up her Image here,
And bless her for her aid with tongue and soul sincere."

8.

So saying, on her knees the maid
Began the pious toil.
Soon their joint labor scoops the easy soil:
They raise the Image up with reverent hand,
And round its rooted base they heap the sand.
"O Thou whom we adore,
O Marriataly! thee do I implore,"
The virgin cried. "My Goddess, pardon thou
The unwilling wrong, that I no more,
With dance and song,
Can do thy daily service as of yore!
The flowers which last I wreathed around thy brow
Are withering there; and never now,
Shall I at eve adore thee,
And, swimming round with arms outspread,
Poise the full pitcher on my head,
In dexterous dance before thee;
While underneath the reedy shed, at rest
My father sat the evening rites to view,
And blest thy name, and blest
His daughter too."

9.

Then heaving from her heart a heavy sigh,
"O Goddess! from that happy home," cried she,

"The Almighty Man hath forced us!"
And homeward with the thought unconsciously
She turns her dizzy eye. But there on high,
With many a dome and pinnacle and spire,
The summits of the Golden Palaces
Blazed in the dark-blue sky, aloft, like fire.
"Father, away!" she cried, "away!
Why linger we so nigh?
For not to him hath Nature given
The thousand eyes of Deity,
Always and everywhere, with open sight,
To persecute our flight!
Away, away!" she said,
And took her father's hand; and, like a child,
He followed where she led.

V.

THE SEPARATION.

1.

Evening comes on: arising from the stream,
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;
And, where he sails athwart the setting beam,
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
The watchman, at the wished approach of night,
Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
To scare the wingèd plunderers from their prey,
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
Hath borne the sultry ray.

Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Bramin strikes the hour:
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
Like thunder far away.

2.

Behold them wandering on their hopeless way,
Unknowing where they stray,
Yet sure where'er they stop to find no rest!
The evening gale is blowing;
It plays among the trees:
Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,
They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze.
Ladurlad views them with impatient mind;
Impatiently he hears
The gale of evening blowing,
The sound of waters flowing,
As if all sights and sounds combined
To mock his irremediable woe:
For not for him the blessèd waters flow;
For not for him the gales of evening blow;
A fire is in his heart and brain,
And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

3.

The Moon is up, still pale
Amid the lingering light.
A cloud, ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly o'er the vale

And darkens round, and closes in the night.
No hospitable house is nigh,
No traveller's home, the wanderers to invite.
Forlorn, and with long watching overworn,
The wretched father and the wretched child
Lie down amid the wild.

4.

Before them, full in sight,
A white flag, flapping to the winds of night,
Marks where the tiger seized a human prey.
Far, far away, with natural dread,
Shunning the perilous spot,
At other times abhorrent had they fled;
But now they heed it not.
Nothing they care; the boding death-flag now
In vain for them may gleam and flutter there:
Despair and agony in him
Prevent all other thought;
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for aught
Save her dear father's strange and miserable lot.

5.

There, in the woodland shade,
Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,
His head Ladurlad laid,
And never word he spake;
Nor heaved he one complaining sigh,
Nor groaned he with his misery,
But silently, for her dear sake.

Endured the raging pain.
And now the moon was hid on high;
No stars were glimmering in the sky;
She could not see her father's eye, —
How red with burning agony:
"Perhaps he may be cooler now,"
She hoped, and longed to touch his brow
With gentle hand, yet did not dare
To lay the painful pressure there.
Now forward from the tree she bent,
And anxiously her head she leant,
And listened to his breath.
Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,
Yet regular it came,
And, like the slumber of the sick,
In pantings still the same.
"Oh, if he sleeps!" Her lips unclose,
Intently listening to the sound, —
That equal sound, so like repose.
Still quietly the sufferer lies,
Bearing his torment now with resolute will:
He neither moves nor groans nor sighs.
"Doth satiate cruelty bestow
This little respite to his woe?"
She thought; "or are there Gods who look below?"

6.

"Perchance," thought Kailyal, willingly deceived,
"Our Marriataly hath his pain relieved;
And she hath bade the blessèd Sleep assuage

His agony, despite the Rajah's rage."
That was a hope which filled her gushing eyes,
And made her heart in silent yearnings rise
To bless the power divine in thankfulness.
And, yielding to that joyful thought her mind,
Backward the maid her aching head reclined
Against the tree, and to her father's breath
In fear she hearkened still with earnest ear.
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke:
In starts of recollection then she woke,
Till now benignant Nature overcame
The Virgin's weary and exhausted frame;
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,
She closed her heavy lids, and sunk to sleep.

7.

Vain was her hope! he did not rest from pain;
The Curse was burning in his brain:
Alas! the innocent maiden thought he slept;
But Sleep the Rajah's dread commandment kept,
Sleep knew Kehama's Curse.
The dews of night fell round them now;
They never bathed Ladurlad's brow,
They knew Kehama's Curse.
The night-wind is abroad;
Aloft it moves among the stirring trees;
He only heard the breeze, —
No healing aid to him it brought;
It played around his head, and touched him not;
It knew Kehama's Curse.

8.

Listening, Ladurlad lay in his despair,
If Kailyal slept; for wherefore should she share
Her father's wretchedness, which none could cure.
Better alone to suffer: he must bear
The burden of his Curse; but why endure
The unavailing presence of her grief?
She, too, apart from him, might find relief:
For dead the Rajah deemed her; and, as thus
Already she his dread revenge had fled,
So might she still escape, and live secure.

9.

Gently he lifts his head,
And Kailyal does not feel;
Gently he rises up, — she slumbers still;
Gently he steals away with silent tread.
Anon she started, for she felt him gone;
She called, and, through the stillness of the night,
His step was heard in flight.
Mistrustful for a moment of the sound,
She listens, till the step is heard no more;
But then she knows that he indeed is gone,
And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on.
The darkness and the wood impede her speed:
She lifts her voice again, —
"Ladurlad!" — and again, alike in vain,
And with a louder cry
Straining its tone to hoarseness: far away,

Selfish in misery,
He heard the call, and faster did he fly.

10.

She leans against that tree whose jutting bough
Smote her so rudely. Her poor heart,
How audibly it panted,
With sudden stop and start!
Her breath, how short and painfully it came!
Hark! all is still around her;
And the night so utterly dark,
She opened her eyes, and she closed them,
And the blackness and blank were the same.

11.

'Twas like a dream of horror; and she stood
Half doubting whether all indeed were true.
A Tiger's howl, loud echoing through the wood,
Roused her: the dreadful sound she knew,
And turned instinctively to what she feared.
Far off the Tiger's hungry howl was heard:
A nearer horror met the maiden's view;
For right before her a dim form appeared,
A human form in that black night,
Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,
Such light as the sickly Moon is seen to shed
Through spell-raised fogs, — a bloody, baleful red.

12.

That Spectre fixed his eyes upon her full:
The light which shone in their accursed orbs

Was like a light from Hell;
And it grew deeper, kindling with the view.
She could not turn her sight
From that infernal gaze, which like a spell
Bound her, and held her rooted to the ground.
It palsied every power;
Her limbs availed her not in that dread hour;
There was no moving thence;
Thought, memory, sense, were gone:
She heard not now the Tiger's nearer cry;
She thought not on her father now;
Her cold heart's blood ran back;
Her hand lay senseless on the bough it clasped;
Her feet were motionless;
Her fascinated eyes
Like the stone eyeballs of a statue fixed,
Yet conscious of the sight that blasted them.

13.

The wind is abroad;
It opens the clouds:
Scattered before the gale,
They skurry through the sky;
And the darkness, retiring, rolls over the vale.
The Stars in their beauty come forth on high;
And through the dark-blue night
The Moon rides on triumphant, broad, and bright.
Distinct and darkening in her light
Appears that Spectre foul:
The moonbeam gives his face and form to sight,

The shape of man,
The living form and face of Arvalan! —
His hands are spread to clasp her.

14.

But at that sight of dread the Maid awoke:
As if a lightning-stroke
Had burst the spell of fear,
Away she broke all franticly, and fled.
There stood a temple near, beside the way,
An open fane of Pollear, gentle God,
To whom the travellers for protection pray.
With elephantine head and eye severe,
Here stood his image, such as when he seized
And tore the rebel Giant from the ground,
With mighty trunk wreathed round
His impotent bulk, and on his tusks, on high
Impaled upheld him between earth and sky.

15.

Thither the affrighted Maiden sped her flight.
And she hath reached the place of sanctuary;
And now within the temple in despite,
Yea, even before the altar, in his sight,
Hath Arvalan, with fleshly arm of might,
Seized her. That instant the insulted God
Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous grasp,
As if from some tort catapult let loose,
Over the forest hurled him all abroad.

16.

O'ercome with dread,
She tarried not to see what heavenly Power
Had saved her in that hour;
Breathless and faint she fled.
And now her foot struck on the knotted root
Of a broad manchineel; and there the Maid
Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade.

VI.

CASYAPA.

1.

Shall this, then, be thy fate, O lovely Maid?
Thus, Kailyal, must thy sorrows then be ended?
Her face upon the ground,
Her arms at length extended,
There, like a corpse, behold her laid
Beneath the deadly shade!
What if the hungry Tiger, prowling by,
Should snuff his banquet nigh?
Alas! Death needs not now his ministry:
The baleful boughs hang o'er her,
The poison dews descend.
What Power will now restore her?
What God will be her friend?

2.

Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,

It might have calmed the gay amid their mirth,
And given the wretched a delight in tears.
One of the Glendoveers,
The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,
Amid the moonlight air,
In sportive flight was floating round and round,
Unknowing where his joyous way was tending.
He saw the Maid where motionless she lay,
And stooped his flight descending,
And raised her from the ground.
Her heavy eyelids are half closed;
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead;
Down hang her loose arms lifelessly;
Down hangs her languid head.

3.

With timely pity touched for one so fair,
The gentle Glendoveer
Pressed her, thus pale and senseless, to his breast,
And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,
And bears the Maiden there,
Where Himakoot, the holy Mount, on high
From mid-earth rising in mid-heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of Even.
Soaring with strenuous flight above,
He bears her to the blessed Grove,
Where in his ancient and august abodes,
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods.

4.

The Father of the Immortals sate,
Where, underneath the Tree of Life,
The Fountains of the Sacred River sprung;
The Father of the Immortals smiled
Benignant on his son.
"Know'st thou," he said, "my child,
Ereenia, know'st thou whom thou bringest here,
A mortal to the holy atmosphere?"

EREENIA.

I found her in the Groves of Earth,
Beneath a poison-tree,
Thus lifeless as thou seest her.
In pity have I brought her to these bowers,
Not erring, Father! by that smile,—
By that benignant eye!

CASYAPA.

What if the Maid be sinful? if her ways
Were ways of darkness, and her death predoomed
To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon
Hath turned her face away,
Unwilling to behold
The unhappy end of guilt?

EREENIA.

Then what a lie, my Sire, were written here
In these fair characters! and she had died,
Sure proof of purer life and happier doom,

Now in the moonlight, in the eye of Heaven,
If I had left so fair a flower to fade.
But thou, all knowing as thou art,
Why askest thou of me?
O Father, oldest, holiest, wisest, best,
To whom all things are plain,
Why askest thou of me?

CASYAPA.

Know'st thou Kehama?

EREENIA.

The Almighty Man!
Who knows not him and his tremendous power?
The Tyrant of the Earth,
The Enemy of Heaven!

CASYAPA.

Fear'st thou the Rajah?

EREENIA.

He is terrible!

CASYAPA.

Yea, he is terrible! such power hath he,
That hope hath entered Hell.
The Asuras and the spirits of the damned
Acclaim their Hero; Yamen, with the might
Of Godhead, scarce can quell
The rebel race accurst:

Half from their beds of torture they uprise,
And half uproot their chains.
Is there not fear in Heaven?
The Souls that are in bliss suspend their joy;
The danger hath disturbed
The calm of Deity;
And Brama fears, and Vishnu turns his face
In doubt toward Siva's throne.

EREENIA.

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,
And at his dreadful penances turn pale.
They claim and wrest from Siva power so vast,
That even Siva's self,
The Highest, cannot grant, and be secure.

CASYAPA.

And darest thou, Ereenia, brave
The Almighty Tyrant's power?

EREENIA.

I brave him, Father! I?

CASYAPA.

Darest thou brave his vengeance? — For, if not
Take her again to earth;
Cast her before the Tiger in his path,
Or where the death-dew-dropping tree
May work Kehama's will.

EREENIA.

Never!

CASYAPA.

Then meet his wrath! for He, even He,
Hath set upon this worm his wanton foot.

EREENIA.

I knew her not, how wretched and how fair,
When here I wafted her. Poor Child of Earth!
Shall I forsake thee, seeing thee so fair,
So wretched? O my Father, let the Maid
Dwell in the Sacred Grove!

CASYAPA.

That must not be;
For Force and Evil then would enter here;
Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth sin,
Would flow from hence polluted in its springs,
And they, who gasp upon its banks in death,
Feel no salvation. Piety and Peace
And Wisdom, — these are mine; but not the power
Which could protect her from the Almighty Man;
Nor when the Spirit of dead Arvalan
Should persecute her here to glut his rage,
To heap upon her yet more agony,
And ripen more damnation for himself.

EREENIA.

Dead Arvalan?

CASYAPA.

All power to him, whereof
The disembodied spirit in its state

Of weakness could be made participant,
Kehama hath assigned, until his days
Of wandering shall be numbered.

EREENIA.

Look! she drinks
The gale of healing from the blessèd Groves;
She stirs; and, lo! her hand
Hath touched the Holy River in its source,
Who would have shrunk if aught impure were nigh.

CASYAPA.

The Maiden, of a truth, is pure from sin.

5.

The waters of the Holy Spring
About the hand of Kailyal play;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay,
As if with that rejoicing stir
The Holy Spring would welcome her.
The Tree of Life, which o'er her spread,
Benignant bowed its sacred head,
And dropped its dews of healing;
And her heart-blood, at every breath
Recovering from the strife of death,
Drew in new strength and feeling.
Behold her beautiful in her repose,
A life-bloom reddening now her dark-brown cheek
And, lo! her eyes unclose,

Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring profound,
When night hangs over it;
Bright as the Moon's refulgent beam,
That quivers on its clear upsparkling stream.

6.

Soon she let fall her lids,
As one who, from a blissful dream
Waking to thoughts of pain,
Fain would return to sleep, and dream again.
Distrustful of the sight,
She moves not, fearing to disturb
The deep and full delight.
In wonder fixed, opening again her eye
She gazes silently,
Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was past,
That she had reached her heavenly home of rest,
And these were Gods before her,
Or spirits of the blest.

7.

Lo! at Ereenia's voice,
A Ship of Heaven comes sailing down the skies.
"Where wouldst thou bear her?" cries
The ancient Sire of Gods.
"Straight to the Swerga, to my Bower of Bliss,"
The Glendoveer replies,
"To Indra's own abodes.
Foe of her foe, were it alone for this,
Indra should guard her from his vengeance there;

But if the God forbear,
Unwilling yet the perilous strife to try,
Or shrinking from the dreadful Rajah's might, —
Weak as I am, O Father! even I
Stand forth in Siva's sight."

8.

"Trust thou in him whate'er betide,
And stand forth fearlessly!"
The Sire of Gods replied.
"All that He wills is right; and doubt not thou,
Howe'er our feeble scope of sight
May fail us now,
His righteous will in all things must be done:
My blessing be upon thee, O my son!"

VII.

THE SWERGA.

1.

Then, in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia laid
The waking, wondering Maid:
The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought, displayed
Its living sail, and glides along the sky.
On either side, in wavy tide,
The clouds of morn along its path divide;
The Winds, who swept in wild career on high,
Before its presence check their charmèd force;

The Winds, that loitering lagged along their course,
Around the living Bark enamoured play,
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

2.

That Bark, in shape, was like the furrowed shell
Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-King,
On festal day, their duteous offerings bring.
Its hue? — Go, watch the last green light
Ere Evening yields the western sky to Night;
Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight
Till thou hast reached its orb of chrysolite.
The sail, from end to end displayed,
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the Maid.
An Angel's head, with visual eye,
Through trackless space, directs its chosen way;
Nor aid of wing nor foot nor fin
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.
Smooth as the swan, when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven

3.

Recumbent there the Maiden glides along
On her aërial way;
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind
Had flagged in flight behind.
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
And all serene in mind,
Feeling no fear; for that ethereal air

With such new life and joyance filled her heart,
Fear could not enter there:
For sure she deemed her mortal part was o'er,
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore;
And that angelic form, who moved beside,
Was some good Spirit sent to be her guide

4.

Daughter of Earth! therein thou deem'st aright;
And never yet did form more beautiful,
In dreams of night descending from on high,
Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight,
Nor, like a vision of delight,
Rise on the raptured Poet's inward eye.
Of human form divine was he,
The immortal Youth of Heaven who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.

5.

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim
Had seemed unworthy him;
Angelic power and dignity and grace
Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck
Down to the ancle reached their swelling web,
Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck
Imperial Majesty;

Their color like the winter's moonless sky,
When all the stars of midnight's canopy
Shine forth; or like the azure deep at noon,
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint when closed; but, when outspread,
The permeating light
Shed through their substance thin a varying hue;
Now bright as when the rose,
Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight
A like delight; now like the juice that flows
From Douro's generous vine;
Or ruby, when with deepest red it glows;
Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine,
When, at forthcoming of the Lord of Day,
The Orient, like a shrine,
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
And, heralding his way,
Proclaims the presence of the Power divine.

6.

Thus glorious were the wings
Of that celestial Spirit, as he went
Disporting through his native element.
Nor these alone
The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view:
Through the broad membrane branched a pliant bone,
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem;
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
Or as the chaster hue

Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong behold him smite
The buoyant air; and now in gentler flight,
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

7.

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven
Far, far beneath them lies
The gross and heavy atmosphere of earth;
And, with the Swerga gales,
The Maid of mortal birth
At every breath a new delight inhales.
And now toward its port the Ship of Heaven,
Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight,
Yet gently as the dews of night that gem,
And do not bend, the harebell's slenderest stem.
"Daughter of Earth!" Ereenia cried, "alight;
This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this;
Lo, here my Bower of Bliss!"

8.

He furled his azure wings, which round him fold
Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze:
Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
Now turned upon the lovely Glendoveer,
Now on his heavenly home.

EREENIA.

Here, Maiden, rest in peace.

And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.
The Almighty Rajah shall not harm thee here.
While Indra keeps his throne.

KAILYAL.

Alas, thou fearest him!
Immortal as thou art, thou fearest him!
I thought that death had saved me from his power
Not even the dead are safe!

EREENIA.

Long years of life and happiness,
O Child of Earth, be thine!
From death I saved thee, and from all thy foes
Will save thee, while the Swerga is secure.

KAILYAL.

Not me alone, O gentle Deveta!
I have a Father suffering upon earth,
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,
For whose strange misery
There is no human help;
And none but I dare comfort him
Beneath Kehama's Curse:
O gentle Deveta, protect him too!

EREENIA.

Come, plead thyself to Indra! Words like thine
May win their purpose, rouse his slumbering heart,
And make him yet put forth his arm to wield
The thunder, while the thunder is his own.

9.

Then to the Garden of the Deity
Ereenia led the Maid.
In the mid-garden towered a giant Tree;
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top it grew,
Reared its unrivalled head on high,
And stretched a thousand branches o'er the sky,
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.
Lo, where from thence, as from a living well,
A thousand torrents flow!
For still in one perpetual shower,
Like diamond-drops, ethereal waters fell
From every leaf of all its ample bower.
Rolling adown the steep
From that aërial height,
Through the deep shade of aromatic trees,
Half seen, the cataracts shoot their gleams of light
And pour upon the breeze
Their thousand voices; far away the roar,
In modulations of delightful sound,
Half heard and ever varying, floats around.
Below, an ample Lake expanded lies,
Blue as the o'er-arching skies:
Forth issuing from that lovely Lake,
A thousand rivers water Paradise.
Full to the brink, yet never overflowing,
They cool the amorous gales, which, ever blowing,
O'er their melodious surface love to stray;
Then, winging back their way,
Their vapors to the parent Tree repay;

And ending thus where they began,
And feeding thus the source from whence they came,
The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,
For ever renovate, yet still the same.

10.

On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie
Blue and transpicuous, like another sky,
The Elements had reared their King's abode.
A strong, controlling power their strife suspended,
And there their hostile essences they blended,
To form a Palace worthy of the God.
Built on the Lake, the waters were its floor;
And here its walls were water arched with fire,
And here were fire with water vaulted o'er;
And spires and pinnacles of fire
Round watery cupolas aspire,
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers,
And roofs of flame are turreted around
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound.
Here, too, the Elements for ever veer,
Ranging around with endless interchanging;
Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing,
In endless revolutions here they roll;
For ever their mysterious work renewing;
The parts all shifting, still unchanged the whole.
Even we on earth at intervals descry
Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night,
In fitful splendor, through the northern sky.

11.

Impatient of delay, Ereenia caught
The Maid aloft, and spread his wings abroad,
And bore her to the presence of the God.
There Indra sate upon his throne reclined,
Where Devetas adore him:
The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,
All tones of magic harmony combined
To soothe his troubled mind,
While the dark-eyed Apsaras danced before him.
In vain the God-musician played,
In vain the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven essayed
To charm him with their beauties in the dance;
And when he saw the mortal Maid appear,
Led by the heroic Glendoveer,
A deeper trouble filled his countenance.
"What hast thou done, Ereenia," said the God,
"Bringing a mortal here?"
And, while he spake, his eye was on the Maid;
The look he gave was solemn, not severe;
No hope to Kailyal it conveyed,
And yet it struck no fear:
There was a sad displeasure in his air;
But pity, too, was there.

EREENIA.

Hear me, O Indra! On the lower earth
I found this child of man, by what mishap
I know not, lying in the lap of death.
Aloft I bore her to our Father's grove,

Not having other thought, than, when the gales
Of bliss had healed her, upon earth again
To leave its lovely daughter. Other thoughts
Arose, when Casyapa declared her fate;
For she is one who groans beneath the power
Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike
To men and Gods. His son, dead Arvalan,
Armed with a portion, Indra, of thy power,
Already wrested from thee, persecutes
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.
What, then, behooved me but to waft her here
To my own Bower of Bliss? what other choice?
The Spirit of foul Arvalan not yet
Hath power to enter here; here thou art yet
Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine own.

INDRA.

No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowers
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off
His mortal part; for on mortality
Time and Infirmity and Death attend,
Close followers they, and, in their mournful train,
Sorrow and Pain and Mutability.
Did these find entrance here, we should behold
Our joys, like earthly summers, pass away.
Those joys perchance may pass; a stronger hand
May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise
The Swerga: but, Ereenia, if we fall,
Let it be Fate's own arm that casts us down;

We will not rashly hasten and provoke
The blow, nor bring ourselves the ruin on.

EREENIA.

Fear courts the blow, Fear brings the ruin on.
Needs must the chariot-wheels of Destiny
Crush him who throws himself before their track,
Patient and prostrate.

INDRA.

All may yet be well:
Who knows but Vishnu will descend and save,
Once more incarnate?

EREENIA.

Look not there for help,
Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy trust.
Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns
His doubtful eye to Siva, even as thou
Dost look to him for aid. But thine own strength
Should for thine own salvation be put forth;
Then might the higher Powers, approving, see
And bless the brave resolve. — Oh that my arm
Could wield yon lightnings which play idly there,
In inoffensive radiance, round thy head!
The Swerga should not need a champion now,
Nor Earth implore deliverance still in vain!

INDRA.

Think'st thou I want the will, rash Son of Heaven
What if my arm be feeble as thine own

Against the dread Kehama? He went on
Conquering in irresistible career,
Till his triumphant car had measured o'er
The insufficient earth, and all the Kings
Of men received his yoke; then had he won
His will, — to ride upon their necks elate,
And crown his conquests with the sacrifice
That should, to men and gods, proclaim him Lord
And Sovereign Master of the vassal World,
Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below
The steam of that portentous sacrifice
Arose to Heaven. Then was the hour to strike;
Then, in the consummation of his pride,
His height of glory, then the thunderbolt
Should have gone forth, and hurled him from his throne
Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,
To everlasting burnings, agony
Eternal, and remorse which knows no end.
That hour went by: grown impious in success,
By prayer and penances he wrested now
Such power from Fate, that soon, if Siva turn not
His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,
Roll on through Padalon his chariot-wheels,
Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock
The accurst Asuras to its burning floor,
And force the drink of Immortality
From Yamen's charge. Vain were it now to strive:

My thunder cannot pierce the sphere of power
Wherewith, as with a girdle, he is bound.

KAILYAL.

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!
Take me again to earth! This is no place
Of rest for me! My Father still must bear
His Curse: he shall not bear it all alone;
Take me to earth, that I may follow him!
I do not fear the Almighty Man! The Gods
Are feeble here; but there are higher Powers,
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like ours.
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!

12.

Saying thus, she knelt, and to his knees she clung,
And bowed her head, in tears and silence praying.
Rising anon, around his neck she flung
Her arms, and there with folded hands she hung;
And, fixing on the guardian Glendoveer
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's tongue,
Again she cried, "There is no comfort here!
I must be with my Father in his pain.
Take me to earth, O Deveta, again!"

13.

Indra with admiration heard the Maid.
"O Child of Earth!" he cried,
"Already in thy spirit thus divine,
Whatever weal or woe betide,

Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,
And all good Powers will aid a soul like thine."
Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said:
"Take her where Ganges hath its second birth,
Below our sphere, and yet above the earth;
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the power
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour."

VIII.

THE SACRIFICE.

1.

Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of the Sky?
Why slumber those thunders of thine?
Dost thou tremble on high, —
Wilt thou tamely the Swerga resign, —
Art thou smitten, O Indra! with dread?
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, Monarch divine,
How many a day to Siva's shrine
Kehama his victim hath led?
Nine and ninety days are fled,
Nine and ninety steeds have bled;
One more, the rite will be complete, —
One victim more, and this the dreadful day.
Then will the impious Rajah seize thy seat,
And wrest the thunder-sceptre from thy sway.
Along the mead the hallowed Steed
Yet bends at liberty his way;

At noon his consummating blood will flow.
Oh day of woe! above, below,
That blood confirms the Almighty Tyrant's reign!
Thou tremblest, O Indra, O God of the Sky!
Thy thunder is vain;
Thou tremblest on high for thy power!
But where is Vishnu at this hour?
But where is Siva's eye?
Is the Destroyer blind?
Is the Preserver careless for mankind?

2.

Along the mead the hallowed Steed
Still wanders wheresoe'er he will,
O'er hill or dale or plain:
No human hand hath tricked that mane
From which he shakes the morning dew;
His mouth has never felt the rein,
His lips have never frothed the chain:
For, pure of blemish and of stain,
His neck unbroke to mortal yoke,
Like Nature free the Steed must be,—
Fit offering for the Immortals he.
A year and day the Steed must stray,
Wherever chance may guide his way,
Before he fall at Siva's shrine:
The year and day have passed away,
Nor touch of man hath marred the rite divine.
And now at noon the Steed must bleed;
The perfect rite to-day must force the meed

Which Fate reluctant shudders to bestow;
Then must the Swerga-God
Yield to the Tyrant of the World below;
Then must the Devetas obey
The Rajah's rod, and groan beneath his hateful sway.

3.

The Sun rides high, the hour is nigh:
The multitude, who long,
Lest aught should mar the rite,
In circle wide on every side,
Have kept the Steed in sight,
Contract their circle now, and drive him on.
Drawn in long files before the Temple-court,
The Rajah's archers flank an ample space:
Here, moving onward still, they drive him near.
Then, opening, give him way to enter here.

4.

Behold him! how he starts and flings his head!
On either side in glittering order spread,
The archers, ranged in narrowing lines, appear:
The multitude behind close up the rear
With moonlike bend, and silently await
The awful end,
The rite that shall from Indra wrest his power.
In front, with far-stretched walls, and many a tower,
Turret and dome and pinnacle elate,
The huge Pagoda seems to load the land;
And there before the gate

The Bramin band expectant stand;
The axe is ready for Kehama's hand.

5.

Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Bramin strikes the time!
One, two, three, four, — a thrice-told chime;
And then again, — one, two.
The bowl, that in its vessel floats, anew
Must fill and sink again;
Then will the final stroke be due.
The Sun rides high, the noon is nigh;
And silently, as if spell-bound,
The multitude expect the sound.

6.

Lo! how the Steed, with sudden start,
Turns his quick head to every part!
Long files of men on every side appear.
The sight might well his heart affright;
And yet the silence that is here
Inspires a stranger fear;
For not a murmur, not a sound
Of breath or motion, rises round;
No stir is heard in all that mighty crowd.
He neighs; and from the temple-wall
The voice re-echoes loud,
Loud and distinct, as from a hill
Across a lonely vale, when all is still.

7.

Within the temple, on his golden throne
Reclined, Kehama lies,
Watching with steady eyes
The pérfumed light, that, burning bright,
Metes out the passing hours.
On either hand his eunuchs stand,
Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes the air,
Which, redolent of all rich gums and flowers,
Seems, overcharged with sweets, to stagnate there.
Lo! the time-taper's flame, ascending slow,
Creeps up its coil toward the fated line:
Kehama rises, and goes forth;
And from the altar, ready where it lies,
He takes the axe of sacrifice.

8.

That instant, from the crowd, with sudden shout,
A Man sprang out
To lay upon the Steed his hand profane.
A thousand archers, with unerring eye,
At once let fly,
And with their hurtling arrows fill the sky.
In vain they fall upon him fast as rain:
He bears a charmèd life, which may defy
All weapons; and the darts that whiz around,
As from an adamantine panoply
Repelled, fall idly to the ground.
Kehama clasped his hands in agony,
And saw him grasp the hallowed courser's mane,

Spring up with sudden bound,
And, with a frantic cry
And madman's gesture, gallop round and round.

9.

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's feet.
What doom will now be his? What vengeance meet
Will he, who knows no mercy, now require?
The obsequious guards around, with bloodhound eye,
Look for the word, in slow-consuming fire,
By piecemeal death, to make the wretch expire;
Or hoist his living carcass, hooked on high,
To feed the fowls and insects of the sky;
Or, if aught worse inventive cruelty
To that remorseless heart of royalty
Might prompt, accursèd instruments they stand
To work the wicked will with wicked hand.
Far other thoughts were in the multitude:
Pity and human feelings held them still;
And stifled sighs and groans suppressed were there,
And many a secret curse and inward prayer
Called on the insulted Gods to save mankind.
Expecting some new crime, in fear they stood, —
Some horror which would make the natural blood
Start, with cold shudderings thrill the sinking heart,
Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent eye
Roll back and close, pressed in for agony.

10.

How then fared he for whom the mighty crowd
Suffered in spirit thus, — how then fared he?

A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye
Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew nigh,
And cried aloud, "Yes, Rajah! it is I!
And wilt thou kill me now?"
The countenance of the Almighty Man
Fell when he knew Ladurlad, and his brow
Was clouded with despite, as one ashamed.
"That wretch again!" indignant he exclaimed,
And smote his forehead, and stood silently
Awhile in wrath; then, with ferocious smile,
And eyes which seemed to darken his dark cheek,
"Let him go free!" he cried; "he hath his Curse,
And vengeance upon him can wreak no worse:
But ye who did not stop him — tremble ye!"

11.

He bade the archers pile their weapons there:
No manly courage filled the slavish band,
No sweetening vengeance roused a brave despair.
He called his horsemen then, and gave command
To hem the offenders in, and hew them down.
Ten thousand cimeters, at once upreared,
Flash up like waters sparkling to the sun:
A second time the fatal brands appeared
Lifted aloft, — they glittered then no more;
Their light was gone, their splendor quenched in gore.
At noon the massacre begun,
And night closed in before the work of death was done.

IX.

THE HOME-SCENE.

1.

The steam of slaughter from that place of blood
Spread o'er the tainted sky.
Vultures, for whom the Rajah's tyranny
So oft had furnished food, from far and nigh
Sped to the lure: aloft, with joyful cry,
Wheeling around, they hovered overhead;
Or, on the temple perched with greedy eye,
Impatient watched the dead.
Far off the Tigers, in the inmost wood,
Heard the death-shriek, and snuffed the scent of blood:
They rose, and through the covert went their way,
Couched at the forest edge, and waited for their prey.

2.

He who had sought for death went wandering on:
The hope which had inspired his heart was gone;
Yet a wild joyance still inflamed his face,—
A smile of vengeance, a triumphant glow.
Where goes he? Whither should Ladurlad go?
Unwittingly the wretch's footsteps trace
Their wonted path toward his dwelling-place;
And wandering on, unknowing where,
He starts like one surprised at finding he is there.

3.

Behold his lowly home,
By yonder broad-boughed plane o'ershaded!
There Marriataly's Image stands,
And there the garland twined by Kailyal's hands
Around its brow hath faded.
The peacocks, at their master's sight,
Quick from the leafy thatch alight,
And hurry round, and search the ground,
And veer their glancing necks from side to side,
Expecting from his hand
Their daily dole which erst the Maid supplied,
Now all too long denied.

4.

But, as he gazed around,
How strange did all accustomed sights appear!
How differently did each familiar sound
Assail his altered ear!
Here stood the marriage-bower,
Reared in that happy hour
When he, with festal joy and youthful pride,
Had brought Yedillian home, his beauteous bride
Leaves not its own, and many a borrowed flower,
Had then bedecked it, withering ere the night;
But he who looked from that auspicious day
For years of long delight,
And would not see the marriage-bower decay,
There planted and nursed up, with daily care,
The sweetest herbs that scent the ambient air

And trained them round to live and flourish there
Nor when dread Yamen's will
Had called Yedillian from his arms away,
Ceased he to tend the marriage-bower, but still,
Sorrowing, had dressed it like a pious rite
Due to the monument of past delight.

5.

He took his wonted seat before the door, —
Even as of yore,
When he was wont to view, with placid eyes,
His daughter at her evening sacrifice.
Here were the flowers which she so carefully
Did love to rear for Marriataly's brow;
Neglected now,
Their heavy heads were drooping, over-blown:
All else appeared the same as heretofore,
All — save himself alone;
How happy then, — and now a wretch for evermore

6.

The market-flag, which, hoisted high,
From far and nigh,
Above yon cocoa-grove is seen,
Hangs motionless amid the sultry sky.
Loud sounds the village drum; a happy crowd
Is there: Ladurlad hears their distant voices,
But with their joy no more his heart rejoices;
And how their old companion now may fare,
Little they know, and less they care:

The torment he is doomed to bear
Was but to them the wonder of a day,
A burden of sad thoughts soon put away.

7.

They knew not that the wretched man was near;
And yet it seemed, to his distempered ear,
As if they wronged him with their merriment.
Resentfully he turned away his eyes,
Yet turned them but to find
Sights that enraged his mind
With envious grief more wild and overpowering.
The tank which fed his fields was there, and there
The large-leaved lotus on the waters flowering.
There, from the intolerable heat
The buffaloes retreat;
Only their nostrils raised to meet the air,
Amid the sheltering element they rest.
Impatient of the sight, he closed his eyes,
And bowed his burning head, and in despair
Calling on Indra, — "Thunder-God!" he said,
"Thou owest to me alone this day thy throne;
Be grateful, and in mercy strike me dead."

8.

Despair had roused him to that hopeless prayer;
Yet, thinking on the heavenly Powers, his mind
Drew comfort; and he rose and gathered flowers,
And twined a crown for Marriataly's brow;
And, taking then her withered garland down,

Replaced it with the blooming coronal.
"Not for myself," the unhappy Father cried,
"Not for myself, O Mighty One! I pray,
Accursèd as I am beyond thy aid!
But, oh! be gracious still to that dear Maid
Who crowned thee with these garlands day by day,
And danced before thee aye at even-tide
In beauty and in pride.
O Marriataly, whereso'er she stray
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her guide!"

9.

A loud and fiendish laugh replied,
Scoffing his prayer. Aloft, as from the air,
The sound of insult came: he looked, and there
The visage of dead Arvalan came forth,
Only his face amid the clear-blue sky,
With long-drawn lips of insolent mockery,
And eyes whose lurid glare
Was like a sulphur fire,
Mingling with darkness ere its flames expire.

10.

Ladurlad knew him well: enraged to see
The cause of all his misery,
He stooped and lifted from the ground
A stake, whose fatal point was black with blood;
The same wherewith his hand had dealt the wound
When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,
For violation seized the shrieking Maid.

Thus armed, in act again to strike he stood,
And twice with inefficient wrath essayed
To smite the impassive shade.
The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renewed;
And Arvalan put forth a hand, and caught
The sunbeam, and, condensing there its light,
Upon Ladurlad turned the burning stream.
Vain cruelty! the stake
Fell in white ashes from his hold, but he
Endured no added pain; his agony
Was full, and at the height;
The burning stream of radiance nothing harmed him;
A fire was in his heart and brain,
And from all other flame
Kehama's Curse had charmed him.

11.

Anon the Spirit waved a second hand:
Down rushed the obedient whirlwind from the sky,
Scooped up the sand like smoke, and from on high
Shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's head.
Where'er he turns, the accursèd Hand is there;
East, West, and North and South, on every side
The Hand accursèd waves in air to guide
The dizzying storm; ears, nostrils, eyes, and mouth,
It fills and chokes, and, clogging every pore,
Taught him new torments might be yet in store.
Where shall he turn to fly? Behold his house
In flames! uprooted lies the marriage-bower,
The Goddess buried by the sandy shower.

Blindly, with staggering step, he reels about;
And still the accursèd Hand pursued,
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renewed.

12.

What, Arvalan! hast thou so soon forgot
The grasp of Pollear? Wilt thou still defy
The righteous Powers of heaven? or know'st thou not
That there are yet superior Powers on high,
Son of the Wicked? — Lo! in rapid flight,
Ereenia hastens from the ethereal height;
Bright is the sword celestial in his hand:
Like lightning in its path athwart the sky,
He comes, and drives with angel-arm the blow.
Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of Heaven,
Felt that keen sword by arm angelic driven,
And fled before it from the fields of light.
Thrice through the vulnerable Shade
The Glendoveer impels the griding blade;
The wicked Shade flies howling from his foe.
So let that Spirit foul
Fly, and, for impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore:
Worse punishment hath Arvalan deserved,
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom in store.

13.

Not now the Glendoveer pursues his flight:
He bade the Ship of Heaven alight,

And gently there he laid
The astonished Father by the happy Maid,
The Maid now shedding tears of deep delight.
Beholding all things with incredulous eyes,
Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there he lay;
While, sailing up the skies, the living Bark
Through air and sunshine held its heavenly way.

X.

MOUNT MERU.

1.

Swift through the sky the vessel of the Suras
Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel.
Rich is the freight, O Vessel! that thou bearest, —
Beauty and Virtue,
Fatherly cares and filial veneration,
Hearts which are proved and strengthened by affliction,
Manly resentment, fortitude, and action,
Womanly goodness;
All with which Nature halloweth her daughters, —
Tenderness, truth and purity and meekness,
Piety, patience, faith and resignation,
Love and devotement.
Ship of the Gods, how richly art thou laden!
Proud of the charge, thou voyagest rejoicing:

Clouds float around to honor thee, and Evening
Lingers in heaven.

2.

A Stream descends on Meru Mountain;
None hath seen its secret fountain:
It had its birth, so Sages say,
Upon the memorable day
When Parvati presumed to lay,
In wanton play,
Her hands, too-venturous Goddess, in her mirth,
On Siva's eyes, the light and life of Earth.
Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still;
The Elements ceased their influences; the Hours
Stopped on the eternal round; Motion and Breath
Time, Change, and Life and Death,
In sudden trance oppressed, forgot their powers.
A moment, and the dread eclipse was ended;
But, at the thought of Nature thus suspended,
The sweat on Siva's forehead stood,
And Ganges thence upon the world descended, —
The Holy River, the Redeeming Flood.

3.

None hath seen its secret fountain;
But on the top of Meru Mountain,
Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth.
Earth seems that pinnacle to rear
Sublime above this worldly sphere,
Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne;

And there the new-born River lies
Outspread beneath its native skies,
As if it there would love to dwell
Alone and unapproachable.
Soon flowing forward, and resigned
To the will of the Creating Mind,
It springs at once, with sudden leap,
Down from the immeasurable steep.
From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding
The mighty cataract rushes; Heaven around,
Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding,
And Meru's summit shaking with the sound.
Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray
Dances aloft; and ever there, at morning,
The earliest sunbeams haste to wing their way,
With rainbow wreaths the holy stream adorning;
And duly the adoring Moon at night
Sheds her white glory there,
And in the watery air
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

4.

A mountain-valley in its blessèd breast
Receives the stream, which there delights to lie,
Untroubled and at rest,
Beneath the untainted sky.
There, in a lovely lake, it seems to sleep;
And thence, through many a channel dark and deep,
Their secret way the holy Waters wind,
Till, rising underneath the root

Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot,
Majestic forth they flow to purify mankind.

5.

Towards this Lake, above the nether sphere,
The living Bark, with angel eye,
Directs its course along the obedient sky.
Kehama hath not yet dominion here;
And till the dreaded hour,
When Indra by the Rajah shall be driven
Dethroned from Heaven,
Here may Ladurlad rest beyond his power.

6.

The living Bark alights; the Glendoveer
Then lays Ladurlad by the blessèd Lake;—
O happy Sire, and yet more happy Daughter!
The ethereal gales his agony aslake,
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,
His hand is in the water;
The innocent man, the man oppressed,—
Oh joy!—hath found a place of rest
Beyond Kehama's sway;
The Curse extends not here; his pains have passed away.

7.

O happy Sire, and happy Daughter!
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting-place and sanctuary have found.
What! hath not, then, their mortal taint defiled

The sacred, solitary ground?
Vain thought! the Holy Valley smiled,
Receiving such a Sire and Child:
Ganges, who seemed asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously,
And rolled her little waves to meet
And welcome their belovèd feet;
The gales of Swerga thither fled,
And heavenly odors there were shed
About, below, and overhead;
And Earth, rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,
Where every amaranthine flower
Its deathless blosssom interweaves
With bright and undecaying leaves.

8.

Three happy beings are there here, —
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.
A fourth approaches: who is this
That enters in the Bower of Bliss?
No form so fair might painter find
Among the daughters of mankind;
For death her beauties hath refined,
And unto her a form hath given
Framed of the elements of Heaven;
Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.
She stood, and gazed on Sire and Child:
Her tongue not yet had power to speak;

The tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when those tears her sight beguiled,
And still her faltering accents failed,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the caress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

9.

The Maid that lovely form surveyed;
Wistful she gazed, and knew her not;
But Nature to her heart conveyed
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretched her hands imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet feared to meet the wished embrace,
At once with love and awe oppressed.
Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brightened with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face:
He ran, and held her to his breast!
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven!
By Death alone to others given,
This moment hath to him restored
The early-lost, the long-deplored.

10.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care;
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

11.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

12.

A blessèd family is this,
Assembled in the Bower of Bliss!
Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,

And pangs beyond all human measure;
And thy reward is now divine,
A foretaste of eternal pleasure.
He knew, indeed, there was a day
When all these joys would pass away,
And he must quit this blest abode,
And, taking up again the spell,
Groan underneath the baleful load,
And wander o'er the world again,
Most wretched of the sons of men:
Yet was this brief repose, as when
A traveller in the Arabian sands,
Half fainting on his sultry road,
Hath reached the water-place at last;
And, resting there beside the well,
Thinks of the perils he has passed,
And gazes o'er the unbounded plain, —
The plain which must be traversed still;
And drinks, yet cannot drink his fill;
Then girds his patient loins again.
So to Ladurlad now was given
New strength, and confidence in Heaven,
And hope and faith invincible.

13.

For often would Ereenia tell
Of what in elder days befell,
When other Tyrants, in their might,
Usurped dominion o'er the earth;
And Vishnu took a human birth,

Deliverer of the Sons of men,
And slew the huge Ermaccasen,
And peacemeal rent, with lion force,
Errenen's accursèd corse,
And humbled Baly in his pride;
And when the Giant Ravanen
Had borne triumphant from his side
Sita, the earth-born God's belovèd bride,
Then from his island-kingdom laughed to scorn
The insulted husband, and his power defied;
How, to revenge the wrong, in wrath he hied,
Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,
And met the hundred-headed foe,
And dealt him the unerring blow:
By Brama's hand the righteous lance was given,
And, by that arm immortal driven,
It laid the mighty Tyrant low;
And Earth and Ocean and high Heaven
Rejoiced to see his overthrow.
"Oh! doubt not thou," Yedillian cried,
"Such fate Kehama will betide;
For there are Gods who look below:
Siva, the Avenger, is not blind,
Nor Vishnu careless for mankind."

14.

Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued
With hope and holy fortitude;
And Child and Sire, with pious mind,
Alike resolved, alike resigned,

Looked onward to the evil day:
Faith was their comfort, Faith their stay;
They trusted Woe would pass away,
And Tyranny would sink subdued,
And Evil yield to Good.

15.

Lovely wert thou, O Flower of Earth!
Above all flowers of mortal birth;
But, fostered in this Blissful Bower
From day to day and hour to hour,
Lovelier grew the lovely flower.
Oh blessèd, blessèd company!
When men and heavenly spirits greet,
And they whom Death had severed meet,
And hold again communion sweet;—
Oh blessèd, blessèd company!

16.

The Sun, careering round the sky,
Beheld them with rejoicing eye,
And bade his willing Charioteer
Relax his speed as they drew near;
Arounin checked the rainbow-reins;
The seven green coursers shook their manes,
And brighter rays around them threw;
The Car of Glory, in their view
More radiant, more resplendent grew;
And Surya, through his veil of light,
Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.

17.

The Lord of Night, as he sailed by,
Stayed his pearly boat on high;
And, while around the Blissful Bower
He bade the softest moonlight flow,
Lingered to see that earthly flower,
Forgetful of his Dragon foe,
Who, mindful of their ancient feud,
With open jaws of rage pursued.

18.

There all good Spirits of the air,
Suras and Devetas, repair;
Aloft they love to hover there,
And view the flower of mortal birth,
Here, for her innocence and worth,
Transplanted from the fields of earth;
And him who, on the dreadful day
When Heaven was filled with consternation,
And Indra trembled with dismay,
And, for the sounds of joy and mirth,
Woe was heard and lamentation,
Defied the Rajah in his pride,
Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
Stood mute in dolorous expectation;
And, rushing forward in that hour,
Saved the Swerga from his power.
Grateful for this they hover nigh,
And bless that blessèd Company.

19.

One God alone, with wanton eye,
Beheld them in their Bower:
"O ye," he cried, "who have defied
The Rajah! will ye mock my power?"
'Twas Camdeo riding on his lory,
'Twas the immortal Youth of Love:
"If men below and Gods above,
Subject alike," quoth he, "have felt these darts,
Shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts?
Hover here, my gentle lory,
Gently hover, while I see
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,
To the Glendoveer or me."

20.

Then, in the dewy evening sky,
The bird of gorgeous plumery
Poised his wings, and hovered nigh.
It chanced at that delightful hour
Kailyal sate before the Bower,
On the green bank with amaranth sweet,
Where Ganges warbled at her feet.
Ereenia there, before the Maid,
His sails of ocean blue displayed,
And sportive in her sight
Moved slowly o'er the lake with gliding flight;
Anon, with sudden stroke and strong,
In rapid course careering, swept along;

Now shooting downward from his heavenly height,
Plunged in the deep below;
Then, rising, soared again,
And shook the sparkling waters off like rain,
And hovering o'er the silver surface hung.
At him young Camdeo bent the bow:
With living bees the bow was strung,
The fatal bow of sugar-cane,
And flowers which would inflame the heart
With their petals barbed the dart

21.

The shaft, unerringly addressed,
Unerring flew, and smote Ereenia's breast.
"Ah, Wanton!" cried the Glendoveer,
"Go, aim at idler hearts;
Thy skill is baffled here!
A deeper love I bear that Maid divine,
A love that springeth from a higher will,
A holier power, than thine!"

22.

A second shaft, while thus Ereenia cried,
Had Camdeo aimed at Kailyal's side;
But, lo! the Bees which strung his bow
Broke off, and took their flight.
To that sweet Flower of earth they wing their way,
Around her raven tresses play,
And buzz about her with delight,
As if with that melodious sound

They strove to pay their willing duty
To mortal purity and beauty.

23.

"Ah, Wanton!" cried the Glendoveer,
No power hast thou for mischief here!
Choose thou some idler breast;
For these are proof, by nobler thoughts possessed.
Go, to thy plains of Matra go,
And string again thy broken bow!"

24.

Rightly Ereenia spake; and ill had thoughts
Of earthly love beseemed the sanctuary
Where Kailyal had been wafted, that the Soul
Of her dead Mother there might strengthen her,
Feeding her with the milk of heavenly lore,
And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart
With hope and faith and holy fortitude
Against the evil day. Here rest awhile
In peace, O Father! marked for misery
Above all sons of men; O Daughter! doomed
For sufferings and for trials above all
Of women; — yet both favored, both beloved
By all good Powers, rest here awhile in peace.

XI.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

1.

When from the sword, by arm angelic driven,
Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,
His thin, essential spirit, rent and riven
With wounds, united soon and healed again;
Backward the accursèd turned his eye in flight,
Remindful of revengeful thoughts even then,
And saw where, gliding through the evening light,
The Ship of Heaven sailed upward through the sky,
Then, like a meteor, vanished from his sight.
Where should he follow? Vainly might he try
To trace through trackless air its rapid course;
Nor dared he that angelic arm defy,
Still sore and writhing from its dreaded force.

2.

Should he the lust of vengeance lay aside?
Too long had Arvalan in ill been trained;
Nursed up in power and tyranny and pride,
His soul the ignominious thought disdained.
Or to his mighty Father should he go,
Complaining of defeature twice sustained,
And ask new powers to meet the immortal foe?
Repulse he feared not; but he feared rebuke,
And shamed to tell him of his overthrow.
There dwelt a dread Enchantress in a nook

Obscure; old helpmate she to him had been,
Lending her aid in many a secret sin;
And there, for counsel, now his way he took.

3.

She was a woman whose unlovely youth,
Even like a cankered rose which none will cull,
Had withered on the stalk; her heart was full
Of passions which had found no natural scope, —
Feelings which there had grown, but ripened not.
Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,
Repinings which provoked vindictive thought:
These restless elements for ever wrought,
Fermenting in her with perpetual stir;
And thus, her spirit to all evil moved,
She hated men because they loved not her,
And hated women because they were loved.
And thus, in wrath and hatred and despair,
She tempted Hell to tempt her, and resigned
Her body to the Demons of the Air,
Wicked and wanton fiends, who where they will
Wander abroad, still seeking to do ill,
And take whatever vacant form they find,
Carcass of man or beast that life hath left,
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.
To these the Witch her wretched body gave,
So they would wreak her vengeance on mankind,
She thus at once their mistress and their slave;
And they, to do such service nothing loath,
Obeyed her bidding, slaves and masters both.

4.

So from this cursèd intercourse she caught
Contagious power of mischief, and was taught
Such secrets as are damnable to guess.
Is there a child whose little lovely ways
Might win all hearts, — on whom his parents gaze
Till they shed tears of joy and tenderness?
Oh, hide him from that Witch's withering sight!
Oh, hide him from the eye of Lorrinite!
Her look hath crippling in it, and her curse
All plagues which on mortality can light:
Death is his doom if she behold; or, worse,
Diseases loathsome and incurable,
And inward sufferings that no tongue can tell.

5.

Woe was to him on whom that eye of hate
Was bent; for, certain as the stroke of Fate,
It did its mortal work; nor human arts
Could save the unhappy wretch, her chosen prey:
For, gazing, she consumed his vital parts,
Eating his very core of life away.
The wine which from yon wounded palm on high
Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distils,
Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.
The deadliest worm, from which all creatures fly,
Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye;
The babe unborn, within its mother's womb,
Started and trembled when the Witch came nigh;
And, in the silent chambers of the tomb,

Death shuddered her unholy tread to hear;
And from the dry and mouldering bones did fear
Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite was near.

6.

Power made her haughty: by ambition fired,
Ere long to mightier mischiefs she aspired.
The Calis, who o'er cities rule unseen,
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,
And there adored with blood and human life, —
They knew her; and, in their accurst employ,
She stirred up neighboring States to mortal strife.
Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad
Upon the King of the Ravens, to destroy
The offending sons of men, when his four hands
Were weary with their toil, would let her do
His work of vengeance upon guilty lands;
And Lorrinite, at his commandment, knew
When the ripe earthquake should be loosed, and where
To point its course. And, in the baleful air,
The pregnant seeds of death he bade her strew,
All deadly plagues and pestilence to brew.
The Locusts were her army; and their bands,
Where'er she turned her skinny finger, flew.
The floods in ruin rolled at her commands;
And when, in time of drought, the husbandman
Beheld the gathered rain about to fall,
Her breath would drive it to the desert sands,
While in the marshes' parched and gaping soil

The rice-roots by the searching Sun were dried,
And in lean groups, assembled at the side
Of the empty tank, the cattle dropped and died;
And Famine, at her bidding, wasted wide
The wretched land, till, in the public way,
Promiscuous where the dead and dying lay,
Dogs fed on human bones in the open light of day.

7.

Her secret cell the accursèd Arvalan,
In quest of vengeance, sought, and thus began:
"Mighty mother! mother wise!
Revenge me on my enemies."

LORRINITE.

Com'st thou, son, for aid to me?
Tell me who have injured thee,
Where they are, and who they be;
Of the Earth, or of the Sea,
Or of the aërial company?
Earth, nor Sea, nor Air, is free
From the powers who wait on me
And my tremendous witchery.

ARVALAN.

She for whom so ill I sped,
Whom my Father deemeth dead,
Lives; for Marriataly's aid
From the water saved the Maid.
In hatred I desire her still,

And in revenge would have my will.
A Deveta with wings of blue,
And sword whose edge even now I rue,
In a Ship of Heaven on high,
Pilots her along the sky.
Where they voyage thou canst tell,
Mistress of the mighty spell.

8.

At this the Witch, through shrivelled lips and thin,
Sent forth a sound, half whistle and half hiss.
Two wingèd Hands came in,
Armless and bodiless,
Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set
In frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet.
A thousand eyes were quenched in endless night
To form that magic globe; for Lorrinite
Had, from their sockets, drawn the liquid sight,
And kneaded it, with re-creating skill,
Into this organ of her mighty will.
"Look in yonder orb," she cried:
Tell me what is there descried."

9.

ARVALAN.

A mountain-top, in clouds of light
Enveloped, rises on my sight;
Thence a cataract rushes down,
Hung with many a rainbow crown;

Light and clouds conceal its head;
Below, a silver Lake is spread;
Upon its shores a Bower I see, —
Fit home for blessèd company.
See, they come forward! — one, two, three;
The last a Maiden, — it is she!
The foremost shakes his wings of blue, —
'Tis he whose sword even yet I rue;
And in that other one I know
The visage of my deadliest foe.
Mother, let thy magic might
Arm me for the mortal fight;
Helm and shield and mail afford, —
Proof against his dreaded sword.
Then will I invade their seat;
Then shall vengeance be complete.

10.

LORRINITE.

Spirits who obey my will,
Hear him, and his wish fulfil!

So spake the mighty Witch, nor further spell
Needed. Anon a sound, like smothered thunder,
Was heard, slow rolling under;
The solid pavement of the cell
Quaked, heaved, and cleft asunder,
And, at the feet of Arvalan displayed,
Helmet and mail and shield and cimeter were laid.

11.

The Asuras, often put to flight
And scattered in the fields of light
By their foes' celestial might,
Forged this enchanted armor for the fight.
'Mid fires intense did they anneal,
In mountain furnaces, the quivering steel,
Till, trembling through each deepening hue,
It settled in a midnight blue;
Last they cast it, to aslake,
In the penal icy lake.
Then they consigned it to the Giant brood;
And, while they forged the impenetrable arms,
The Evil Powers, to oversee them, stood,
And there imbued
The work of Giant strength with magic charms.
Foul Arvalan with joy surveyed
The crescent sabre's cloudy blade,
With deeper joy the impervious mail,
The shield and helmet of avail.
Soon did he himself array,
And bade her speed him on his way.

12.

Then she led him to the den,
Where her chariot, night and day,
Stood harnessed ready for the way.
Two Dragons, yoked in adamant, convey
The magic car: from either collar sprung
An adamantine rib, which met in air,

O'erarched and crossed and bent, diverging there,
And firmly in its arc upbore,
Upon their brazen necks, the seat of power.
Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand
Receives the magic reins from Lorrinite;
The Dragons, long obedient to command,
Their ample sails expand;
Like steeds well broken to fair lady's hand,
They feel the reins of might,
And up the northern sky begin their flight.

13.

Son of the Wicked, doth thy soul delight
To think its hour of vengeance now is nigh?
Lo! where the far-off light
Of Indra's palace flashes on his sight;
And Meru's heavenly summit shines on high,
With clouds of glory bright,
Amid the dark-blue sky.
Already, in his hope, doth he espy,
Himself secure in mail of tenfold charms,
Ereenia writhing from the magic blade,
The Father sent to bear his Curse, the Maid
Resisting vainly in his impious arms.

14.

Ah, Sinner! whose anticipating soul
Incurs the guilt even when the crime is spared!
Joyous toward Meru's summit on he fared,
While the twin Dragons, rising as he guides,

With steady flight, steer northward for the Pole.
Anon, with irresistible control,
Force mightier far than his arrests their course;
It wrought as though a Power unseen had caught
Their adamantine yokes to drag them on.
Straight on they bend their way; and now, in vain
Upward doth Arvalan direct the rein:
The rein of magic might avails no more;
Bootless its strength against that unseen Power,
That, in their mid career,
Hath seized the Chariot and the Charioteer.
With hands resisting, and down-pressing feet,
Upon their hold insisting,
He struggles to maintain his difficult seat.
Seeking in vain with that strange Power to vie,
Their doubled speed the affrighted Dragons try.
Forced in a stream from whence was no retreat,
Strong as they are, behold them whirled along,
Headlong, with useless pennons, through the sky!

15.

What Power was that, which, with resistless might,
Foiled the dread magic thus of Lorrinite?
'Twas all-commanding Nature. They were here
Within the sphere of the adamantine rocks
Which girt Mount Meru round, as far below
That heavenly height where Ganges hath its birth
Involved in clouds and light,
So far above its roots of ice and snow.

16.

On, on, they roll, — rapt headlong they roll on:
The lost canoe, less rapidly than this,
Down the precipitous stream is whirled along
To the brink of Niagara's dread abyss.
On, on, they roll, and now, with shivering shock,
Are dashed against the rock that girds the Pole.
Down from his shattered mail the unhappy Soul
Is dropped, ten thousand thousand fathoms down,
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is stopped. There let him howl,
Groan there, — and there, with unavailing moan,
For aid on his Almighty Father call.

17.

All human sounds are lost
Amid those deserts of perpetual frost,
Old Winter's drear domain,
Beyond the limits of the living World,
Beyond Kehama's reign.
Of utterance and of motion soon bereft,
Frozen to the ice-rock, there behold him lie,
Only the painful sense of Being left, —
A Spirit who must feel, and cannot die,
Bleaching and bare beneath the polar sky.

XII.

THE SACRIFICE COMPLETED.

1.

O YE who, by the Lake
On Meru Mount, partake
The joys which Heaven hath destined for the blest
Swift, swift, the moments fly,
The silent hours go by,
And ye must leave your dear abode of rest.
O wretched Man, prepare
Again thy Curse to bear!
Prepare, O wretched Maid, for further woe!
The fatal hour draws near,
When Indra's heavenly sphere
Must own the Tyrant of the World below.
To-day the hundredth Steed
At Siva's shrine must bleed;
The dreadful sacrifice is full to-day;
Nor man nor God hath power,
At this momentous hour,
Again to save the Swerga from his sway.
Fresh woes, O Maid divine!
Fresh trials, must be thine;
And what must thou, Ladurlad, yet endure?
But let your hearts be strong,
And rise against all wrong;
For Providence is just, and virtue is secure.

2.

They, little deeming that the fatal day
Was come, beheld where through the morning sky
A Ship of Heaven drew nigh.
Onward they watch it steer its steady flight;
Till, wondering, they espy
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.
But, when Ereenia saw the Sire appear,
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight
His heart received a sudden shock of fear.
"Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,
O Father!" cried the startled Glendoveer;
"The dreadful hour is near! I know it well!
Not for less import would the Sire of Gods
Forsake his ancient and august abodes."

3.

"Even so," serene the immortal Sire replies:
"Soon, like an earthquake, will ye feel the blow
Which consummates the mighty sacrifice;
And this World and its Heaven, and all therein,
Are then Kehama's. To the second ring
Of these seven Spheres, the Swerga-King,
Even now, prepares for flight,
Beyond the circle of the conquered world,
Beyond the Rajah's might.
Ocean, that clips this inmost of the Spheres,
And girds it round with everlasting roar,
Set like a gem appears
Within that bending shore

Thither fly all the Sons of heavenly race.
I, too, forsake mine ancient dwelling-place.
And now, O Child and Father! ye must go;
Take up the burden of your woe,
And wander once again below.
With patient heart hold onward to the end;
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind
That every God is still the good Man's friend;
And, when the Wicked have their day assigned,
Then they who suffer bravely save mankind."

4.

"Oh, tell me," cried Ereenia, — "for from thee
Nought can be hidden, — when the end will be!"

"Seek not to know," old Casyapa replied,
"What pleaseth Heaven to hide.
Dark is the abyss of Time;
But light enough to guide your steps is given:
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Turn never from the way of truth aside;
And leave the event, in holy hope, to Heaven.
The moment is at hand; no more delay;
Ascend the ethereal bark, and go your way;
And Ye, of heavenly nature, follow me."

5.

"The will of Heaven be done!" Ladurlad cried
Nor more the man replied,
But placed his daughter in the ethereal bark,

Then took his seat beside.
There was no word at parting, no adieu.
Down from that empyreal height they flew:
One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet uttered not,
When, to his heart and brain,
The fiery Curse again like lightning shot.
And now on earth the Sire and Child alight;
Up soared the Ship of Heaven, and sailed away
from sight.

6.

O ye immortal Bowers,
Where hitherto the Hours
Have led their dance of happiness for aye,
With what a sense of woe
Do ye expect the blow,
And see your heavenly dwellers driven away!
Lo! where the aunnay-birds of graceful mien,
Whose milk-white forms were seen,
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees between,
And by your silent springs,
With melancholy cry
Now spread unwilling wings;
Their stately necks reluctant they protend,
And through the sullen sky,
To other worlds, their mournful progress bend.

7.

The affrighted gales to-day
O'er their belovèd streams no longer play;

The streams of Paradise have ceased to flow;
The Fountain-Tree withholds its diamond-shower
In this portentous hour, —
This dolorous hour, — this universal woe.
Where is the Palace, whose far-flashing beams,
With streaks and streams of ever-varying light,
Brightened the polar night
Around the frozen North's extremest shore?
Gone like a morning rainbow, — like a dream, —
A star that shoots and falls, and then is seen no more.

8.

Now! now! — Before the Golden Palaces,
The Bramin strikes the inevitable hour.
The fatal blow is given
That over Earth and Heaven
Confirms the Almighty Rajah in his power.
All evil Spirits then,
That roam the World about,
Or wander through the sky,
Set up a joyful shout;
The Asuras and the Giants join the cry;
The damned in Padalon acclaim
Their hoped Deliverer's name;
Heaven trembles with the thunder-drowning sound
Back starts affrighted Ocean from the shore;
And the adamantine vaults and brazen floor
Of Hell are shaken with the roar.
Up rose the Rajah through the conquered sky,
To seize the Swerga for his proud abode:

Myriads of evil Genii round him fly,
As royally on wings of winds he rode,
And scaled high Heaven, triumphant like a God.

XIII.

THE RETREAT.

1.

Around her Father's neck the Maiden locked
Her arms, when that portentous blow was given:
Clinging to him, she heard the dread upróar,
And felt the shuddering shock which ran through Heaven;
Earth underneath them rocked,
Her strong foundations heaving in commotion,
Such as wild winds upraise in raving Ocean,
As though the solid base were rent asunder.
And lo, where, storming the astonished sky,
Kehama and his evil host ascend!
Before them rolls the thunder;
Ten thousand thousand lightnings round them fly;
Upward the lengthening pageantries aspire,
Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widening wake of fire.

2.

When the wild uproar was at length allayed,
And Earth, recovering from the shock, was still,

Thus to her Father spake the imploring Maid:
"Oh! by the love which we so long have borne
Each other, and we ne'er shall cease to bear;
Oh! by the sufferings we have shared,
And must not cease to share, —
One boon I supplicate in this dread hour,
One consolation in this hour of woe!
Father, thou hast it in thy power:
Thou wilt not, Father, sure refuse me now
The only comfort my poor heart can know."

3.

"O dearest, dearest Kailyal!" with a smile
Of tenderness and anguish, he replied,
"O best beloved, and to be loved the best,
Best worthy! set thy duteous heart at rest.
I know thy wish; and, let what will betide,
Ne'er will I leave thee wilfully again.
My soul is strengthened to endure its pain:
Be thou, in all my wanderings, still my guide;
Be thou, in all my sufferings, at my side."

4.

The Maiden, at those welcome words, impressed
A passionate kiss upon her Father's cheek:
They looked around them then, as if to seek
Where they should turn, — North, South, or East, or West, —
Wherever to their vagrant feet seemed best.
But, turning from the view her mournful eyes,

"Oh! whither should we wander?" Kailyal cries,
"Or wherefore seek in vain a place of rest?
Have we not here the Earth beneath our tread,
Heaven overhead,
A brook that winds through this sequestered glade,
And yonder woods to yield us fruit and shade?
The little all our wants require is nigh;
Hope we have none: why travel on in fear?
We cannot fly from Fate, and Fate will find us here."

5.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree;
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propped its lofty head;
And many a long, depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight, like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs which crossed their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others, of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height:
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briers deformed the natural floor,

And through the leafy cope which bowered it o'er
Came gleams of checkered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

6.

A brook, with easy current, murmured near:
Water so cool and clear
The peasants drink not from the humble well,
Which they, with sacrifice of rural pride,
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside;
Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense
To those in towns who dwell,
The work of Kings, in their beneficence.
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,
Pellucid, deep, and still, in silence joined,
And swelled the passing stream. Like burnished steel
Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon;
And when the breezes, in their play,
Ruffled the darkening surface, then, with gleam
Of sudden light, around the lotus-stem
It rippled; and the sacred flowers, that crown
The lakelet with their roseate beauty ride,
In easy waving rocked, from side to side;
And, as the wind upheaves
Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves
Flap on the twinkling waters, up and down.

7.

They built them here a bower, of jointed cane,
Strong for the needful use; and light and long
Was the slight framework reared, with little pain;
Lithe creepers, then, the wicker sides supply,
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
Beneath the genial sky.
And here did Kailyal, each returning day,
Pour forth libations from the brook, to pay
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite:
In such libations poured in open glades,
Beside clear streams and solitary shades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.
And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,
The Maid, as with an angel's voice of song,
Poured her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even,
And, gliding in religious dance along,
Moved graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven;
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

8.

Thus ever, in her Father's doting eye,
Kailyal performed the customary rite:
He, patient of his burning pain the while,
Beheld her, and approved her pious toil;
And sometimes, at the sight,
A melancholy smile
Would gleam upon his awful countenance.
He too, by day and night, and every hour,

Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, and rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,
A resolute, unconquered fortitude,
An agony repressed, a will resigned
To her, who, on her secret throne reclined,
Amid the Sea of Milk, by Vishnu's side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power endued,
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,
And marks the silent sufferings of the good,
To recompense them in her own good time.

9.

Oh force of faith! oh strength of virtuous will!
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still!
The Curse still burning in his heart and brain;
And yet doth he remain
Patient the while, and tranquil and content!
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain
As in its own allotted element.

10.

Such strength the will revealed had given
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
That to their solitary resting-place
They brought the peace of Heaven.
Yea, all around was hallowed! Danger, Fear,

Nor thought of evil, ever entered here.
A charm was on the Leopard when he came
Within the circle of that mystic glade:
Submiss he crouched before the heavenly Maid,
And offered to her touch his speckled side;
Or with arched back erect, and bending head,
And eyes half closed for pleasure, would he stand,
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand

11.

Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fell before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the Elephant to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now,
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with wavy motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He moves it to and fro.
But, when that form of beauty meets his sight,
The trunk its undulating motion stops,
From his forgetful hold the plane-branch drops;
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational eyes
To her as if in prayer;
And, when she pours her angel-voice in song,
Entranced he listens to the thrilling notes,

Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden dews,
Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse.

12.

Lo! as the voice melodious floats around,
The Antelope draws near;
The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs to hear;
The Snake comes gliding from the secret brake,
Himself in fascination forced along
By that enchanting song;
The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols late,
When not a breeze waved the tall jungle-grass,
Shook the whole wood, are hushed, and silently
Hang on the clustered tree.
All things in wonder and delight are still;
Only at times the Nightingale is heard;
Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird
Her rival strain would try,
A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie:
She only bore her part in powerful sympathy.

13.

Well might they thus adore that heavenly Maid!
For never Nymph of Mountain
Or Grove or Lake or Fountain
With a diviner presence filled the shade.
No idle ornaments deface
Her natural grace;
Musk-spot nor sandal-streak nor scarlet stain,
Eardrop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-ring,

Nor trinketry on front or neck or breast,
Marring the perfect form: she seemed a thing
Of Heaven's prime, uncorrupted work, a child
Of early nature undefiled,
A daughter of the years of innocence;
And therefore all things loved her. When she stood
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
Hovered to gaze on her; the mother-bird,
When Kailyal's step she heard,
Sought not to tempt her from her secret nest,
But, hastening to the dear retreat, would fly
To meet and welcome her benignant eye.

14.

"Hope we have none," said Kailyal to her Sire.
Said she aright? and had the mortal Maid
No thoughts of heavenly aid,—
No secret hopes her inmost heart to move
With longings of such deep and pure desire
As Vestal Maids, whose piety is love,
Feel in their ecstasies, when, rapt above,
Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse aspire?
Why else so often doth that searching eye
Roam through the scope of sky?
Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,
Starts there that quick suffusion to her cheek?
'Tis but the Eagle in his heavenly height:
Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry,
And marks his wheeling flight,

Then pensively averts her mournful sight.
Why ever else, at morn, that waking sigh,
Because the lovely form no more is nigh
Which hath been present to her soul all night;
And that injurious fear,
Which, ever as it riseth, is repressed,
Yet riseth still within her troubled breast,
That she no more shall see the Glendoveer?

15.

"Hath he forgotten me?" The wrongful thought
Would stir within her, and, though still repelled
With shame and self-reproaches, would recur.
Days after days unvarying come and go,
And neither friend nor foe
Approaches them in their sequestered bower.
Maid of strange destiny! but think not thou
Thou art forgotten now,
And hast no cause for further hope or fear:
High-fated Maid, thou dost not know
What eyes watch over thee for weal and woe!
Even at this hour,
Searching the dark decrees divine,
Kehama, in the fulness of his power,
Perceives his thread of fate intwine with thine.
The Glendoveer, from his far sphere,
With love that never sleeps, beholds thee here,
And in the hour permitted will be near.
Dark Lorrinite on thee hath fixed her sight,
And laid her wiles, to aid

Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear:
For well she weened his Spirit would renew
Old vengeance now with unremitting hate;
The Enchantress well that evil nature knew;
The accursèd Spirit hath his prey in view;
And thus, while all their separate hopes pursue,
All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate.

16.

Fate worked its own the while. A band
Of Yoguees, as they roam the land,
Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut, their God,
Strayed to this solitary glade,
And reached the bower wherein the Maid abode.
Wondering at form so fair, they deemed the Power
Divine had led them to his chosen bride,
And seized and bore her from her Father's side.

XIV.

JAGA-NAUT.

1.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
A Virgin-bride his ministers have brought,
A mortal Maid, in form and face divine,
Peerless among all daughters of mankind:

Searched they the world again from East to West.
In endless quest,
Seeking the fairest and the best.
No maid so lovely might they hope to find;
For she hath breathed celestial air,
And heavenly food hath been her fare,
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give her face
That heavenly grace.
Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought;
A fairer than the fairest have they brought,—
A Maid of charms surpassing human thought,
A Maid divine.

2.

Now bring ye forth the Chariot of the God!
Bring him abroad,
That through the swarming City he may ride:
And by his side
Place ye the Maid of more than mortal grace,
The Maid of perfect form and heavenly face;
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride
Upon the Bridal Car,
And spread the joyful tidings wide and far,—
Spread it with trump and voice,
That all may hear, and all who hear rejoice,—
Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate! the God
Will ride abroad!
To-night will he go forth from his abode!

Ye myriads who adore him,
Prepare the way before him!

3.

Upreared on twenty wheels elate,
Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appeared:
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate
A thousand Bramins drag the enormous load.
There throned aloft in state,
The Image of the seven-headed God
Came forth from his abode; and at his side
Sate Kailyal like a bride.
A bridal statue rather might she seem;
For she regarded all things like a dream,
Having no thought nor fear nor will, nor aught
Save hope and faith, that lived within her still.

4.

O silent Night! how have they startled thee
With the brazen trumpet's blare!
And thou, O Moon! whose quiet light serene
Filleth wide heaven, and, bathing hill and wood,
Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a flood,
How have they dimmed thee with the torches' glare,
Which round yon moving pageant flame and flare,
As the wild rout, with deafening song and shout,
Fling their long flashes out,
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air!

5.

A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast, and thigh, with might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
And, calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.
On Jaga-Naut they call:
The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes all.
Through flesh and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard; the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

6.

Pale grows the Maid at this accursèd sight:
The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath given to her dilated eyes
A wilder light.
Where shall those eyes be turned? She knows not where!
Downward they dare not look, for there
Is death and horror and despair;
Nor can her patient looks to Heaven repair,
For the huge Idol over her, in air,

Spreads his seven hideous heads, and wide
Extends their snaky necks on every side;
And all around, behind, before,
The Bridal Car, is the raging rout,
With frantic shout and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.
And the double double peals of the drum are there,
And the startling burst of the trumpet's blare;
And the gong, that seems, with its thunders dread,
To astound the living, and waken the dead.
The ear-strings throb as if they were rent,
And the eyelids drop as stunned and spent.
Fain would the Maid have kept them fast;
But open they start at the crack of the blast.

7.

"Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia! where,
In this dread hour of horror and despair?"
Thinking on him, she strove her fear to quell:
"If he be near me, then will all be well;
And, if he reck not for my misery,
Let come the worst; it matters not to me."
Repel that wrongful thought,
O Maid! thou feelest, but believ'st it not;
It is thine own imperfect nature's fault
That lets one doubt of him arise within.
And this the Virgin knew, and like a sin
Repelled the thought, and still believed him true,
And summoned up her spirit to endure
All forms of fear, in that firm trust secure.

8.

She needs that faith, she needs that consolation;
For now the Car hath measured back its track
Of death, and hath re-entered now its station.
There, in the Temple-court, with song and dance,
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid, advance.
The drum hath ceased its peals; the trump and gong
Are still; the frantic crowd forbear their yells;
And sweet it was to hear the voice of song,
And the sweet music of their girdle-bells,
Armlets and anklets, that, with cheerful sound,
Symphonious tinkled as they wheeled around.

9.

They sung a bridal measure,
A song of pleasure,
A hymn of joyance and of gratulation:
"Go, chosen One!" they cried,
"Go, happy bride!
For thee the God descends in expectation!
For thy dear sake
He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of matchless charms
Go, happy One! the bed divine partake,
And fill his longing arms!"
Thus to the inner fane,
With circling dance and hymeneal strain,
The astonished Maid they led,
And there they laid her on the bridal bed.
Then forth they go, and close the Temple-gate,
And leave the wretched Kailyal to her fate.

10.

"Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia! where?"
From the loathed bed she starts, and in the air
Looks up, as if she thought to find him there;
Then, in despair,
Anguish and agony, and hopeless prayer,
Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.
There, trembling as she lay,
The Bramin of the fane advanced,
And came to seize his prey;
But, as the abominable Priest drew nigh,
A power invisible opposed his way.
Starting, he uttered wildly a death-cry,
And fell. At that the Maid all eagerly
Lifted in hope her head;
She thought her own deliverer had been near;
When, lo! with other life re-animate,
She saw the dead arise;
And, in the fiendish joy within his eyes,
She knew the hateful Spirit who looked through
Their specular orbs: clothed in the flesh of man,
She knew the accursèd Soul of Arvalan.

11.

"Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia! where?
But not in vain, with sudden shriek of fear,
She calls Ereenia now; the Glendoveer
Is here! Upon the guilty sight he burst
Like lightning from a cloud, and caught the accurst,
Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the floor

With vengeance dashed him, quivering there in gore.
Lo! from the pregnant air, heart-withering sight,
There issued forth the dreadful Lorrinite.
"Seize him!" the Enchantress cried:
A host of Demons at her word appear,
And, like tornado-winds, from every side
At once they rush upon the Glendoveer.
Alone against a legion, little here
Avails his single might;
Nor that celestial falchion, which in fight
So oft had put the rebel race to flight.
There are no Gods on earth to give him aid:
Hemmed round, he is overpowered, beat down, and bound,
And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

12.

Meantime the scattered members of the slain,
Obedient to her mighty voice, assumed
Their vital form again;
And that foul Spirit, upon vengeance bent,
Fled to the fleshly tenement.
"Lo! here," quoth Lorrinite, "thou seest thy foe.
Him in the Ancient Sepulchres, below
The billows of the Ocean, will I lay:
Gods are there none to help him now, and there
For Man there is no way.
To that dread scene of durance and despair,
Azuras, bear your enemy! I go
To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime, do thou,

Freed from thy foe, and now secure from fear,
Son of Kehama! take thy pleasure here."

13.

Her words the accursèd race obeyed:
Forth with a sound like rushing winds they fled;
And, of all aid from Earth or Heaven bereft,
Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.
But, in that hour of agony, the Maid
Deserted not herself: her very dread
Had calmed her; and her heart
Knew the whole horror, and its only part.
"Yamen, receive me undefiled!" she said,
And seized a torch, and fired the bridal bed.
Up ran the rapid flames; on every side
They find their fuel wheresoe'er they spread, —
Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and odorous wood,
That piled like sacrificial altars stood.
Around they run, and upward they aspire;
And, lo! the huge Pagoda lined with fire!

14.

The wicked Soul, who had assumed again
A form of sensible flesh for his foul will,
Still bent on base revenge, and baffled still,
Felt that corporeal shape alike to pain
Obnoxious as to pleasure: forth he flew,
Howling and scorched by the devouring flame;
Accursed Spirit! still condemned to rue,
The act of sin and punishment the same.

Freed from his loathsome touch, a natural dread
Came on the self-devoted; and she drew
Back from the flames which now toward her spread,
And, like a living monster, seemed to dart
Their hungry tongues toward their shrinking prey.
Soon she subdued her heart:
"O Father!" she exclaimed, "there was no way
But this! and thou, Ereenia! who for me
Sufferest, my soul shall bear thee company."

15.

So having said, she knit
Her body up to work her soul's desire,
And rush at once among the thickest fire.
A sudden cry withheld her: "Kailyal, stay!
Child! daughter! I am here!" the voice exclaims;
And from the gate, unharmed, through smoke and flames,
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way,
Wrapped his preserving arms around, and bore
His Child, uninjured, o'er the burning floor.

XV.

THE CITY OF BALY.

1.

KAILYAL.

Ereenia!

LADURLAD.

Nay, let no reproachful thought
Wrong his heroic heart! The Evil Powers
Have the dominion o'er this wretched World,
And no good Spirit now can venture here.

KAILYAL.

Alas, my Father! he hath ventured here,
And saved me from one horror. But the Powers
Of Evil beat him down, and bore away
To some dread scene of durance and despair;
The Ancient Tombs, methought their mistress said,
Beneath the ocean waves: no way for Man
Is there; and Gods, she boasted, there are none
On Earth to help him now.

LADURLAD.

Is that her boast?
And hath she laid him in the Ancient Tombs,
Relying that the Waves will guard him there?
Short-sighted are the eyes of Wickedness,
And all its craft but folly. O my child!

The Curses of the Wicked are upon me;
And the immortal Deities, who see
And suffer all things for their own wise end,
Have made them blessings to us!

KAILYAL.

Then thou knowest
Where they have borne him?

LADURLAD.

To the Sepulchres
Of the Ancient Kings, which Baly, in his power
Made in primeval times, and built above them
A City, like the Cities of the Gods,
Being like a God himself. For many an age
Hath Ocean warred against his Palaces,
Till, overwhelmed, they lie beneath the waves,
Not overthrown, so well the awful Chief
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly said
The Accursèd, that no way for Man was there·
But not like Man am I!

2.

Up from the ground the Maid exultant sprung,
And clapped her happy hands in attitude
Of thanks to Heaven, and flung
Her arms around her Father's neck, and stood
Struggling awhile for utterance, with excess
Of hope and pious thankfulness.
"Come, come!" she cried. "Oh, let us not delay
He is in torments there! — away! away!"

3.

Long time they travelled on; at dawn of day
Still setting forward with the earliest light,
Nor ceasing from their way
Till darkness closed the night.
Short refuge from the noontide heat,
Reluctantly compelled, the Maiden took,
And ill her indefatigable feet
Could that brief respite brook.
Hope kept her up, and her intense desire
Supports that heart which ne'er at danger quails,
Those feet which never tire,
That frame which never fails.

4.

Their talk was of the City of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the fame
Of Baly, its great founder, — he whose name,
In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,
Because his might
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld the right;
Till for ambition, as old sages tell,
At length the universal Monarch fell:
For he, too, having made the World his own,
Then in his pride, had driven
The Devetas from Heaven,
And seized triumphantly the Swerga throne.
The Incarnate came before the Mighty One
In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure:

The sacred cord he bore,
And asked, for Brama's sake, a little boon,
Three steps of Baly's ample reign, — no more.
Poor was the boon required, and poor was he
Who begged, — a little wretch it seemed to be.
But Baly ne'er refused a suppliant's prayer:
He on the Dwarf cast down
A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,
And bade him take the boon,
And measure where he would.

5.

"Lo, Son of giant birth,
I take my grant!" the Incarnate Power replies.
With his first step he measured o'er the Earth;
The second spanned the skies.
"Three paces thou hast granted;
Twice have I set my footstep," Vishnu cries;
"Where shall the third be planted?"

6.

Then Baly knew the God; and at his feet,
In homage due, he laid his humbled head.
"Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth and Heaven
Mighty art thou!" he said;
"Be merciful, and let me be forgiven."
He asked for mercy of the Merciful,
And mercy for his virtue's sake was shown.
For though he was cast down to Padalon,
Yet there, by Yamen's throne,

Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,
To judge the dead, and sentence them aright.
And, forasmuch as he was still the friend
Of righteousness, it is permitted him,
Yearly, from those drear regions to ascend,
And walk the Earth, that he may hear his name
Still hymned and honored by the grateful voice
Of human-kind, and in his fame rejoice.

7.

Such was the talk they held upon their way,
Of him to whose old City they were bound;
And now, upon their journey, many a day
Had risen and closed, and many a week gone round,
And many a realm and region had they passed,
When now the Ancient Towers appeared at last.

8.

Their golden summits, in the noonday light,
Shone o'er the dark-green deep that rolled between;
For domes and pinnacles and spires were seen
Peering above the sea, — a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.

In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude;
Now, as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

9.

With reverence did the travellers see
The works of ancient days, and silently
Approach the shore. Now on the yellow sand,
Where round their feet the rising surges part,
They stand. Ladurlad's heart
Exulted in his wondrous destiny.
To Heaven he raised his hand
In attitude of stern, heroic pride:
"Oh, what a power," he cried,
"Thou dreadful Rajah, doth thy Curse impart!
I thank thee now!" Then turning to the Maid,
"Thou seest how far and wide
Yon Towers extend," he said:
My search must needs be long. Meantime, the flood
Will cast thee up thy food;
And in the Chambers of the Rock, by night,
Take thou thy safe abode.
No prowling beast, to harm thee or affright,

Can enter there: but wrap thyself with care
From the foul Birds obscene that thirst for blood;
For in such caverns doth the Bat delight
To have its haunts. Do thou, with stone and shout,
Ere thou liest down at evening, scare them out,
And in this robe of mine involve thy feet.
Duly commend us both to Heaven in prayer;
Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet!"

10.

So saying, he put back his arm, and gave
The cloth which girt his loins, and pressed her hand
With fervent love, then from the sand
Advanced into the sea: the coming Wave,
Which knew Kehama's Curse, before his way
Started, and on he went as on dry land;
And still around his path the waters parted.
She stands upon the shore where seaweeds play,
Lashing her polished ankles; and the spray
Which off her Father, like a rainbow, fled,
Falls on her like a shower: there Kailyal stands,
And sees the billows rise above his head.
She, at the startling sight, forgot the power
The Curse had given him, and held forth her hands
Imploringly: her voice was on the wind,
And the deaf Ocean o'er Ladurlad closed.
Soon she recalled his destiny to mind,
And, shaking off that natural fear, composed
Her soul with prayer, to wait the event resigned.

11.

Alone, upon the solitary strand,
The lovely one is left: behold her go,
Pacing with patient footsteps, to and fro,
Along the bending sand!
Save her, ye Gods! from Evil Powers, and here
From man she need not fear:
For never Traveller comes near
These awful ruins of the days of yore;
Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner,
Approach the sacred shore.
All day she walked the beach; at night she sought
The Chamber of the Rock, with stone and shout
Assailed the Bats obscene, and scared them out;
Then in her Father's robe involved her feet,
And wrapped her mantle round to guard her head,
And laid her down. The rock was Kailyal's bed;
Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky;
The winds and waters were her lullaby.

12.

"Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet!"
Ladurlad said. Alas! that cannot be
To one whose days are days of misery.
How often did she stretch her hands to greet
Ereenia, rescued in the dreams of night!
How oft, amid the vision of delight,
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems!
Then from unsettled slumber start, and hear
The Winds that moan above, the Waves below!

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of Woe;
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.

13.

Another day, another night, are gone;
A second passes, and a third wanes on.
So long she paced the shore,
So often on the beach she took her stand,
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and no more
Fled when she passed beside them on the strand.
Bright shine the golden summits in the light
Of the noon-sun, and lovelier far by night
Their moonlight glories o'er the sea they shed.
Fair is the dark-green deep; by night and day,
Unvexed with storms, the peaceful billows play,
As when they closed upon Ladurlad's head;
The firmament above is bright and clear;
The sea-fowl, lords of water, air, and land,
Joyous alike upon the wing appear,
Or when they ride the waves or walk the sand;
Beauty and light and joy are everywhere;
There is no sadness and no sorrow here,
Save what that single human breast contains,
But, oh! what hopes and fears and pains are there!

14.

Seven miserable days the expectant Maid,
From earliest dawn till evening, watched the shore.
Hope left her then; and in her heart she said,
Never should she behold her Father more.

XVI.

THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES.

1.

When the broad Ocean on Ladurlad's head
Had closed, and arched him o'er,
With steady tread he held his way
Adown the sloping shore.
The dark-green waves with emerald hue
Imbue the beams of day;
And on the wrinkled sand below,
Rolling their mazy network to and fro,
Light shadows shift and play.
The hungry Shark, at scent of prey,
Toward Ladurlad darted;
Beholding then that human form erect,
How like a God the depths he trod,
Appalled the monster started,
And in his fear departed.
Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,
And now hath reached the Ancient City's gate.

2.

Wondering he stood awhile to gaze
Upon the works of elder days.
The brazen portals open stood,
Even as the fearful multitude
Had left them, when they fled
Before the rising flood.

High overhead, sublime,
The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread,
Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.
With the deeds of days of yore
That ample roof was sculptured o'er;
And many a godlike form there met his eye,
And many an emblem dark of mystery.
Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode
Triumphant from his proud abode,
When, in his greatness, he bestrode
The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind, —
The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,
With elephantine trunk, could bind
And lift the elephant, and on the wind
Whirl him away with sway and swing,
Even like a pebble from the practised sling.

3.

Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited, —
Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread, —
Ladurlad trod. In sunlight and sea-green,
The thousand Palaces were seen
Of that proud City, whose superb abodes
Seemed reared by Giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and choked their doors.

Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors
Did, then, the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair City! that he spared thee thus?
Art thou Varounin's capital and court,
Where all the Sea-Gods for delight resort, —
A place too godlike to be held by us,
The poor, degenerate children of the Earth?
So thought Ladurlad, as he looked around,
Weening to hear the sound
Of Mermaid's shell, and song
Of choral throng from some imperial hall,
Wherein the Immortal Powers, at festival,
Their high carousals keep.
But all is silence dread,
Silence profound and dead,
The everlasting stillness of the Deep.

4.

Through many a solitary street,
And silent market-place and lonely square,
Armed with the mighty Curse, behold him fare!
And now his feet attain that royal fane
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.
What once had been the Gardens spread around, —
Fair Gardens, once which wore perpetual green,
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen
A place of Paradise, where each device

Of emulous Art with Nature strove to vie;
And Nature, on her part,
Called forth new powers wherewith to vanquish Art.
The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,
Surveyed those peerless gardens in their prime;
Nor ever did the Lord of Light,
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way,
Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight
Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,
Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

5.

It was a Garden still beyond all price;
Even yet it was a place of Paradise:
For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,
There had he, with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As ere was mossy bed
Whereon the Wood-Nymphs lie
With languid limbs, in summer's sultry hours.
Here, too, were living flowers,
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now, in open blossom spread,
Stretched like green anthers many a seeking head.
And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread;

Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden hair
Upon the waves dispread.
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long, wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide outflowing.
And, whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean hide
From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied, —
Trees of the deep, and shrubs and fruits and flowers
As fair as ours,
Wherewith the Sea-Nymphs love their locks to braid,
When to their father's hall, at festival
Repairing, they, in emulous array,
Their charms display
To grace the banquet and the solemn day.

6.

The golden fountains had not ceased to flow;
And, where they mingled with the briny Sea,
There was a sight of wonder and delight
To see the fish, like birds in air,
Above Ladurlad flying.
Round those strange waters they repair,
Their scarlet fins outspread and plying;
They float with gentle hovering there;
And now upon those little wings,
As if to dare forbidden things,
With wilful purpose bent,
Swift as an arrow from a bow,
They shoot across, and to and fro,

In rapid glance, like lightning go
Through that unwonted element.

7.

Almost, in scenes so wondrous fair,
Ladurlad had forgot
The mighty cause which led him there:
His busy eye was everywhere;
His mind had lost all thought;
His heart, surrendered to the joys
Of sight, was happy as a boy's.
But soon the awakening thought recurs
Of him who in the Sepulchres,
Hopeless of human aid, in chains is laid;
And her who, on the solitary shore,
By night and day, her weary watch will keep,
Till she shall see them issuing from the deep.

8.

Now hath Ladurlad reached the Court
Of the great Palace of the King: its floor
Was of the marble rock; and there, before
The imperial door,
A mighty Image on the steps was seen,
Of stature huge, of countenance serene.
A crown and sceptre at his feet were laid;
One hand a scroll displayed:
The other pointed there, that all might see:
"My name is Death," it said;
"In mercy have the Gods appointed me."

Two brazen gates beneath him, night and day,
Stood open; and within them you behold
Descending steps, which in the living stone
Were hewn, a spacious way
Down to the Chambers of the Kings of old.

9.

Trembling with hope, the adventurous man descended.
The sea-green light of day
Not far along the vault extended;
But, where the slant reflection ended,
Another light was seen,
Of red and fiery hue,
That with the water blended,
And gave the secrets of the Tombs to view

10.

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall
Of Death was hollowed out, — a chamber wide,
Low-roofed, and long: on either side,
Each in his own alcove and on his throne,
The Kings of old were seated; in his hand
Each held the sceptre of command,
From whence, across that scene of endless night,
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting light.

11.

So well had the embalmers done their part
With spice and precious unguents to imbue
The perfect corpse, that each had still the hue

Of living man; and every limb was still
Supple and firm and full as when of yore
Its motion answered to the moving will.
The robes of royalty, which once they wore,
Long since had mouldered off, and left them bare:
Naked upon their thrones behold them there,
Statues of actual flesh, — a fearful sight!
Their large and rayless eyes,
Dimly reflecting to that gem-born light,
Glazed, fixed, and meaningless, — yet, open wide,
Their ghastly balls belied
The mockery of life in all beside.

12.

But if, amid these chambers drear,
Death were a sight of shuddering and of fear,
Life was a thing of stranger horror here.
For at the farther end, in yon alcove,
Where Baly should have lain, had he obeyed
Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid!
Strong fetters link him to the rock: his eye
Now rolls and widens, as with effort vain
He strives to break the chain,
Now seems to brood upon his misery.
Before him couched there lay
One of the mighty monsters of the deep,
Whom Lorrinite, encountering on the way,
There stationed, his perpetual guard to keep:
In the sport of wanton power, she charmed him there
As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

13.

Upward his form was human, save that here
The skin was covered o'er with scale on scale
Compact, a panoply of natural mail;
His mouth, from ear to ear,
Weaponed with triple teeth, extended wide,
And tusks on either side;
A double snake below, he rolled
His supple length behind in many a sinuous fold.

14.

With red and kindling eye, the Beast beholds
A living man draw nigh,
And, rising on his folds,
In hungry joy awaits the expected feast,
His mouth half open, and his teeth unsheathed.
Then on he sprung, and in his scaly arms
Seized him, and fastened on his neck, to suck,
With greedy lips, the warm life-blood; and sure,
But for the mighty power of magic charms,
As easily as in the blithesome hour
Of spring a child doth crop the meadow-flower,
Piecemeal those claws
Had rent their victim, and those armèd jaws
Snapped him in twain. Naked Ladurlad stood,
Yet fearless and unharmed in this dread strife,
So well Kehama's Curse had charmed his fated life.

15.

He, too, — for anger, rising at the sight
Of him he sought, in such strange thrall confined,

With desperate courage fired Ladurlad's mind, —
He, too, unto the fight himself addressed;
And, grappling breast to breast,
With foot firm-planted stands,
And seized the monster's throat with both his hands.
Vainly, with throttling grasp, he pressed
The impenetrable scales;
And, lo! the Guard rose up, and round his foe,
With gliding motion, wreathed his lengthening coils,
Then tightened all their folds with stress and strain.
Nought would the raging Tiger's strength avail,
If once involved within those mighty toils;
The armed Rhinoceros, so clasped, in vain
Had trusted to his hide of rugged mail,
His bones all broken, and the breath of life
Crushed from the lungs, in that unequal strife.
Again, and yet again, he sought to break
The impassive limbs; but, when the Monster found
His utmost power was vain,
A moment he relaxed in every round,
Then knit his coils again with closer strain,
And, bearing forward, forced him to the ground.

16.

Ereenia groaned in anguish at the sight
Of this dread fight: once more the Glendoveer
Essayed to break his bonds; and fear
For that brave father, who had sought him here,
Stung him to wilder strugglings. From the rock
He raised himself half up, with might and main

Plucked at the adamantine chain,
And now, with long and unrelaxing strain,
In obstinate effort of indignant strength,
Labored and strove in vain;
Till his immortal sinews failed at length;
And yielding, with an inward groan, to fate
Despairingly, he let himself again
Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of stone,
Body and chain alike with lifeless weight.

17.

Struggling they lay in mortal fray
All day, while day was in our upper sphere
For light of day
And natural darkness never entered here;
All night, with unabated might,
They waged the unremitting fight.
A second day, a second night,
With furious will they wrestled still.
The third came on, the fourth is gone;
Another comes, another goes;
And yet no respite, no repose!
But day and night, and night and day,
Involved in mortal strife they lay;
Six days and nights have passed away,
And still they wage, with mutual rage,
The unremitting fray.
With mutual rage their war they wage,
But not with mutual will;
For, when the seventh morning came,

The Monster's worn and wearied frame
In this strange contest fails;
And weaker, weaker, every hour,
He yields beneath strong Nature's power;
For now the Curse prevails.

18.

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear
His foe aloft, and, trusting there
To shake him from his hold,
Relaxed the rings that wreathed him round:
But on his throat Ladurlad hung,
And weighed him to the ground;
And if they sink, or if they float,
Alike with stubborn clasp he clung,
Tenacious of his grasp:
For well he knew with what a power,
Exempt from Nature's laws,
The Curse had armed him for this hour;
And in the Monster's gasping jaws,
And in his hollow eye,
Well could Ladurlad now descry
The certain signs of victory.

19.

And now the Beast no more can keep
His painful watch; his eyes, oppressed,
Are fainting for their natural sleep;
His living flesh and blood must rest;
The Beast must sleep or die.

Then he, full faint and languidly,
Unwreathes his rings, and strives to fly;
And, still retreating, slowly trails
His stiff and heavy length of scales.
But that unweariable foe,
With will relentless, follows still;
No breathing-time, no pause of fight,
He gives, but presses on his flight:
Along the vaulted chambers, and the ascent
Up to the emerald-tinted light of day,
He harasses his way,
Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,
The huge Sea-Monster lay.

20.

"That obstinate work is done!" Ladurlad cried
"One labor yet remains!"
And thoughtfully he eyed
Ereenia's ponderous chains;
And with faint effort, half despairing, tried
The rivets deep in-driven. Instinctively,
As if in search of aid, he looked around:
Oh, then how gladly, in the near alcove,
Fallen on the ground its lifeless Lord beside,
The crescent cimeter he spied,
Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells imbued,
Had lain so many an age unhurt in solitude!

21.

Joyfully springing there,
He seized the weapon, and with eager stroke

Hewed at the chain: the force was dealt in vain;
For not as if through yielding air
Passed the descending cimeter:
Its deadened way the heavy water broke;
Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his hands,
He wields the blade, and dealt a surer blow.
The baser metal yields
To that fine edge; and, lo! the Glendoveer
Rises, and snaps the half-severed links, and stands
Freed from his broken bands.

XVII.

BALY.

1.

This is the appointed night,
The night of joy and consecrated mirth,
When from his judgment-seat in Padalon,
By Yamen's throne,
Baly goes forth, that he may walk the Earth
Unseen, and hear his name
Still hymned and honored by the grateful voice
Of human-kind, and in his fame rejoice.
Therefore, from door to door, and street to street,
With willing feet,
Shaking their firebrands, the glad children run:
"Baly! great Baly!" they acclaim;

Where'er they run, they bear the mighty name;
Where'er they meet,
Baly! great Baly!" still their choral tongues repeat.
Therefore at every door the votive flame
Through pendent lanterns sheds its painted light;
And rockets, hissing upward through the sky,
Fall like a shower of stars
From Heaven's black canopy.
Therefore, on yonder mountain's templed height,
The brazen caldron blazes through the night.
Huge as a Ship that travels the main sea
Is that capacious brass; its wick as tall
As is the mast of some great admiral.
Ten thousand votaries bring
Camphor and ghee to feed the sacred flame;
And while, through regions round, the nations see
Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,
"Baly! great Baly!" they exclaim;
"For ever hallowed be his blessèd name!
Honor and praise to him for evermore be given!"

2.

Why art not thou among the festive throng,
Baly, O righteous Judge! to hear thy fame?
Still, as of yore, with pageantry and song,
The glowing streets along,
They celebrate thy name;
"Baly! great Baly!" still
The grateful habitants of Earth acclaim;

"Baly! great Baly!" still
The ringing walls and echoing towers proclaim.
From yonder mountain the portentous flame
Still blazes to the nations as before;
All things appear to human eyes the same,
As perfect, as of yore;
To human eyes, — but how unlike to thine!
Thine, which were wont to see
The Company divine,
That with their presence came to honor thee!
For all the blessèd ones of mortal birth
Who have been clothed with immortality,
From the eight corners of the Earth,
From the Seven Worlds assembling, all
Wont to attend thy solemn festival.
Then did thine eyes behold
The wide air peopled with that glorious train;
Now mayst thou seek the blessèd ones in vain,
For Earth and Air are now beneath the Rajah's reign.

3.

Therefore the righteous Judge hath walked the Earth
In sorrow and in solitude to-night.
The sound of human mirth
To him is no delight:
He turns away from that ungrateful sight,
Hallowed not now by visitants divine;
And there he bends his melancholy way,

Where, in yon full-orbed Moon's refulgent light,
The Golden Towers of his old City shine
Above the silver sea. The ancient Chief
There bent his way in grief,
As if sad thoughts indulged would work their own relief.

4.

There he beholds, upon the sand,
A lovely Maiden in the moonlight stand.
The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet;
The waves around her polished ankles play;
Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is wet;
Her arms are crossed, unconsciously, to fold
That bosom from the cold;
While, statue-like, she seems her watch to keep,
Gazing intently on the restless deep.

5.

Seven miserable days had Kailyal there,
From earliest dawn till evening, watched the deep
Six nights, within the Chamber of the Rock,
Had laid her down, and found in prayer
That comfort which she sought in vain from sleep
But, when the seventh night came,
Never should she behold her father more,
The wretched Maiden said, in her despair;
Yet would not quit the shore,
Nor turn her eyes one moment from the sea:
Never before

Had Kailyal watched it so impatiently;
Never so eagerly had hoped before,
As now, when she believed, and said, all hope was o'er.

6.

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,
In that wild solitude,
Baly from his invisibility
Had issued then, to know her cause of woe;
But that, in the air beside her, he espied
Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied, —
Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite.
Walking in darkness, him they could not see;
And, marking with what demon-like delight
They kept their innocent prey in sight,
He waits, expecting what the end may be.

7.

She starts; for, lo! where, floating many a rood,
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward the shore.
Backward she starts in fear before the flood;
And, when the waves retreat,
They leave their hideous burden at her feet.

8.

She ventures to approach with timid tread;
She starts, and half draws back in fear,
Then stops, and stretches out her head

To see if that huge Beast indeed be dead.
Now, growing bold, the Maid advances near,
Even to the margin of the ocean-flood.
Rightly she reads her Father's victory,
And lifts her joyous hands exultingly
To Heaven, in gratitude;
Then spreading them toward the Sea,
While pious tears bedim her streaming eyes,
"Come! come! my Father, come to me!
Ereenia, come!" she cries:
Lo! from the opening deep they rise,
And to Ladurlad's arms the happy Kailyal flies.

9.

She turned from him, to meet, with beating heart,
The Glendoveer's embrace.
"Now turn to me, for mine thou art!"
Foul Arvalan exclaimed: his loathsome face
Came forth, and from the air,
In fleshly form, he burst.
Always in horror and despair
Had Kailyal seen the form and face accurst;
But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er
Shot with a thrill like death through all her frame
As now when on her hour of joy the Spectre came

10.

Vain is resistance now:
The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard;
And, at her dreadful word,

The Asuras once again appear,
And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

11.

"Hold your accursèd hands!"
A voice exclaimed, whose dread commands
Were feared through all the vaults of Padalon;
And there among them, in the midnight air,
The presence of the mighty Baly shone.
He, making manifest his mightiness,
Put forth on every side an hundred arms,
And seized the Sorceress: maugre all her charms,
Her and her fiendish ministers he caught
With force as uncontrollable as fate;
And that unhappy Soul, to whom
The Almighty Rajah's power availeth not
Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate,
His righteous doom.

12.

"Help, help, Kehama! Father, help!" he cried;
But Baly tarried not to abide
That mightier Power: with irresistible feet
He stamped and cleft the Earth; it opened wide,
And gave him way to his own Judgment-seat.
Down, like a plummet, to the World below
He sunk, and bore his prey
To punishment deserved, and endless woe.

XVIII.

KEHAMA'S DESCENT.

1.

The Earth, by Baly's feet divided,
Closed o'er his way as to the Judgment-seat
He plunged, and bore his prey.
Scarce had the shock subsided,
When, darting from the Swerga's heavenly heights,
Kehama, like a thunder-bolt, alights.
In wrath he came: a bickering flame
Flashed from his eyes, which made the moonlight dim;
And passion forcing way from every limb,
Like furnace-smoke, with terrors wrapt him round
Furious he smote the ground;
Earth trembled underneath the dreadful stroke,
Again in sunder riven;
He hurled in rage his whirling weapon down.
But, lo! the fiery sheckra to his feet
Returned, as if by equal force redriven;
And from the abyss the voice of Baly came:
"Not yet, O Rajah! hast thou won
The realms of Padalon!
Earth and the Swerga are thine own;
But, till Kehama shall subdue the throne
Of Hell, in torments Yamen holds his son."

2.

"Fool that he is! — in torments let him lie!"
Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.
"But what am I,
That thou shouldst brave me?" kindling in his pride,
The dreadful Rajah cried.
"Ho! Yamen! hear me. God of Padalon!
Prepare thy throne,
And let the Amreeta cup
Be ready for my lips, when I anon
Triumphantly shall take my seat thereon,
And plant upon thy neck my royal feet."

3.

In voice like thunder thus the Rajah cried,
Impending o'er the abyss, with menacing hand
Put forth, as in the action of command,
And eyes that darted their red anger down.
Then, drawing back, he let the earth subside,
And, as his wrath relaxed, surveyed,
Thoughtfully and silently, the mortal Maid.
Her eye the while was on the farthest sky,
Where up the ethereal height
Ereenia rose, and passed away from sight.
Never had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.

'Come now what will," within her heart said she;
"For thou art safe, and what have I to fear?"

4.

Meantime the Almighty Rajah, late
In power and majesty and wrath arrayed,
Had laid his terrors by,
And gazed upon the Maid.
Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mixed with dread,
And might have said,
That sure he seemed to be the King of Men!
Less than the greatest that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty

5.

In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,
Now towards the Rajah Kailyal turned her eyes,
As if to ask what doom awaited her.
But then surprise,
Even as with fascination, held them there;
So strange a thing it seemed to see the change
Of purport in that all-commanding brow,
Which thoughtfully was bent upon her now.
Wondering she gazed, the while her Father's eye
Was fixed upon Kehama haughtily:
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,

Stern patience unsubduable by pain,
And pride triumphant over agony.

6.

"Ladurlad," said the Rajah, "thou and I
Alike have done the work of Destiny,
Unknowing each to what the impulse tended;
But now that over Earth and Heaven my reign
Is stablished, and the ways of Fate are plain
Before me, here our enmity is ended:
I take away thy Curse." As thus he said,
The fire which in Ladurlad's heart and brain
Was burning, fled, and left him free from pain.
So rapidly his torments were departed,
That at the sudden ease he started
As with a shock; and to his head
His hands upfled,
As if he felt through every failing limb
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

7.

Then, turning to the Maid, the Rajah cried,
"O Virgin! above all of mortal birth
Favored alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny,
Now let thy happy heart exult with pride;
For Fate hath chosen thee
To be Kehama's bride,—
To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,
And of whatever Worlds beside

Infinity may hide; for I can see
The writing which, at thy nativity,
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain,
In branching veins, which to the gifted eye
Map out the mazes of futurity.
There is it written, Maid, that thou and I,
Alone of human-kind a deathless pair,
Are doomed to share
The Amreeta-drink divine
Of immortality. Come, Maiden mine!
High-fated One, ascend the subject sky,
And by Kehama's side
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride."

8.

"Oh! never, never, Father!" Kailyal cried:
"It is not as he saith; it cannot be!—
I!—I his bride!
Nature is never false; he wrongeth her!
My heart belies such lines of destiny:
There is no other true interpreter!"

9.

At that reply, Kehama's darkening brow
Bewrayed the anger which he yet suppressed:
"Counsel thy daughter! tell her thou art now
Free from thy Curse," he said; "and bid her bow
In thankfulness to Fate's benign behest.
Bid her her stubborn will restrain,
For Destiny at last must be obeyed;

And tell her, while obedience is delayed,
Thy Curse will burn again."

10.

"She needeth not my counsel," he replied;
"And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus
Of Destiny! for though all other things
Were subject to the starry influencings,
And bowed submissive to thy tyranny,
The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free.
Thus in their wisdom did the Gods decree,
When they created man. Let come what will,
This is our rock of strength: in every ill,
Sorrow, oppression, pain, and agony,
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still."

11.

"Obstinate fools!" exclaimed the Mighty One;
"Fate and my pleasure must be done,
And ye resist in vain!
Take your fit guerdon till we meet again!"
So saying, his vindictive hand he flung
Towards them, filled with curses; then on high
Aloft he sprung, and vanished through the Sky.

XIX.

MOUNT CALASAY.

1.

The Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,
Soared to the Swerga, and resumed his throne.
Not for his own redoubled agony,
Which now through heart and brain,
With renovated pain,
Rushed to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan.
That groan is for his child; he groaned to see
That she was stricken now with leprosy,
Which, as the enemy vindictive fled,
O'er all her frame with quick contagion spread.
She, wondering at events so passing strange,
And filled with hope and fear,
And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,
Perceived not in herself the hideous change.
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan
Her father breathed; his agonies alone
Were present to her mind: she clasped his knees
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

2.

Nor, when she saw her plague, did her good heart,
True to itself, even for a moment fail.
"Ha, Rajah!" with disdainful smile she cries,

"Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,
Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part.
Shall I not thank thee for this scurf and scale
Of dire deformity, whose loathsomeness,
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
Arms me against all foes? Oh, better so,
Better such foul disgrace,
Than that this innocent face
Should tempt thy wooing! That I need not dread:
Nor ever impious foe
Will offer outrage now, nor further woe
Will beauty draw on my unhappy head;
Safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go."

3.

Her face, in virtuous pride,
Was lifted to the skies,
As him and his poor vengeance she defied;
But earthward, when she ceased, she turned her eyes,
As if she sought to hide
The tear which in her own despite would rise.
Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer
Call forth that natural tear?
Was it a woman's fear,
A thought of earthly love, which troubled her?
Like yon thin cloud amid the moonlight sky,
That flits before the wind.
And leaves no trace behind,
The womanly pang passed over Kailyal's mind.

"This is a loathsome sight to human eye!"
Half shrinking at herself, the Maiden thought;
"Will it be so to him? Oh, surely not!
The immortal Powers, who see
Through the poor wrappings of mortality,
Behold the soul, the beautiful soul, within,
Exempt from age and wasting maladies,
And undeformed, while pure and free from sin.
This is a loathsome sight to human eyes,
But not to eyes divine;
Ereenia, Son of Heaven, oh, not to thine!"

4.

The wrongful thought of fear, the womanly pain,
Had passed away; her heart was calm again.
She raised her head, expecting now to see
The Glendoveer appear:
"Where hath he fled," quoth she,
"That he should tarry now?" Oh! had she known
Whither the adventurous Son of Heaven was flown,
Strong as her spirit was, it had not borne
The appalling thought, nor dared to hope for his return.

5.

For he in search of Siva's throne was gone,
To tell his tale of wrong;
In search of Siva's own abode,

The Glendoveer began his heavenly road.
Oh wild emprise! above the farthest skies
He hoped to rise!
Him who is throned beyond the reach of thought,
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.
Oh wild emprise! for when, in days of yore,
For proud pre-eminence of power,
Brama and Vishnu, wild with rage, contended,
And Siva, in his might,
Their dread contention ended,
Before their sight
In form a fiery column did he tower,
Whose head above the highest height extended,
Whose base below the deepest depth descended.
Downward, its depth to sound,
Vishnu a thousand years explored
The fathomless profound,
And yet no base he found:
Upward to reach its head,
Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soared;
And still, as up he fled,
Above him still the Immeasurable spread.
The rivals owned their Lord,
And trembled and adored.
How shall the Glendoveer attain
What Brama and what Vishnu sought in vain?

6.

Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring enter
Celestial Spirit's mind. Oh wild adventure

That throne to find! for he must leave behind
This World, that in the centre,
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined;
Yea, the Seven Earths, that, each with its own ocean,
Ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.
What power of motion
In less than endless years shall bear him there,
Along the limitless extent,
To the utmost bound of the remotest sphere?
What strength of wing
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament
That closes all within?
Yet he hath passed the measureless extent,
And pierced the Golden Firmament;
For Faith hath given him power, and Space and Time
Vanish before that energy sublime.
Nor doth eternal Night
And outer Darkness check his resolute flight:
By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Siva's Seat appears, — behold Mount Calasay

7.

Behold the Silver Mountain! Round about
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest Heaven
Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet, from ring to ring,

Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of Mount Calasay.
But that strong power that nerved his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustained Ereenia still;
And he hath gained the plain, the sanctuary above

8.

Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustained, hangs buoyant in the air!
Lo, the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonizing rays
In one mid fount of many-colored light!
The stream of splendor, flashing as it flows,
Plays round and feeds the stem of yon celestial Rose!
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can declare
The hidden things of that mysterious flower, —
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear?
The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell:
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Siva's self
doth dwell?

9.

Here first the Glendoveer
Felt his wing flag, and paused upon his flight.
Was it that fear came over him, when here

He saw the imagined throne appear?
Not so; for his immortal sight
Endured the Table's light:
Distinctly he beheld all things around;
And doubt and wonder rose within his mind
That this was all he found.
Howbeit he lifted up his voice, and spake:
"There is oppression in the World below;
Earth groans beneath the yoke; yea, in her woe,
She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind.
Awake, O Lord, awake!
Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest One!
Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's sake,
And strike the blow, in justice to mankind!"

10.

So, as he prayed, intenser faith he felt:
His spirit seemed to melt
With ardent yearnings of increasing love.
Upward he turned his eyes,
As if there should be something yet above:
"Let me not, Siva, seek in vain!" he cries.
"Thou art not here; for how should these contain thee?
Thou art not here; for how should I sustain thee?
But thou, where'er thou art,
Canst hear the voice of prayer,
Canst read the righteous heart.
Thy dwelling who can tell?
Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret throne?

But thou art not alone,
Not unapproachable!
O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art everywhere,
Whom all who seek shall find,
Hear me, O Siva! hear the suppliant's prayer!"

11.

So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung
Before the mystic Rose.
From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
Abashed, confounded,
It left the Glendoveer; yea, all astounded
In overpowering fear and deep dismay:
For, when that Bell had sounded,
The Rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,
The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,
The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,
Even as a morning dream before the day
Dissolves away, they faded, and were gone.

12.

Where shall he rest his wing? where turn for flight?
For all around is Light,—
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light!
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
Nor eyes of Angel bear,

That Glory unimaginably bright;
The Sun himself had seemed
A speck of darkness there,
Amid that Light of Light!

13.

Down fell the Glendoveer;
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere,
He fell: but in his ear
A Voice, which from within him came, was heard,
The indubitable word
Of Him to whom all secret things are known:
"Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne;
He hath the remedy for every woe;
He setteth right whate'er is wrong below."

XX.

THE EMBARKATION.

1.

Down from the Heaven of Heavens Ereenia fell
Precipitate, yet imperceptible
His fall: nor had he cause nor thought of fear:
And when he came within this mundane sphere,
And felt that Earth was near,
The Glendoveer his azure wings expanded,
And, sloping down the sky

Toward the spot from whence he sprung on high,
There on the shore he landed.

2.

Kailyal advanced to meet him,
Not moving now as she was wont to greet him,
Joy in her eye and in her eager pace:
With a calm smile of melancholy pride
She met him now; and, turning half aside,
Her warning hand repelled the dear embrace.

3.

"Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,"
The Virgin said: "the Almighty Man hath read
The lines which, traced by Nature on my brain,
There to the gifted eye
Make all my fortunes plain,
Mapping the mazes of futurity.
He sued for peace; for it is written there,
That I with him the Amreeta cup must share:
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
Sit on the Swerga-throne, his equal bride.
I need not tell thee what reply was given:
My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,
His impious words belied.
Thou seest his poor revenge!" So having said,
One look she glanced upon her leprous stain
Indignantly, and shook
Her head in calm disdain.

4.

"O Maid of soul divine!
O more than ever dear,
And more than ever mine!"
Replied the Glendoveer:
"He hath not read, be sure, the mystic ways
Of Fate; almighty as he is, that maze
Hath mocked his fallible sight.
Said he the Amreeta cup? So far aright
The Evil One may see; for Fate displays
Her hidden things in part, and part conceals,
Baffling the wicked eye
Alike with what she hides, and what reveals,
When with unholy purpose it would pry
Into the secrets of futurity.
So may it be permitted him to see
Dimly the inscrutable decree;
For to the World below,
Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we must go
Thus Siva hath expressed his will; even he,
The Holiest, hath ordained it: there, he saith,
All wrongs shall be redressed
By Yamen, by the righteous Power of Death."

5.

Forthwith the Father and the fated Maid,
And that heroic Spirit who for them
Such flight had late essayed,
The will of Heaven obeyed:

They went their way along the road
That leads to Yamen's dread abode.

6.

Many a day hath passed away
Since they began their arduous way,—
Their way of toil and pain;
And now their weary feet attain
The Earth's remotest bound,
Where outer Ocean girds it round.
But not like other Oceans this;
Rather it seemed a drear abyss,
Upon whose brink they stood.
Oh scene of fear! the travellers hear
The raging of the flood;
They hear how fearfully it roars:
But clouds of darker shade than night,
For ever hovering round those shores,
Hide all things from their sight;
The Sun upon that darkness pours
His unavailing light;
Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,
Through the thick shade, one guiding ray
To show the perils of the way.

7.

There, in a creek, a vessel lay:
Just on the confines of the day,
It rode at anchor in its bay,
These venturous pilgrims to convey

Across that outer Sea.
Strange vessel, sure, it seemed to be,
And all unfit for such wild sea!
For through its yawning side the wave
Was oozing in; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail.
How may that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion
For ever roar and rave?
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean
O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell?

8.

Well might the travellers fear to enter!
But, summoned once on that adventure,
For them was no retreat.
Nor boots it with reluctant feet
To linger on the strand:
"Aboard! aboard!"
An awful Voice, that left no choice,
Sent forth its stern command;
"Aboard! aboard!"
The travellers hear that voice in fear,
And breathe to Heaven an inward prayer,
And take their seats in silence there.

9.

Self-hoisted then, behold the sail
Expands itself before the gale!

Hands, which they cannot see, let slip
The cable of that fated Ship;
The land-breeze sends her on her way;
And, lo! they leave the living light of day!

XXI.

THE WORLD'S END.

1.

Swift as an arrow in its flight,
The Ship shot through the incumbent night,
And they have left behind
The raging billows and the roaring wind,
The storm, the darkness, and all mortal fears;
And, lo! another light
To guide their way appears,—
The light of other spheres.

2.

That instant from Ladurlad's heart and brain
The Curse was gone; he feels again
Fresh as in youth's fair morning, and the Maid
Hath lost her leprous stain.
"The Tyrant, then, hath no dominion here!"
Starting, she cried: "oh, happy, happy hour!
We are beyond his power!"
Then, raising to the Glendoveer,

With heavenly beauty bright, her angel face,
Turned not reluctant now, and met his dear embrace.

3.

Swift glides the Ship with gentle motion
Across that calm and quiet ocean, —
That glassy sea, which seemed to be
The mirror of tranquillity.
Their pleasant passage soon was o'er;
The Ship hath reached its destined shore, —
A level belt of ice, which bound,
As with an adamantine mound,
The waters of the sleeping Ocean round.
Strange forms were on the strand,
Of earth-born spirits slain before their time,
Who, wandering over sea and sky and land,
Had so fulfilled their term, and now were met
Upon this icy belt, a motley band,
Waiting their summons at the appointed hour,
When each before the Judgment-seat must stand,
And hear his doom from Baly's righteous power.

4.

Foul with habitual crimes, a hideous crew
Were there, the race of rapine and of blood,
Now, having overpassed the mortal flood,
Their own deformity they knew,
And knew the meed that to their deeds was due
Therefore in fear and agony they stood,
Expecting when the Evil Messenger

Among them should appear. But with their fear
A hope was mingled now:
O'er the dark shade of guilt a deeper hue
It threw, and gave a fiercer character
To the wild eye and lip and sinful brow.
They hoped that soon Kehama would subdue
The inexorable God, and seize his throne,
Reduce the infernal World to his command,
And, with his irresistible right hand,
Redeem them from the vaults of Padalon.

5.

Apart from these, a milder company,
The victims of offences not their own,
Looked when the appointed Messenger should come;
Gathered together some, and some alone,
Brooding in silence on their future doom;
Widows whom, to their husbands' funeral fire,
Force or strong error led, to share the pyre,
As to their everlasting marriage-bed:
And babes, by sin unstained,
Whom erring parents vowed
To Ganges, and the holy stream profaned
With that strange sacrifice, rite unordained
By Law, by sacred Nature unallowed;
Others, more hapless in their destiny,
Scarce having first inhaled their vital breath,
Whose cradles from some tree
Unnatural hands suspended,
Then left till gentle Death,

Coming like Sleep, their feeble moanings ended;
Or for his prey the ravenous Kite descended;
Or, marching like an army from their caves,
The Pismires blackened o'er, then, bleached and bare,
Left their unhardened bones to fall asunder there.

6.

Innocent Souls! thus set so early free
From sin and sorrow and mortality,
Their spotless spirits all-creating Love
Received into its universal breast.
Yon blue serene above
Was their domain; clouds pillowed them to rest;
The Elements on them like nurses tended,
And with their growth ethereal substance blended.
Less pure than these is that strange Indian bird,
Who never dips in earthly streams her bill,
But, when the sound of coming showers is heard,
Looks up, and from the clouds receives her fill.
Less pure the footless fowl of Heaven, that never
Rest upon earth, but, on the wing for ever
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

7.

And thus these innocents, in yonder sky,
Grow and are strengthened, while the allotted years
Perform their course; then hitherward they fly,
Being free from moral taint, so free from fears,

A joyous band, expecting soon to soar
To Indra's happy spheres,
And mingle with the blessèd company
Of heavenly spirits there for evermore.

8.

A Gulf profound surrounded
This icy belt; the opposite side
With highest rocks was bounded;
But where their heads they hide,
Or where their base is founded,
None could espy. Above all reach of sight
They rose; the second Earth was on their height;
Their feet were fixed in everlasting night.

9.

So deep the Gulf, no eye
Could plumb its dark profundity;
Yet all its depth must try; for this the road
To Padalon, and Yamen's dread abode.
And, from below, continually
Ministrant Demons rose, and caught
The Souls whose hour was come;
Then, with their burden fraught,
Plunged down, and bore them to receive their doom

10.

Then might be seen who went in hope, and who
Trembled to meet the meed
Of many a foul misdeed, as wild they threw

Their arms retorted from the Demons' grasp,
And looked around, all eagerly, to seek
For help, where help was none; and strove for aid
To clasp the nearest shade;
Yea, with imploring looks and horrent shriek,
Even from one Demon to another bending,
With hands extending,
Their mercy they essayed.
Still from the verge they strain,
And from the dreadful Gulf avert their eyes,
In vain: down plunge the Demons; and their cries
Feebly, as down they sink, from that profound arise.

11.

What heart of living man could, undisturbed,
Bear sight so sad as this? What wonder there
If Kailyal's lip were blanched with inmost dread?
The chill which from that icy belt
Struck through her was less keen than what she felt
With her heart's blood through every limb dispread.
Close to the Glendoveer she clung;
And, clasping round his neck her trembling hands,
She closed her eyes, and there in silence hung.

12.

Then to Ladurlad said the Glendoveer,
"These Demons whom thou seest, the ministers
Of Yamen, wonder to behold us here;
But for the dead they come, and not for us:
Therefore, albeit they gaze upon thee thus,

Have thou no fear.
A little while thou must be left alone,
Till I have borne thy daughter down,
And placed her safely by the throne
Of him who keeps the Gate of Padalon."

13.

Then, taking Kailyal in his arms, he said,
"Be of good heart, Beloved! it is I
Who bear thee." Saying this, his wings he spread,
Sprung upward in the sky, and poised his flight:
Then plunged into the Gulf, and sought the World
of Night.

XXII.

THE GATE OF PADALON.

1.

THE strong foundations of this inmost Earth
Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound,
Which girt the mortal Ocean round,
Reached the profound,—
Ice in the regions of the upper air,
Crystal midway, and adamant below,
Whose strength sufficed to bear
The weight of all this upper World of ours,
And with its rampart closed the Realm of Woe.

Eight gates hath Padalon; eight heavenly Powers
Have them in charge, each always at his post,
Lest from their penal caves the accursèd host,
Maugre the might of Baly and the God,
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

2.

Those gates stand ever open, night and day;
And Souls of mortal men
For ever throng the way.
Some from the dolorous den,
Children of sin and wrath, return no more:
They, fit companions of the Spirits accurst,
Are doomed, like them in baths of fire immersed,
Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,
Or, stretched upon the brazen floor,
Are fastened down with adamantine chains;
While, on their substance inconsumable,
Leeches of fire for ever hang and pull,
And worms of fire for ever gnaw their food,
That, still renewed,
Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

3.

Others there were whom Baly's voice condemned,
By long and painful penance, to atone
Their fleshly deeds. Them, from the Judgment-throne,
Dread Azyoruca, where she sate involved
In darkness as a tent, received, and dealt

To each the measure of his punishment;
Till, in the central springs of fire, the Will
Impure is purged away; and the freed soul,
Thus fitted to receive a second birth,
Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

4.

But they whom Baly's righteous voice absolved,
And Yamen, viewing with benignant eye,
Dismissed to seek their heritage on high,
How joyfully they leave this gloomy bourn,
The dread sojourn
Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment and Woe,
And wild Remorse, here linked with worse Despair!
They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go:
The Ship of Heaven awaits their coming there;
And on they sail, greeting the blessèd light
Through realms of upper air,
Bound for the Swerga once; but now no more
Their voyage rests upon that happy shore,
Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah's might
Compelled, hath taken flight:
On to the second World their way they wend,
And there, in trembling hope, await the doubtful end.

5.

For still in them doth hope predominate.
Faith's precious privilege, when higher Powers

Give way to fear in these portentous hours.
Behold the Wardens eight!
Each silent at his gate
Expectant stands: they turn their anxious eyes
Within, and, listening to the dizzy din
Of mutinous uproar, each in all his hands
Holds all his weapons, ready for the fight.
For, hark! what clamorous cries
Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!
"Come, Rajah!" they exclaim; "too long we groan
In torments. Come, Deliverer! yonder throne
Awaits thee. Now, Kehama! Rajah, now!
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou?"
Such were the sounds that rung, in wild upróar,
O'er all the echoing vaults of Padalon;
And as the Asuras from the brazen floor,
Struggling against their fetters, strove to rise,
Their clashing chains were heard, and shrieks and cries,
With curses mixed, against the Fiends who urge,
Fierce on their rebel limbs, the avenging scourge.

6.

These were the sounds, which, at the southern Gate,
Assailed Ereenia's ear: alighting here,
He laid before Neroodi's feet the Maid,
Who, pale and cold with fear,
Hung on his neck, well-nigh a lifeless weight.

7.

"Who and what art thou?" cried the Guardian Power,
Sight so unwonted wondering to behold, —
"O Son of Light!
Who comest here at this portentous hour,
When Yamen's throne
Trembles, and all our might can scarce keep down
The rebel race from seizing Padalon, —
Who and what art thou? and what wild despair,
Or wilder hope, from realms of upper air,
Tempts thee to bear
This mortal Maid to our forlorn abodes?
Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga bowers,
And sweet society of heavenly Powers,
Than this, — a doleful scene,
Even in securest hours.
And whither would ye go?
Alas! can human or celestial ear
Unmaddened hear
The shrieks and yellings of infernal woe?
Can living flesh and blood
Endure the passage of the fiery flood?"

8.

"Lord of the Gate," replied the Glendoveer,
"We come obedient to the will of Fate;
And haply doomed to bring
Hope and salvation to the Infernal King:
For Siva sends us here;

Even He to whom futurity is known,
The Holiest, bade us go to Yamen's throne.
Thou seest my precious charge:
Under thy care, secure from harm, I leave her,
While I ascend to bear her Father down:
Beneath the shelter of thine arm receive her!"

9.

Then quoth he to the Maid,
"Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest dear,
In faith subdue thy dread;
Anon I shall be here." So having said,
Aloft, with vigorous bound, the Glendoveer
Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

10.

But, as he thus departed,
The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was lying,
Like one entranced or dying,
Recovering strength from sudden terror, started;
And, gazing after him, with straining sight
And straining arms, she stood,
As if in attitude
To win him back from flight.
Yea, she had shaped his name
For utterance, to recall and bid him stay,
Nor leave her thus alone: but virtuous shame
Repressed the unbidden sounds upon their way;

And, calling faith to aid,
Even in this fearful hour the pious Maid
Collected courage, till she seemed to be
Calm and in hope; such power hath piety.
Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate
She crossed her patient arms; and at his feet,
Prepared to meet
The awful will of Fate with equal mind,
She took her seat resigned.

11.

Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow
Relaxed as he beheld the valiant Maid.
Hope, long unfelt till now,
Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile
Dawned in his brightening countenance, the while
He gazed on her with wonder and delight.
"The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,
Virgin, be on thee!" said the admiring God;
"And blessèd be the hour that gave thee birth,
Daughter of Earth!
For thou to this forlorn abode hast brought
Hope, who too long hath been a stranger here.
And surely for no lamentable lot,
Nature, that erreth not,
To thee that heart of fortitude hath given,
Those eyes of purity, that face of love:
If thou beest not the inheretrix of Heaven
There is no truth above."

12.

Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe
Shone with an inward joy; for sure he thought,
When Siva sent so fair a creature here,
In this momentous hour,
Ere long the World's deliverance would be wrought,
And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.
With pious mind, the Maid, in humble guise
Inclined, received his blessing silently,
And raised her grateful eyes
A moment, then again
Abased them at his presence. Hark! on high
The sound of coming wings! — her anxious ears
Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia brings
His burden down! Upstarting from her seat,
How joyfully she rears
Her eager head! and scarce upon the ground
Ladurlad's giddy feet their footing found,
When with her trembling arms she clasped him round
No word of greeting,
Nor other sign of joy, at that strange meeting:
Expectant of their fate,
Silent, and hand in hand,
Before the Infernal Gate,
The Father and his pious Daughter stand.

13.

Then to Neroodi said the Glendoveer,
"No Heaven-born Spirit e'er hath visited
This region drear and dread, but I, the first

Who tread your World accurst.
Lord of the Gate, to whom these realms are known,
Direct our fated way to Yamen's throne."

14.

"Bring forth my Chariot, Carmala!" quoth then
The Keeper of the way.
It was the Car wherein,
On Yamen's festal day,
When all the Powers of Hell attend their King,
Yearly to Yamenpur did he repair
To pay his homage there.
Poised on a single wheel, it moved along,
Instinct with motion; by what wondrous skill
Compact, no human tongue could tell,
Nor human wit devise; but on that wheel,
Moving or still,
As if with life indued,
The Car miraculous supported stood.

15.

Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white
As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,
When from the wintry sky
The sun, late rising, shines upon the height,
And rolling vapors fill the vale below.
Not without pain the unaccustomed sight
That brightness could sustain;
For neither mortal stain,
Nor parts corruptible, remain,

Nor aught that time could touch or force destroy,
In that pure web whereof the robes were wrought;
So long had it in tenfold fires been tried,
And blanched, and to that brightness purified.
"Apparelled thus, alone,
Children of Earth," Neroodi cried,
"In safety may ye pass to Yamen's throne:
Thus only can your living flesh and blood
Endure the passage of the fiery flood.

16.

"Of other frame, O Son of Heaven, art thou!
Yet hast thou now to go
Through regions which thy heavenly mould will try
Glories unutterably bright, I know,
And beams intense of empyrean light,
Thine eye divine can bear; but fires of woe,
The sight of torments, and the cry
Of absolute despair, —
Might not these things dismay thee on thy flight,
And thy strong pennons flag and fail thee there?
Trust not thy wings, celestial though thou art,
Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail,
And pity quail, —
Pity, in these abodes of no avail;
But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,
And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.
Go, and may happy end your way betide!"
So, as he spake, the self-moved Car rolled on;
And, lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

XXIII.

PADALON.

1.

WHOE'ER hath loved, with venturous step, to tread
The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And marked its gleam,
Playing afar upon the sunless stream,
Where from their secret bed,
And course unknown and inaccessible,
The silent waters well, —
Whoe'er hath trod such caves of endless night,
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way,
With what delight refreshed, his eye
Perceives the shadow of the light of day,
Through the far portal slanting, where it falls
Dimly reflected on the watery walls;
How heavenly seems the sky;
And how, with quickened feet, he hastens up,
Eager again to greet
The living World and blessèd sunshine there;
And drink, as from a cup
Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

2.

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers entering Padalon.

They, too, in darkness entered on their way;
But, far before the Car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the World of Woe: on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage. Onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread
And, lo! the regions dread,
The World of Woe, before them, opening wide.

3.

There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around:
A sea of flame it seemed to be, —
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.
A single rib of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest cimeter,
Spanned this wide gulf of fire. The infernal Car
Rolled to the Gulf, and, on its single wheel
Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel.
Red-quivering float the vapors overhead;
The fiery Gulf, beneath them spread,
Tosses its billowing blaze with rush and roar:

Steady and swift the self-moved Chariot went,
Winning the long ascent;
Then, downward rolling, gains the farther shore.

4.

But, oh! what sounds and sights of woe,
What sights and sounds of fear,
Assail the mortal travellers here!
Their way was on a causey straight and wide,
Where penal vaults on either side were seen,
Ranged like the cells wherein
Those wondrous wingèd alchemists infold
Their stores of liquid gold.
Thick walls of adamant divide
The dungeons; and, from yonder circling flood,
Off-streams of fire through secret channels glide,
And wind among them, and in each provide
An everlasting food
Of rightful torments for the accursèd brood.

5.

These were the rebel race, who, in their might
Confiding impiously, would fain have driven
The Deities supreme from highest Heaven;
But by the Suras, in celestial fight,
Opposed and put to flight,
Here, in their penal dens, the accursèd crew,
Not for its crime, but for its failure, rue
Their wild ambition. Yet again they long
The contest to renew,

And wield their arms again in happier hour;
And with united power,
Following Kehama's triumph, to press on
From World to World, and Heaven to Heaven, and Sphere
To Sphere, till Hemakoot shall be their own,
And Meru Mount, and Indra's Swerga-Bowers,
And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours
Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.
Even over Vishnu's empyreal seat
They trust the Rajah shall extend their sway;
And that the seven-headed Snake, whereon
The strong Preserver sets his conquering feet,
Will rise, and shake him headlong from his throne,
When, in their irresistible array,
Amid the Milky Sea they force their way.
Even higher yet their frantic thoughts aspire;
Yea, on their beds of torment as they lie,
The highest, holiest Siva they defy,
And tell him they shall have anon their day,
When they will storm his realm, and seize Mount Calasay.

6.

Such impious hopes torment
Their raging hearts, impious and impotent;
And now, with unendurable desire
And lust of vengeance, that, like inward fire,
Doth aggravate their punishment, they rave
Upon Kehama; him the accursèd rout

Acclaim; with furious cries and maddening shout
They call on him to save:
"Kehama!" they exclaim;
Thundering the dreadful echo rolls about,
And Hell's whole vault repeats Kehama's name.

7.

Over these dens of punishment, the host
Of Padalon maintain eternal guard,
Keeping upon the walls their vigilant ward.
At every angle stood
A watch-tower, the decurion Demon's post,
Where, raised on high, he viewed with sleepless eye
His trust, that all was well. And over these, —
Such was the perfect discipline of Hell, —
Captains of fifties and of hundreds held
Authority, each in his loftier tower;
And chiefs of legions over them had power;
And thus all Hell with towers was girt around.
Aloft the brazen turrets shone
In the red light of Padalon;
And on the walls between,
Dark moving, the infernal Guards were seen, —
Gigantic Demons, pacing to and fro;
Who ever and anon,
Spreading their crimson pennons, plunged below,
Faster to rivet down the Asuras' chains,
And, with the snaky scourge and fiercer pains,
Repress their rage rebellious. Loud around,
In mingled sound, the echoing lash, the clash

Of chains, the ponderous hammer's iron stroke,
With execrations, groans, and shrieks and cries,
Combined in one wild dissonance, arise;
And through the din there broke,
Like thunder heard through all the warring winds,
The dreadful name. "Kehama," still they rave,
"Hasten and save!
Now, now, Deliverer! now, Kehama, now!
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou?"

8.

Oh! if that name abhorred,
Thus uttered, could well-nigh
Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt their Lord,
How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came!
She, as the Car rolled on its rapid way,
Bent down her head, and closed her eyes for dread
And deafening, with strong effort from within,
Her ears against the din,
Covered and pressed them close with both her hands.
Sure, if the mortal Maiden had not fed
On heavenly food, and long been strengthenèd
With heavenly converse for such end vouchsafed,
Her human heart had failed, and she had died
Beneath the horrors of this awful hour.
But Heaven supplied a power
Beyond her earthly nature, to the measure
Of need infusing strength;
And Fate, whose secret and unerring pleasure
Appointed all, decreed

An ample meed and recompense at length.
High-fated Maid, the righteous hour is nigh!
The all-embracing Eye
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid! courageously.

9.

On rolled the Car; and, lo! afar
Upon its height the towers of Yamenpur
Rise on the astonished sight.
Behold the Infernal City, Yamen's seat
Of empire, in the midst of Padalon,
Where the eight causeys meet!
There, on a rock of adamant, it stood,
Resplendent far and wide,
Itself of solid diamond edified,
And all around it rolled the fiery flood.
Eight bridges arched the stream; huge piles of brass
Magnificent, such structures as beseem
The Seat and Capital of such great God,
Worthy of Yamen's own august abode.
A brazen tower and gateway at each end
Of each was raised, where Giant Wardens stood,
Stationed in arms the passage to defend,
That never foe might cross the fiery flood.

10.

Oh, what a gorgeous sight it was to see
The Diamond City blazing on its height,
With more than mid-sun splendor, by the light

Of its own fiery river!—
Its towers and domes and pinnacles and spires,
Turrets and battlements, that flash and quiver
Through the red, restless atmosphere for ever;
And, hovering overhead,
The smoke and vapors of all Padalon,
Fit firmament for such a world, were spread,
With surge and swell and everlasting motion,
Heaving and opening like tumultuous ocean.

11.

Nor were there wanting there
Such glories as beseemed such region well;
For though with our blue heaven and genial air
The firmament of Hell might not compare,
As little might our earthly tempests vie
With the dread storms of that infernal sky,
Whose clouds of all metallic elements
Sublimed were full. For, when its thunder broke,
Not all the united World's artillery,
In one discharge, could equal that loud stroke;
And though the Diamond Towers and Battlements
Stood firm upon their adamantine rock,
Yet, while it volleyed round the vault of Hell,
Earth's solid arch was shaken with the shock,
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell.
Through the red sky terrific meteors scour;
Huge stones come hailing down; or sulphur-shower
Floating amid the lurid air like snow,
Kindles in its descent,

And with blue fire-drops rains on all below.
At times the whole supernal element,
Igniting, burst in one vast sheet of flame,
And roared as with the sound
Of rushing winds, above, below, around;
Anon the flame was spent, and overhead
A heavy cloud of moving darkness spread.

12.

Straight to the brazen bridge and gate
The self-moved Chariot bears its mortal load.
At sight of Carmala,
On either side the Giant Guards divide,
And give the Chariot way.
Up yonder winding road it rolls along,
Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing;
And, lo, the Palace of the Infernal King!

13.

Two forms inseparable in unity
Hath Yamen; even as with hope or fear
The Soul regardeth him doth he appear;
For hope and fear,
At that dread hour, from ominous conscience spring,
And err not in their bodings. Therefore some,
They who polluted with offences come,
Behold him as the King
Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,
Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,
Heightened with vengeance and with wrath divine,

Its own inborn deformity.
But, to the righteous Spirit, how benign
His awful countenance,
Where, tempering justice with parental love,
Goodness, and heavenly grace,
And sweetest mercy, shine! Yet is he still
Himself the same, — one form, one face, one will;
And these his twofold aspects are but one;
And change is none
In him, for change in Yamen could not be:
The Immutable is he.

14.

He sate upon a marble sepulchre,
Massive and huge, where, at the Monarch's feet,
The righteous Baly had his Judgment-seat.
A Golden Throne before them vacant stood;
Three human forms sustained its ponderous weight,
With lifted hands outspread, and shoulders bowed
Bending beneath the load.
A fourth was wanting. They were of the hue
Of coals of fire; yet were they flesh and blood,
And living breath they drew;
And their red eyeballs rolled with ghastly stare,
As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood tormented there.

15.

On steps of gold those living Statues stood,
Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud behind

Immovable was spread; not all the light
Of all the flames and fires of Padalon
Could pierce its depth of night.
There Azyoruca veiled her awful form
In those eternal shadows; there she sate,
And as the trembling Souls, who crowd around
The Judgment-seat, receive the doom of fate,
Her giant arms, extending from the cloud,
Drew them within the darkness. Moving out
To grasp and bear away the innumerous rout,
For ever and for ever thus were seen
The thousand mighty arms of that dread Queen.

16.

Here, issuing from the Car, the Glendoveer
Did homage to the God, then raised his head.
"Suppliants we come," he said;
"I need not tell thee by what wrongs oppressed,
For nought can pass on earth to thee unknown;
Sufferers from tyranny, we seek for rest,
And Siva bade us go to Yamen's throne;
Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be redressed."
Yamen replied, "Even now the hour draws near,
When Fate its hidden ways will manifest.
Not for light purpose would the Wisest send
His suppliants here, when we, in doubt and fear,
The awful issue of the hour attend:
Wait ye in patience and in faith the end!"

XXIV.

THE AMREETA.

1.

So spake the King of Padalon; when, lo!
The voice of lamentation ceased in Hell,
And sudden silence all around them fell,—
Silence more wild and terrible
Than all the infernal dissonance before.
Through that portentous stillness, far away,
Unwonted sounds were heard, advancing on,
And deepening on their way;
For now the inexorable hour
Was come, and in the fulness of his power,
Now that the dreadful rites had all been done.
Kehama from the Swerga hastened down
To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

2.

He came in all his might and majesty,
With all his terrors clad, and all his pride;
And by the attribute of Deity,
Which he had won from Heaven, self-multiplied
The Almighty Man appeared on every side.
In the same indivisible point of time,
At the eight Gates he stood at once, and beat
The Warden-Gods of Hell beneath his feet;
Then, in his brazen Cars of triumph, straight,

At the same moment, drove through every gate.
By Aullays, hugest of created kind,
Fiercest, and fleeter than the viewless wind,
His Cars were drawn, — ten yokes of ten abreast
What less sufficed for such almighty weight?
Eight bridges from the fiery flood arose,
Growing before his way; and on he goes,
And drives the thundering Chariot-wheels along,
At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

3.

Silent and motionless remain
The Asuras on their bed of pain,
Waiting, with breathless hope, the great event.
All Hell was hushed in dread,
Such awe that omnipresent coming spread;
Nor had its voice been heard, though all its rout
Innumerable had lifted up one shout;
Nor, if the infernal firmament
Had in one unimaginable burst
Spent its collected thunders, had the sound
Been audible, such louder terrors went
Before his forms substantial. Round about,
The presence scattered lightnings far and wide,
That quenched on every side,
With their intensest blaze, the feebler fire
Of Padalon, even as the stars go out,
When, with prodigious light,
Some blazing meteor fills the astonished night.

4.

The Diamond City shakes!
The adamantine Rock
Is loosened with the shock!
From its foundation moved, it heaves and quakes;
The brazen portals, crumbling, fall to dust;
Prone fall the Giant Guards,
Beneath the Aullays crushed;
On, on, through Yamenpur, their thundering feet
Speed from all points to Yamen's Judgment-seat.
And, lo! where multiplied,
Behind, before him, and on every side,
Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,
Around the Lord of Hell Kehama stands!
Then, too, the Lord of Hell put forth his might:
Thick darkness, blacker than the blackest night,
Rose from their wrath, and veiled
The unutterable fight.
The power of Fate and Sacrifice prevailed,
And soon the strife was done.
Then did the Man-God re-assume
His unity, absorbing into one
The consubstantiate shapes; and, as the gloom
Opened, fallen Yamen on the ground was seen,
His neck beneath the conquering Rajah's feet,
Who on the marble tomb
Had his triumphal seat.

5.

Silent the Man-Almighty sate; a smile

Gleamed on his dreadful lips, the while,
Dallying with power, he paused from following up
His conquest, as a man in social hour
Sips of the grateful cup,
Again and yet again, with curious taste,
Searching its subtile flavor ere he drink;
Even so Kehama now forbore his haste,
Having within his reach whate'er he sought.
On his own haughty power he seemed to muse,
Pampering his arrogant heart with silent thought.
Before him stood the Golden Throne in sight,
Right opposite; he could not choose but see,
Nor, seeing, choose but wonder. "Who are ye
Who bear the Golden Throne tormented there?"
He cried; "for whom doth Destiny prepare
The Imperial Seat? and why are ye but Three?"

6.

FIRST STATUE.

I of the Children of Mankind was first,
Me miserable! who, adding store to store,
Heaped up superfluous wealth; and now, accurst,
For ever I the frantic crime deplore.

SECOND STATUE.

I, o'er my Brethren of Mankind the first
Usurping power, set up a throne sublime,
A King and Conqueror; therefore, thus accurst,
For ever I in vain repent the crime.

THIRD STATUE.

I on the Children of Mankind the first,
In God's most holy name, imposed a tale
Of impious falsehood; therefore, thus accurst,
For ever I in vain the crime bewail.

7.

"Even as thou here beholdest us,
Here we have stood, tormented thus,
Such countless ages, that they seem to be
Long as eternity;
And still we are but Three.
A Fourth will come to share
Our pain, at yonder vacant corner bear
His portion of the burden, and complete
The Golden Throne for Yamen's Judgment-seat.
Thus hath it been appointed: he must be
Equal in guilt to us, the guilty Three.
Kehama, come! too long we wait for thee!"

8.

Thereat, with one accord,
The Three took up the word, like choral song,
Come, Rajah! Man-God! Earth's Almighty Lord
Kehama, come! we wait for thee too long."

9.

A short and sudden laugh of wondering pride
Burst from him in his triumph: to reply
Scornful he deigned not; but with altered eye,

Wherein some doubtful meaning seemed to lie,
He turned to Kailyal. "Maiden," thus he cried,
"I need not bid thee see
How vain it is to strive with Fate's decree,
When hither thou hast fled to fly from me,
And, lo! even here thou find'st me at thy side.
Mine thou must be, being doomed with me to share
The Amreeta Cup of immortality;
Yea, by Myself I swear,
It hath been thus appointed. Joyfully
Join then thy hand and heart and will with mine,
Nor at such glorious destiny repine,
Nor in thy folly more provoke my wrath divine."

10.

She answered, "I have said. It must not be!
Almighty as thou art,
Thou hast put all things underneath thy feet;
But still the resolute heart
And virtuous will are free.
Never, oh! never, never, can there be
Communion, Rajah, between thee and me!"

11.

"Once more," quoth he, "I urge, and once alone.
Thou seest yon Golden Throne,
Where I anon shall set thee by my side;
Take thou thy seat thereon,
Kehama's willing bride.
And I will place the Kingdoms of the World

Beneath thy Father's feet,
Appointing him the King of mortal men:
Else underneath that Throne,
The Fourth supporter, he shall stand and groan
Prayers will be vain to move my mercy then."

12.

Again the Virgin answered, "I have said!"
Ladurlad caught her in his proud embrace,
While on his neck she hid
In agony her face.

13.

"Bring forth the Amreeta Cup!" Kehama cried
To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride.
"It is within the Marble Sepulchre,"
The vanquished Lord of Padalon replied;
"Bid it be opened."—"Give thy treasure up!"
Exclaimed the Man-Almighty to the Tomb.
And at his voice and look
The massy fabric shook, and opened wide.
A huge Anatomy was seen reclined
Within its marble womb. "Give me the Cup!"
Again Kehama cried: no other charm
Was needed than that voice of stern command.
From his repose the ghastly form arose,
Put forth his bony and gigantic arm,
And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's hand.
Take, drink!" with accents dread the Spectre said;

"For thee and Kailyal hath it been assigned,
Ye only of the Children of Mankind."

14.

Then was the Man-Almighty's heart elate:
"This is the consummation!" he exclaimed;
"Thus have I triumphed over Death and Fate.
Now, Siva, look to thine abode!
Henceforth, on equal footing we engage,
Alike immortal now; and we shall wage
Our warfare, God to God!"
Joy filled his impious soul,
And to his lips he raised the fatal bowl.

15.

Thus long the Glendoveer had stood
Watching the wonders of the eventful hour,
Amazed, but undismayed; for in his heart
Faith, overcoming fear, maintained its power.
Nor had that faith abated, when the God
Of Padalon was beaten down in fight;
For then he looked to see the heavenly might
Of Siva break upon them. But, when now
He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand,
An impulse which defied all self-command
In that extremity
Stung him, and he resolved to seize the cup,
And dare the Rajah's force in Siva's sight.
Forward he sprung to tempt the unequal fray,
When, lo! the Anatomy,

With warning arm, withstood his desperate way;
And from the Golden Throne the Fiery Three
Again, in one accord, renewed their song,
"Kehama, come! we wait for thee too long."

16.

O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice!
Madman! to seek for power beyond thy scope
Of knowledge, and to deem
Less than Omniscience could suffice
To wield Omnipotence! O fool, to dream
That immortality could be
The meed of evil! — yea, thou hast it now,
Victim of thine own wicked heart's device;
Thou hast thine object now, and now must pay the price.

17.

He did not know the holy mystery
Of that divinest cup, that as the lips
Which touch it, even such its quality,
Good or malignant. Madman! and he thinks
The blessèd prize is won, and joyfully he drinks.

18.

Then Siva opened on the Accursèd One
His Eye of Anger: upon him alone
The wrath-beam fell. He shudders, — but too late
The deed is done;
The dreadful liquor works the will of Fate.

Immortal he would be,
Immortal he is made: but through his veins
Torture at once and immortality,
A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run;
And, while within the burning anguish flows,
His outward body glows,
Like molten ore, beneath the avenging Eye,
Doomed thus to live and burn eternally.

19.

The Fiery Three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee!
"Come, Brother, come!" they sung; "too long
Have we expected thee;
Henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight. Come, Brother, we are Four!"

20.

Vain his almightiness: for mightier pain
Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone;
And, yielding to the bony hand
The unemptied cup, he moved toward the Throne,
And at the vacant corner took his stand.
Behold the Golden Throne at length complete!
And Yamen silently ascends the Judgment-seat.

21.

"For two alone, of all mankind, to me
The Amreeta Cup was given."

Then said the Anatomy:
"The Man hath drunk; the Woman's turn is next.
Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,
And do the Will of Heaven!"
Wonder and Fear and Awe at once perplexed
The mortal Maiden's heart; but, over all,
Hope rose triumphant. With a trembling hand,
Obedient to his call,
She took the fated Cup; and lifting up
Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,
"Is it not your command,
Ye Heavenly Powers?" as on her knees she fell,
The pious Virgin cried:
"Ye know my innocent will, my heart sincere;
Ye govern all things still,
And wherefore should I fear?"

22.

She said, and drank. The Eye of Mercy beamed
Upon the Maid; a cloud of fragrance steamed
Like incense-smoke as all her mortal frame
Dissolved beneath the potent agency
Of that mysterious draught; such quality
From her pure touch the fated Cup partook.
Like one entranced she knelt,
Feeling her body melt
Till all but what was heavenly passed away:
Yet still she felt
Her Spirit strong within her, the same heart,
With the same loves, and all her heavenly part

Unchanged, and ripened to such perfect state
In this miraculous birth, as here, on Earth,
Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

23.

"Mine! mine!" with rapturous joy Ereenia cried;
"Immortal now, and yet not more divine;
Mine, mine, — for ever mine!"
The immortal Maid replied,
"For ever, ever, thine!"

24.

Then Yamen said, "O thou to whom by Fate,
Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,
Daughter of Earth, but now the Child of Heaven!
Go with thy heavenly Mate,
Partaker now of his immortal bliss;
Go to the Swerga-Bowers,
And there recall the hours
Of endless happiness."

25.

But that sweet Angel, — for she still retained
Her human loves and human piety, —
As if reluctant at the God's commands,
Lingered, with anxious eye
Upon her Father fixed, and spread her hands
Toward him wistfully.
"Go!" Yamen said, "nor cast that look behind

Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,
For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's Bower."

26.

The Car — for Carmala his word obeyed —
Moved on, and bore away the Maid;
While from the Golden Throne the Lord of Death
With love benignant on Ladurlad smiled,
And gently on his head his blessing laid.
As sweetly as a Child,
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers.
Tired with long play at close of summer-day,
Lies down and slumbers;
Even thus, as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.
Blessèd that sleep! more blessèd was the waking!
For on that night a heavenly morning broke:
The light of heaven was round him when he woke;
And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's Bower,
All whom he loved he met, to part no more.

NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

Calmly she took her seat. — I. 10, p. 18.

"She," says Bernier, "whom I saw burn herself, when I parted from Surat to travel into Persia, in the presence of Monsieur Chardin of Paris, and of many English and Dutch, was of a middle age, and not unhandsome. To represent unto you the undaunted cheerfulness that appeared in her countenance; the resolution with which she marched, washed herself, spoke to the people; the confidence with which she looked upon us, viewed her little cabin, made up of very dry millet-straw and small wood, went into this cabin, and sat down upon the pile, and took her husband's head into her lap, and a torch into her own hand, and kindled the cabin, whilst I know not how many Bramins were busy in kindling the fire round about; — to represent to you, I say, all this as it ought, is not possible for me: I can at present scarce believe it myself, though it be but a few days since I saw it."

They strip her ornaments away. — I. 11, p. 19.

"She went out again to the river, and, taking up some water in her hands, muttered some prayers, and offered it to the sun. All her ornaments were then taken from her; and her armlets were broken, and chaplets of white flowers were put upon her neck and hands. Her hair was tucked up with five combs; and her forehead was marked with clay in the same manner as that of her husband." — *Stavorinus.*

Around her neck they leave
The marriage-knot alone. — l. 11, p. 19.

"When the time for consummating the marriage is come, they light the fire Homan with the wood of Ravasiton. The Bramin blesses the former; which being done, the bridegroom takes three handfuls of rice, and throws it on the bride's head, who does the same to him. Afterwards the bride's father clothes her in a dress according to his condition, and washes the bridegroom's feet; the bride's mother observing to pour out the water. This being done, the father puts his daughter's hand in his own, puts water into it, some pieces of money, and, giving it to the bridegroom, says at the same time, 'I have no longer any thing to do with you, and I give you up to the power of another.' The tali, which is a ribbon with a golden head hanging at it, is held ready; and, being shown to the company, some prayers and blessings are pronounced; after which the bridegroom takes it, and hangs it about the bride's neck. This knot is what particularly secures his possession of her; for, before he had had the tali on, all the rest of the ceremonies might have been made to no purpose; for it has sometimes happened, that, when the bridegroom was going to fix it on, the bride's father has discovered his not being satisfied with the bridegroom's gift, when another, offering more, has carried off the bride with her father's consent. But, when once the tali is put on, the marriage is indissoluble; and, whenever the husband dies, the tali is burnt along with him, to show that the marriage bands are broke. Besides these particular ceremonies, the people have notice of the wedding by a pandal, which is raised before the bride's door some days before. The whole concludes with an entertainment which the bride's father gives to the common friends, and during this festivity, which continues five days, alms are given to the poor, and the fire Homan is kept in. The seventh day, the new-married couple set out for the bridegroom's house, whither they frequently go by torchlight. The bride and bridegroom are carried in a sedan, pass through the chief streets of the city, and are accompanied by their friends, who are either on horseback or mounted on elephants." — *A. Roger*

They force her on, they bind her to the dead. — I. 12, p. 19.

"'Tis true," says Bernier, "that I have seen some of them, which, at the sight of the pile and the fire, appeared to have some apprehension, and that perhaps would have gone back Those demons the Bramins, that are there with their great sticks, astonish them, and hearten them up, or even thrust them in; as I have seen it done to a young woman, that retreated five or six paces from the pile; and to another, that was much disturbed when she saw the fire take hold of her clothes, these executioners thrusting her in with their long poles.

"At Lahore, I saw a very handsome and a very young woman burnt: I believe she was not above twelve years of age. This poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile: she shook, and wept bitterly. Meanwhile, three or four of these executioners, the Bramins, together with an old hag that held her under the arm, thrust her on, and made her sit down upon the wood; and, lest she should run away, they tied her legs and hands; and so they burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself for indignation."

Pietro della Valle conversed with a widow who was about to burn herself by her own choice. She told him, that, generally speaking, women were not forced to burn themselves; but sometimes, among people of rank, when a young woman, who was handsome, was left a widow, and in danger of marrying again (which is never practised among them, because of the confusion and disgrace which are inseparable from such a thing), or of falling into other irregularities, then indeed the relations of the husband, if they are at all tenacious of the honor of the family, compel her to burn herself, whether she likes it or no, merely to prevent the inconveniences which might take place.

Dellon also, whom I consider as one of the best travellers in the East, expressly asserts that widows are burnt there "de gré, ou de force. L'on n'en voit que trop qui après avoir désiré et demandé la mort avec un courage intrépide, et après avoir obtenu et achété la permission de se brûler, ont tremblé à

la vue du bucher, se sont repenties, mais trop tard, de leur imprudence, et ont fait d'inutiles efforts pour se retracter. Mais lorsque cela arrive, bien loin que les Bramènes soient touchés d'aucune pitié, ils lient cruellement ces malheureuses, et les brûlent par force, sans avoir aucun égard à leurs plaintes ni à leurs cris." — Tom. i. p. 138.

It would be easy to multiply authorities upon this point. Let it suffice to mention one important historical fact: When the great Alboquerque had established himself at Goa, he forbade these accursed sacrifices. The women extolled him for it as their benefactor and deliverer ("Commentarios de Alb." li. 20); and no European in India was ever so popular, or so revered by the natives. Yet, if we are to believe the anti-missionaries, none but fools, fanatics, and pretenders to humanity, would wish to deprive the Hindoo women of the right of burning themselves! "It may be useful," says Col. Mark Wilks, "to examine the reasonableness of interfering with the most exceptionable of all their institutions. It has been thought an abomination not to be tolerated, that a widow should immolate herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband; but what judgment should we form of the Hindoo who (if any of our institutions admitted the parallel) should *forcibly* pretend to stand between a Christian and the hope of eternal salvation? And shall we not hold him to be a driveller in politics and morals, a fanatic in religion, and a pretender in humanity, who would forcibly wrest this hope from the Hindoo widow?" — *Hist. Sketches of the South of India*, vol. i. p. 499.

Such opinions and such language may safely be left to the indignation and pity which they cannot fail to excite. I shall only express my astonishment, that any thing so monstrous and so miserably futile should have proceeded from a man of learning, great good sense, and general good feelings, as Col. Wilks evidently appears to be.

One drops, — another plunges in. — I. 14, p. 20.

When Bernier was passing from Amad-Avad to Agra, there came news to him in a borough, where the caravan rested under the shade (staying for the cool of the evening to march on their journey), that a woman was then upon the point of

burning herself with the body of her husband. "I presently rose," says he. "and ran to the place where it was to be done, which was a great pit, with a pile of wood raised in it; whereon I saw laid a dead corpse, and a woman, which, at a distance, seemed to me pretty fair, sitting near it on the same pile, besides four or five Bramins putting the fire to it from all sides; five women of a middle age, and well enough dressed, holding one another by the hand, and dancing about the pit, and a great crowd of people, men and women, looking on. The pile of wood was presently all on fire, because store of oil and butter had been thrown upon it; and I saw at the same time, through the flames, that the fire took hold of the clothes of the woman, that were imbued with well-scented oils, mingled with powder of sandal and saffron. All this I saw, but observed not that the woman was at all disturbed; yea, it was said that she had been heard to pronounce, with great force, these two words, 'five, two,' to signify, according to the opinion of those that hold the soul's transmigration, that this was the *fifth* time she had burnt herself with the same husband, and that there remained but two more for perfection; as if she had that time this remembrance, or some prophetical spirit. But here ended not this infernal tragedy: I thought it was only by way of ceremony that these five women sung and danced about the pit; but I was altogether surprised when I saw that, the flame having taken hold of the clothes of one of them, she cast herself, with her head foremost, into the pit, and that after her, another, being overcome by the flame and the smoke, did the like; and my astonishment redoubled afterwards, when I saw that the remaining three took one another again by the hand, continued their dance without any apparent fear, and that at length they precipitated themselves, one after another, into the fire, as their companions had done. I learnt that these had been five slaves, who, having seen their mistress extremely afflicted at the sickness of her husband, and heard her promise him that she would not survive him, but burn herself with him, were so touched with compassion and tenderness towards this their mistress, that they engaged themselves in a promise to follow her in her resolution, and to burn themselves with her."

This excellent traveller relates an extraordinary circumstance which occurred at one of these sacrifices. "A woman was engaged in some love-intrigues with a young Mahommedan, her neighbor, who was a tailor, and could play finely upon the tabor. This woman, in the hopes she had of marrying this young man, poisoned her husband, and presently came away to tell the tailor that it was time to be gone together, as they had projected, or else she should be obliged to burn herself. The young man, fearing lest he might be entangled in a mischievous business, flatly refused her. The woman, not at all surprised at it, went to her relations, and advertised them of the sudden death of her husband, and openly protested that she would not survive him, but burn herself with him. Her kindred, well satisfied with so generous a resolution, and the great honor she did to the whole family, presently had a pit made and filled with wood, exposing the corpse upon it, and kindling the fire. All being prepared, the woman goes to embrace and bid farewell to all her kindred that were there about the pit; among whom was also the tailor, who had been invited to play upon the tabor that day, with many others of that sort of men, according to the custom of the country. This fury of a woman, being also come to this young man, made sign as if she would bid him farewell with the rest; but, instead of gently embracing him, she taketh him with all her force about his collar, pulls him to the pit, and tumbleth him, together with herself, into the ditch, where they both were soon despatched."

"The Hindoos sometimes erect a chapel on the spot where one of these sacrifices has been performed, both on account of the soul of the deceased, and as a trophy of her virtue. I remember to have seen one of these places, where the spot on which the funeral pile had been erected was enclosed and covered with bamboos, formed into a kind of bower, planted with flowering creepers. The inside was set round with flowers; and at one end there was an image." — *Crawfurd.*

"Some of the Yogees, who smear themselves with ashes, use none but what they collect from funeral piles, — human ashes!" — *Pietro della Valle.*

From a late investigation, it appears that the number of

women who sacrifice themselves within thirty miles round Calcutta every year, is, on an average, upwards of two hundred. The Pundits have already been called on to produce the sanction of their Shasters for this custom. The passages exhibited are vague and general in their meaning, and differently interpreted by the same castes. Some sacred verses commend the practice, but none command it; and the Pundits refer once more to *custom*. They have, however, intimated, that if government will pass a regulation, amercing by fine every Bramin who attends a burning, or every Zemindar who permits him to attend it, the practice cannot possibly long continue; for that the ceremony, unsanctified by the presence of the priests, will lose its dignity and consequence in the eyes of the people.

"The civilized world may expect soon to hear of the abolition of this opprobrium of a Christian administration, the female sacrifice; which has subsisted, to our certain knowledge, since the time of Alexander the Great." — *Claudius Buchanan.*

This practice, however, was manifestly unknown when the Institutes of Menu were written. Instructions are there given for the conduct of a widow: "Let her," it is said, "emaciate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue, till death, forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue, which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one only husband. Many thousands of Bramins, having avoided sensuality from their early youth, and having left no issue in their families, have ascended nevertheless to heaven; and, like those abstemious men, a virtuous wife ascends to heaven, though she have no child, if, after the decease of her lord, she devote herself to pious austerity: but a widow, who, from a wish to bear children, slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord." — *Inst. of Menu*, ch. v. 157–61.

Second marriages were permitted to men. — *Ibid.* 167–9

Lo, Arvalan appears! — II. 1, p. 21

"Many believe that some souls are sent back to the spot where their bodies were burnt, or where their ashes are preserved, to wait there until the new bodies they are destined to occupy be ready for their reception. This appears to correspond with an opinion of Plato, which, with many other tenets of that philosopher, was adopted by the early Christians; and an ordinance of the Romish church is still extant, prohibiting having lights or making merriment in churchyards at night, lest they should disturb the souls that might come thither." — *Crawfurd.*

"According to the Danish missionaries, the souls of those who are untimely slain wander about as diabolical spectres, doing evil to mankind, and possessing those whom they persecute." — *Niecamp*, i. 10, § 14.

"The inhabitants of the hills near Rajamahall believe that when God sends a messenger to summon a person to his presence, if the messenger should mistake his object, and carry off another, he is desired by the Deity to take him away; but, as the earthly mansion of this soul must be decayed, it is destined to remain mid-way between heaven and earth, and never can return to the presence of God. Whoever commits homicide without a divine order, and whoever is killed by a snake as a punishment for some concealed crime, will be doomed to the same state of wandering; and whoever hangs himself will wander eternally with a rope about his neck." — *Asiatic Researches.*

Pope Benedict XII. drew up a list of a hundred and seventeen heretical opinions held by the Armenian Christians, which he sent to the King of Armenia, instead of any other assistance, when that prince applied to him for aid against the Mahommedans. This paper was first published by Bernino, and exhibits a curious mixture of mythologies. One of their opinions was, that the souls of the adult wander about in the air till the day of judgment; neither hell, nor the heavenly nor the terrestrial paradise, being open to them till that day shall have passed

Davenant, in one of his plays, speculates upon such a state of wandering as the lot of the soul after death: —

> "I must to darkness go, hover in clouds,
> Or in remote untroubled air, silent
> As thought, or what is uncreated yet;
> Or I must rest in some cold shade, and shall
> Perhaps ne'er see that everlasting spring
> Of which philosophy so long has dreamt,
> And seems rather to wish than understand."
>
> *Love and Honor.*

I know no other author who has so often expressed, to those who could understand him, his doubts respecting a future state, and how burdensome he felt them.

Undying as I am. — II. 3, p. 22.

"The soul is not a thing of which a man may say, it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth. It is ancient, constant, and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. How can the man, who believeth that this thing is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible, and without birth, think that he can either kill or cause it to be killed? As a man throweth away old garments, and putteth on new; even so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away: for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable, and unalterable." — *Bhagvat Geeta.*

It was my hour of folly! — II. 5, p. 22.

"Among the qualities required for the proper execution of public business, mention is made, 'that a man must be able to keep in subjection his lust, his anger, his avarice, his *folly*, and his pride.' The folly there specified is not to be understood in the usual sense of the word in an European idiom, as a negative quality, or the mere want of sense, but as a kind

of obstinately stupid lethargy, or perverse absence of mind, in which the will is not altogether passive. It seems to be a weakness peculiar to Asia; for we cannot find a term by which to express the precise idea in the European languages. It operates somewhat like the violent impulse of fear, under which men will utter falsehoods totally incompatible with each other, and utterly contrary to their own opinion, knowledge, and conviction; and it may be added, also, their inclination and intention.

"A very remarkable instance of this temporary frenzy happened lately in the Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, where a man (not an idiot) swore, upon a trial, that he was no kind of relation to his brother, who was then in court, and who had constantly supported him from his infancy; and that he lived in a house by himself, for which he paid the rent from his own pocket, when it was proved that he was not worth a rupee, and when the person in whose house he had always resided stood at the bar, close to him.

"Another conjecture, and that exceedingly acute and ingenious, has been started upon this *folly*, — that it may mean the deception which a man permits to be imposed on his judgment by his passions; as acts of rapacity and avarice are often committed by men who ascribe them to prudence, and a just assertion of their own right: malice and rancor pass for justice, and brutality for spirit. This opinion, when thoroughly examined, will very nearly tally with the former; for all the passions, as well as fear, have an equal efficacy to disturb and distort the mind: but to account for the *folly* here spoken of as being the offspring of the passions, instead of drawing a parallel between it and the impulses of those passions, we must suppose the impulses to act with infinitely more violence upon an Asiatic mind than we can ever have seen exemplified in Europe. It is, however, something like the madness so inimitably delineated in the hero of Cervantes, sensible enough upon some occasions, and at the same time completely will and unconscious of itself upon others, and that, too, originally produced by an effort of the will, though, in the end, overpowering and superseding its functions." — *Halhed.*

But I, all naked feeling and raw life. — II. 5, p. 23.

"By the vital souls of those men who have committed sins in the body, another body, composed of *nerves, with* five sensations, in order to be susceptible of torment, shall certainly be assumed after death; and being intimately united with those minute nervous particles, according to their distribution, they shall feel in that new body the pangs inflicted in each case by the sentence of Yama." — *Inst. of Menu.*

Henry More, the Platonist, has two applicable stanzas in his "Song of the Soul:" —

"Like to a light fast locked in lantern dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams, perhaps, from horny side;
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day!

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these straight instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, — the sight must ray from thence, —
Here tastes, there smells: but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cógnoscence;
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear,
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear."

Amid the uncouth allegory, and more uncouth language, of this strange series of poems, a few passages are to be found of exceeding beauty. Milton, who was the author's friend, had evidently read them.

Marriataly. — II. 8, p. 24.

Mariatale, as Sonnerat spells the name, was wife of the penitent Chamadaguini, and mother of Parassourama, who was, in part, an incarnation of Vishnu. "This goddess," says Sonnerat, "commanded the elements, but could not preserve

that empire longer than her heart was pure. One day, while she was collecting water out of a tank, and, according to her custom, was making a bowl of earth to carry it to the house, she saw on the surface of the water some figures of Grindovers [Glendoveers], which were flying over her head. Struck with their beauty, her heart admitted an impure thought; and the earth of the bowl dissolved. From that time she was obliged to make use of an ordinary vessel. This discovered to Chamadaguini that his wife had deviated from purity; and, in the excess of his rage, he ordered his son to drag her to the place where criminals were executed, and to behead her. The order was executed; but Parassourama was so much afflicted for the loss of his mother, that Chamadaguini told him to take up the body, and fasten the head upon it, and repeat a prayer (which he taught him for that purpose) in her ear, and then his mother would come to life again. The son ran eagerly to perform what he was ordered; but, by a very singular blunder, he joined the head of his mother to the body of a Parichi, who had been executed for her crimes, — a monstrous union, which gave to this woman the virtues of a goddess, and the vices of a criminal. The goddess, becoming impure by such a mixture, was driven from her house, and committed all kinds of cruelties. The Deverkels, perceiving the destruction she made, appeased her by giving her power to cure the small-pox, and promising that she should be implored for that disorder. Mariatale is the great goddess of the Pariahs: to honor her, they have a custom of dancing with several pots of water on their heads, placed one above the other. These pots are adorned with the leaves of the margosies, a tree consecrated to her."

The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour. — IV. 2, p. 34.

"The tufted lark, fixed to this fruitful land," says Sonnini speaking of Egypt, "never forsakes it. It seems, however, that the excessive heat annoys him. You may see these birds, as well as sparrows, in the middle of the day, with their bills half open, and the muscles of their breasts agitated, breathing with difficulty, and as if they panted for respiration. The

instinct which induces them to prefer those means of subsistence which are easily obtained, and in abundance, although attended with some suffering, resembles the mind of man, whom a thirst for riches engages to brave calamities and dangers without number."

The watchman. — V. 1, p. 39.

"The watchmen are provided with no offensive weapons, excepting a sling. On the contrary, they continue the whole day standing, in one single position, upon a pillar of clay raised about ten feet, where they remain bellowing continually, that they may terrify, without hurting, the birds who feed upon the crop. Every considerable field contains several such sentinels, stationed at different corners, who repeat the call from one to another so incessantly, that the invaders have hardly any opportunity of making a good livelihood in the field.

"These watchmen are forced, during the rains, to erect, instead of a clay pillar, a scaffolding of wood as high as the crop, over which they suspend a roof of straw, to shelter their naked bodies from the rain." — *Tennant.*

The Golden Palaces. — V. 1, p. 40.

"Every thing belonging to the Sovereign of Ava has the addition of *shoe*, or golden, annexed to it; even his majesty's person is never mentioned but in conjunction with this precious metal. When a subject means to affirm that the king has heard any thing, he says, 'It has reached the golden ears.' He who obtained admission to the royal presence has been at the 'golden feet.' The perfume of ottar of roses, a nobleman observed one day, 'was an odor grateful to the golden nose.'" — *Symes.*

A cloud, ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly o'er the vale,
And darkens round, and closes in the night. — V. 3, pp. 40-1.

"At this season of the year, it is not uncommon, towards the evening, to see a small black cloud rising in the eastern

part of the horizon, and afterwards spreading itself to the north-west. This phenomenon is always attended with a violent storm of wind, and flashes of the strongest and most vivid lightning, and heavy thunder, which is followed by rain. These storms sometimes last for half an hour or more; and, when they disperse, they leave the air greatly freshened, and the sky of a deep, clear, and transparent blue. When they occur near the full moon, the whole atmosphere is illuminated by a soft but brilliant silver light, attended with gentle airs." — *Hodges.*

A white flag, flapping to the winds of night,
Marks where the tiger seized a human prey. — V. 4, p. 41.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo-staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, each to throw a stone or brick near the spot, so that, in the course of a little time, a pile, equal to a good wagon-load, is collected. This custom, as well as the fixing a rag on any particular thorn-bush near the fatal spot, is in use, likewise, on various accounts. Many brambles may be seen, in a day's journey, completely covered with this motley assemblage of remnants. The sight of the flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether devoid of apprehension. They may be said to be of service in pointing out the places most frequented by tigers." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. ii p. 22.

Gently he steals away with silent tread. — V. 9, p. 44.

This part of the poem has been censured, upon the ground that Ladurlad's conduct in thus forsaking his daughter is inconsistent with his affection for her. There is a passage in Mr. Milman's version of "Nala and Damayanti" so curiously resembling it in the situation of the two persons, that any one might suppose I had imitated the Sanscrit, if "Kehama" had not been published five and twenty years before Mr. Milman's most characteristic specimen of Indian poetry. Indeed, it is to him that I am obliged for pointing out the very singular coincidence.

'Mighty is thy father's kingdom, — once was mine as mighty too;
Never will I there seek refuge — in my base extremity.
There I once appeared in glory — to the exalting of thy pride;
Shall I now appear in misery — to the increasing of thy shame?'
Nala thus to Damayanti — spake again, and yet again,
Comforting the noble lady, — scant in half a garment clad.
Both together, by one garment — covered, roamed they here and there:
Wearied out by thirst and famine, — to a cabin drew they near.
When they reached that lowly cabin, — then did great Nishadha's king
With the Princess of Vidarbha — on the hard earth seat them down;
Naked, with no mat to rest on, — wet with mire, and stained with dust
Weary then, with Damayanti — on the earth he fell asleep:
Sank the lovely Damayanti — by his side, with sleep oppressed,
She thus plunged in sudden misery, — she the tender, the devout.
But while on the cold earth slumbered — Damayanti, all distraught,
Nala, in his mind by sorrow, — might no longer calmly sleep;
For the losing of his kingdom, — the desertion of his friends,
And his weary forest wanderings, — painful on his thought arose:
'If I do it, what may follow? — what if I refuse to do?
Were my instant death the better, — or to abandon her I love?
But, to me too deep devoted, — suffers she distress and shame;
Reft of me, she home may wander — to her royal father's house:
Faithful wandering ever with me, — certain sorrow will she bear;
But, if separated from me, — chance of solace may be hers.'
Long within his heart he pondered, — and again, again, weighed o'er:
Best he thought it Damayanti — to desert, that wretched king.
'From her virtue, none dare harm her — in the lonely forest way,
Her the fortunate, the noble, — my devoted wedded wife.'
Thus his mind on Damayanti — dwelt in its perverted thought,
Wrought by Kali's evil influence — to desert his lovely wife.
Of himself without a garment, — and of her with only one,
As he thought, approached he near her — to divide that single robe
'How shall I divide the garment — by my loved one unperceived?'
Pondering this within his spirit, — round the cabin Nala went;
In that narrow cabin's circuit — Nala wandered here and there,
Till he found, without a scabbard, — shining, a well-tempered sword
Then, when half that only garment — he had severed and put on,
In her sleep Vidarbha's princess — with bewildered mind he fled.
Yet, his cruel heart relenting, — to the cabin turns he back:
On the slumbering Damayanti — gazing, sadly wept the king:
'Thou that sun nor wind hath over — roughly visited, my love!
On the hard earth, in a cabin, — sleepest with thy guardian gone.
Thus attired in half a garment, — she hat aye so sweetly smiled.

Like to one distracted, beauteous, — how at length will she awake!
How will't fare with Bhima's daughter, — lone, abandoned by her lord,
Wandering in the savage forest, — where wild beasts and serpents
dwell?
May the suns and winds of heaven, — may the genii of the woods,
Noblest, may they all protect thee, — thine own virtue thy best guard!'
To his wife of peerless beauty — on the earth 'twas thus he spoke.
Then, of sense bereft by Kali, — Nala hastily set forth;
And departing, still departing, — he returned again, again;
Dragged away by that bad demon, — ever by his love drawn back.
Nala thus, his heart divided — into two conflicting parts,
Like a swing goes backward, forward, — from the cabin, to and fro.
Torn away at length by Kali, — flies afar the frantic king,
Leaving there his wife in slumber — making miserable moans.
Reft of sense, possessed by Kali, — thinking still on her he left,
Passed he in the lonely forest, — leaving his deserted wife."

Pollear. — V. 14, p. 47.

"The first and greatest of the sons of Siva is Pollear. He presides over marriages. The Indians build no house without having first carried a Pollear on the ground, which they sprinkle with oil, and throw flowers on it every day. If they do not invoke it before they undertake any enterprise, they believe that God will make them forget what they wanted to undertake, and that their labor will be in vain. He is represented with an elephant's head, and mounted on a rat; but in the pagodas they place him on a pedestal, with his legs almost crossed. A rat is always put before the door of his chapel. This rat was a giant, called Gudja-mouga-chourin, on whom the gods had bestowed immortality, as well as great powers, which he abused, and did much harm to mankind. Pollear, entreated by the sages and penitents to deliver them, pulled out one of his tusks, and threw it against Gudja-mouga-chourin. The tooth entered the giant's stomach, and overthrew him, who immediately changed himself into a rat as large as a mountain, and came to attack Pollear; who sprung on his back, telling him that hereafter he should ever be his carrier.

"The Indians, in their adoration of this god, cross their arms, shut the fist, and in this manner give themselves several

blows on the temples; then, but always with the arms crossed, they take hold of their ears, and make three inclinations, bending the knee; after which, with their hands joined, they address their prayers to him, and strike their forehead. They have a great veneration for this deity, whose image they place in all temples, streets, highways, and, in the country, at the foot of some tree; that all the world may have an opportunity of invoking him before they undertake any concern, and that travellers may make their adorations and offerings to him before they pursue their journey." — *Sonnerat.*

The Glendoveers. — VI. 2, p. 49.

This word is altered from the "Grindouvers" of Sonnerat, who describes these celestial children of Casyapa as famous for their beauty. They have wings, he adds, and fly in the air with their wives. I do not know whether they are the "Gandharvas" of the English Orientalists. The wings with which they are attired in the poem are borrowed from the neglected story of Peter Wilkins. At a recent sale of manuscripts, the author's assignment of this book to Dodsley for ten guineas was brought to light; and it then appeared that his name, which till then had been unknown, was R. Paltock. Nothing more has been discovered concerning him. His book, however, is a work of great genius; and I know that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Coleridge thought as highly of it as I do. His winged people are the most beautiful creatures of imagination that ever were devised. I copy his minute description of the "graundee," as he calls it. Stothard has made some delightful drawings of it in the "Novelist's Magazine."

"She first threw up two long branches, or ribs, of the whalebone, as I called it before (and, indeed, for several of its properties, as toughness, elasticity, and pliableness, nothing I have ever seen can so justly be compared to it), which were jointed behind to the upper bone of the spine, and which, when not extended, lie bent over the shoulders on each side of the neck forwards; from whence, by nearer and nearer approaches, they just meet at the lower rim of the belly in a sort

of point; but, when extended, they stand their whole length above the shoulders, not perpendicularly, but spreading outwards, with a web of the softest and most pliable and spongy membrane that can be imagined in the interstices between them, reaching from their root or joint on the back up above the hinder part of the head, and near half-way their own length; but, when closed, the membrane falls down in the middle upon the neck, like a handkerchief. There are also two other ribs, rising, as it were, from the same root, which, when open, run horizontally, but not so long as the others. These are filled up in the insterstice between them and the upper ones with the same membrane; and on the lower side of this is also a deep flap of the membrane, so that the arms can be either above or below it in flight, and are always above it when closed. This last rib, when shut, flaps under the upper one, and also falls down with it before to the waist; but it is not joined to the ribs below. Along the whole spine-bone runs a strong, flat, broad, gristly cartilage, to which are joined several other of these ribs, all which open horizontally, and are filled in the interstices with the above membrane, and are jointed to the ribs of the person just where the plane of the back begins to turn towards the breast and belly; and, when shut, wrap the body round to the joints on the contrary side, folding neatly one side over the other.

"At the lower spine are two more ribs extended horizontally when open, jointed again to the hips, and long enough to meet the joint on the contrary side across the belly; and from the hip-joint, which is on the outermost edge of the hip-bone, runs a pliable cartilage quite down the outside of the thigh and leg to the ankle; from which there branch out divers other ribs, horizontally also when open; but, when closed, they encompass the whole thigh and leg, rolling inwards across the back of the leg and thigh, till they reach and just cover the cartilage. The interstices of these are filled up with the same membrane. From the two ribs which join to the lower spine-bone, there hangs down a sort of short apron, very full of plaits, from hip-joint to hip-joint, and reaches below the buttocks, half-way or more to the hams. This has also several small limber ribs in it. Just upon the lower spine-joint, and

above the apron, as I call it, there are two other long branches, which, when close, extend upon the back from the point they join at below to the shoulders, where each rib has a clasper, which, reaching over the shoulders, just under the fold of the uppermost branch or ribs, hold up the two ribs flat to the back, like a V, the interstices of which are filled up with the aforesaid membrane. This last piece, in flight, falls down almost to the ankles, where the two claspers, lapping under each leg within-side, hold it very fast; and then also the short apron is drawn up, by the strength of the ribs in it, between the thighs forward, and covers as far as the rim of the belly. The whole arms are covered also, from the shoulders to the wrist, with the same delicate membrane, fastened to ribs of proportionable dimensions, and jointed to a cartilage on the outside in the same manner as on the legs. It is very surprising to feel the difference of these ribs when open and when closed: for, closed, they are as pliable as the finest whalebone, or more so; but, when extended, are as strong and stiff as a bone. They are tapering from the roots; and are broader or narrower, as best suits the places they occupy and the stress they are put to, up to their points, which are almost as small as a hair. The membrane between them is the most elastic thing I ever met with; occupying no more space, when the ribs are closed, than just from rib to rib, as flat and smooth as possible; but, when extended in some postures, will dilate itself surprisingly.

"It is the most amazing thing in the world to observe the large expansion of this graundee when open, and, when closed (as it all is in a moment, upon the party's descent), to see it fit so close and compact to the body, as no tailor can come up to it; and then the several ribs lie so justly disposed in the several parts, that instead of being, as one would imagine, a disadvantage to the shape, they make the body and limbs look extremely elegant; and, by the different adjustment of their lines on the body and limbs, the whole, to my fancy, somewhat resembles the dress of the old Roman warriors in their buskins; and, to appearance, seems much more noble than any fictitious garb I ever saw, or can frame a notion of to myself."

Mount Himakoot. — VI. 3, p. 49.

"*Dushmanta.* Say, Matali, what mountain is that, which, like an evening cloud, pours exhilarating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?

"*Matali.* That, O king! is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hémacúta. The universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement. — We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources.

"*Dushmanta.* I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat. It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolic around them. In this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire" — *Sacontala.*

Her death predoomed
To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon
Hath turned her face away,
Unwilling to behold
The unhappy end of guilt? — VI. 4, p. 50.

"I will now speak to thee of that time in which, should a devout man die, he will never return: and of that time in which, dying, he shall return again to earth.

"Those holy men who are acquainted with Brama, departing this life in the fiery light of day, in the bright season of the moon, within the six months of the sun's northern course, go unto him; but those who depart in the gloomy night of the moon's dark season, and whilst the sun is yet within the

southern path of his journey, ascend for a while into the regions of the moon, and again return to mortal birth. These two, Light and Darkness, are esteemed the World's eternal ways: he who walketh in the former path returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter cometh back again upon the earth." — *Kreeshna, in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

Indra. — VI. 4, p. 52.

"The Indian God of the visible Heavens is called Indra, or the King; and Divespetir, Lord of the Sky. He has the character of the Roman Genius, or chief of the Good Spirits. His consort is named Sachi; his celestial city, Amaravati; his palace, Vaijayanta; his garden, Nandana; his chief elephant, Airevat; his charioteer, Matali; and his weapon, Vajra, or the thunderbolt. He is the regent of winds and showers; and though the East is peculiarly under his care, yet his Olympus is Meru, or the North Pole, allegorically represented as a mountain of gold and gems. He is the Prince of the beneficent Genii." — *Sir William Jones.*

A distinct idea of Indra, the King of Immortals, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the "Geera."

"These having, through virtue, reached the mansion of the King of Suras, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the gods: they who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swerga, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals."

"He is the God of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the Genius or Agathodæmon of the ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of Meru, or the North Pole, where he solaces the gods with nectar and heavenly music.

"The Cinnaras are the male dancers in Swerga, or the Heaven of Indra; and the Apsaras are his dancing-girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran 'hhúru lûyùn,' or *with antelope's eyes.*" — *Sir William Jones.*

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,
And at his dreadful penances turn pale. — VI. 4, p. 52.

Of such penances Mr. Halhed has produced a curious specimen.

"In the wood Midhoo, which is on the confines of the kingdoms of Brege, Tarakee selected a pleasant and beautiful spot, adorned with verdure and blossoms, and there exercised himself in penance and mortification, externally with the sincerest piety, but in reality the most malignant intention, and with the determined purpose of oppressing the Devetas, — penances such as credulity itself was astonished to hear; and they are here recounted: —

"1. For a hundred years, he held up his arms and one foot towards heaven, and fixed his eyes upon the sun the whole time.

"2. For a hundred years, he remained standing on tiptoe.

"3. For a hundred years more, he nourished himself with nothing but water.

"4. For a hundred years more, he lived upon nothing but air.

"5. For a hundred years more, he stood and made his adorations in the river.

"6. For a hundred years more, he made those adorations, buried up to his neck in the earth.

"7. For a hundred years more, enveloped with fire.

"8. For a hundred years more, he stood upon his head, with his feet towards heaven.

"9. For a hundred years more, he stood upon the palm of one hand resting on the ground.

"10. For a hundred years more, he hung by his hand from the branch of a tree.

"11. For a hundred years more, he hung from a tree, with his head downwards.

"When he at length came to a respite from these severe mortifications, a radiant glory encircled the devotee; and a flame of fire, arising from his head, began to consume the whole world." — *From the Seeva Pooraun, Maurice's History of Hindostan.*

"You see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick, bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark

his body is half covered with a white ant's edifice made of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck; and surrounding birds' nests almost conceal his shoulders.

"*Dushmanta.* I bow to a man of his austere devotion." — *Sacontala.*

That even Siva's self,
The Highest, cannot grant, and be secure. — VI. 4, p. 52.

It will be seen, from the following fable, that Siva had once been reduced to a very humiliating employment by one of Kehama's predecessors: —

"Ravana, by his power and infernal arts, had subjugated all the gods and demigods, and forced them to perform menial offices about his person and household. Indra made garlands of flowers to adorn him withal; Agni was his cook; Surya supplied light by day, and Chandra by night; Varuna purveyed water for the palace; Kuvera furnished cash. The whole *nava-graha* (the *nine planetary* spheres) sometimes arranged themselves into a ladder, by which, they serving as steps, the tyrant ascended his throne. Brama (for the great gods were there also; and I give this anecdote as I find it in my memoranda, without any improved arrangement), — Brama was a herald, proclaiming the giant's titles, the day of the week, month, &c., daily in the palace, — a sort of speaking almanac; Mahadeva (i.e., Siva), in his Avatara of Kandehroo, performed the office of barber, and trimmed the giants' beards; Vishnu had the honorable occupation of instructing and drilling the dancing and singing girls, and selecting the fairest for the royal bed; Ganesa had the care of the cows, goats, and herds; Vayu swept the house; Yama washed the linen. And in this manner were all the gods employed in the menial offices of Ravana, who rebuked and flogged them in default of industry and attention. Nor were the female divinities exempted; for Bhavani, in her name and form of Satni, was head Aya, or nurse, to Ravana's children. Lakshmi and Saraswati were also among them; but it does not appear in what capacity." — *Moore's Hindu Pantheon*, p. 333.

Siva was once in danger even of annihilation. "In passing from the town of Silgut to Deonhully," says Col. Wilks, "I became accidentally informed of a sect, peculiar, as I since understand, to the north-eastern parts of Mysore, the women of which universally undergo the amputation of the first joints of the third and fourth fingers of their right hands. On my arrival at Deonhully, after ascertaining that the request would not give offence, I desired to see some of these women; and, the same afternoon, seven of them attended at my tent. The sect is a subdivision of the *Murresoo-Wokul*,* and belongs to the fourth great class of the Hindoos; viz., the Souder. Every woman of the sect, previously to piercing the ears of her eldest daughter, preparatory to her being betrothed in marriage, must necessarily undergo this mutilation, which is performed by the blacksmith of the village for a regulated fee, by a surgical process sufficiently rude. The finger to be amputated is placed on a block: the blacksmith places a chisel over the articulation of the joint, and chops it off at a single blow. If the girl to be betrothed is motherless, and the mother of the boy have not before been subject to the operation, it is incumbent on her to perform the sacrifice. After satisfying myself with regard to the facts of the case, I inquired into the origin of so strange a practice; and one of the women related, with great fluency, the following traditionary tale, which has since been repeated to me, with no material deviation, by several others of the sect: —

"'A Rachas, or giant, named Vrica, and, in after-times, Busmaa-soor, or the Giant of the Ashes, had, by a course of austere devotion to Mahadeo (Siva), obtained from him the promise of whatever boon he should ask. The Rachas accordingly demanded, that every person on whose head he should place his right hand might instantly be reduced to ashes; and Mahadeo conferred the boon, without suspicion of the purpose for which it was designed.

"'The Rachas no sooner found himself possessed of this formidable power, than he attempted to use it for the destruc-

* "Murresoo," or "Mursoo," in the Hala Canara, signifies *rude uncivilized*; "Wokul," a *husbandman*.

tion of his benefactor. Mahadeo fled; the Rachas pursued, and followed the fugitive so closely as to chase him into a thick grove; where Mahadeo, changing his form and bulk, concealed himself in the centre of a fruit, then called *tunda pandoo*, but since named *linga tunda*, from the resemblance which its kernel thenceforward assumed to the *ling*, the appropriate emblem of Mahadeo.

"'The Rachas, having lost sight of Mahadeo, inquired of a husbandman, who was working in the adjoining field, whether he had seen the fugitive, and what direction he had taken. The husbandman, who had attentively observed the whole transaction, fearful of the future resentment of Mahadeo, and equally alarmed for the present vengeance of the giant, answered aloud, that he had seen no fugitive, but pointed at the same time, with the little finger of his right hand, to the place of Mahadeo's concealment.

"'In this extremity,* Vishnu descended, in the form of a beautiful damsel, to the rescue of Mahadeo. The Rachas became instantly enamoured: the damsel was a *pure* Bramin, and might not be approached by the *unclean* Rachas. By degrees she appeared to relent, and, as a previous condition to farther advances, enjoined the performance of his ablutions in a neighboring pool. After these were finished, she prescribed, as a farther purification, the performance of the *Sundia*, — a ceremony in which the right hand is successively applied to the breast, to the crown of the head, and to other parts of the body. The Rachas, thinking only of love, and forgetful of the powers of his right hand, performed the *Sundia*, and was himself reduced to ashes.

"'Mahadeo now issued from the *linga tunda*, and, after the proper acknowledgments for his deliverance, proceeded to discuss the guilt of the treacherous husbandman, and determined on the loss of the finger with which he had offended, as the proper punishment of his crime.

"'The wife of the husbandman, who had just arrived at the field with food for her husband, hearing this dreadful sentence, threw herself at the feet of Mahadeo. She represented the

* Dignus vindice nodus.

certain ruin of her family, if her husband should be disabled for some months from performing the labors of the farm; and besought the deity to accept two of her fingers, instead of one from her husband. Mahadeo, pleased with so sincere a proof of conjugal affection, accepted the exchange, and ordained that her female posterity, in all future generations, should sacrifice two fingers at his temple, as a memorial of the transaction, and of their exclusive devotion to the God of the Ling.'

"The practice is accordingly confined to the supposed posterity of this single woman, and is not common to the whole sect of Murresoo-Wokul. I ascertained the actual number of families who observed this practice in three successive districts through which I afterwards passed; and I conjecture, that, within the limits of Mysore, they may amount to about two thousand houses.

"The Hill of Sectee, in the talook of Colar, where the giant was destroyed, is, according to this tradition, formed of the ashes of Busmaa-soor. It is held in particular veneration by this sect, as the chief seat of their appropriate sacrifice; and the fact of its containing little or no moisture is held to be a miraculous proof that the ashes of the giant continue to absorb the most violent and continued rain. This is a remarkable example of easy credulity. I have examined the mountain, which is of a sloping form, and composed of coarse granite." — *Hist. Sketches of the South of India*, vol. i. p. 442, note.

The Ship of Heaven. — VII. 1, p. 56.

I have converted the Vimana, or self-moving Car of the Gods, into a ship. Capt. Wilford has given the history of its invention, and, what is more curious, has attempted to settle the geography of the story.

"A most pious and venerable sage, named Rishi'ce'sa, being very far advanced in years, had resolved to visit, before he died, all the famed places of pilgrimage; and, having performed his resolution, he bathed at last in the sacred water of the Ca'li, where he observed some fishes engaged in amorous

play and reflecting on their numerous progeny, which would sport like them in the stream, he lamented the improbability of leaving any children: but since he might possibly be a father, even at his great age, he went immediately to the king of that country, Hiranyaverna, who had fifty daughters, and demanded one of them in marriage. So strange a demand gave the prince great uneasiness; yet he was unwilling to incur the displeasure of a saint whose imprecations he dreaded. He, therefore invoked Heri, or Vishnu, to inspire him with a wise answer; and told the hoar philosopher, that he should marry any one of his daughters, who, of her own accord, should fix on him as her bridegroom. The sage, rather disconcerted, left the palace; but, calling to mind the two sons of Aswini, he hastened to their terrestrial abode, and requested that they would bestow on him both youth and beauty. They immediately conducted him to Abhimatada, which we suppose to be Abydus, in Upper Egypt; and, when he had bathed in the Pool of Rupayauvana, he was restored to the flower of his age, with the graces and charms of Ca'ma'de'va. On his return to the palace, he entered the secret apartments, called *antahpura*, where the fifty princesses were assembled; and they were all so transported with the vision of more than human beauty, that they fell into an ecstasy; whence the place was afterwards named Mohast-han, or Mohana, and is possibly the same with Mohannan. They no sooner had recovered from their trance than each of them exclaimed that she would be his bride: and their altercation having brought Hiranyaverna into their apartment, he terminated the contest by giving them all in marriage to Rishi'ce'sa, who became the father of a hundred sons, and, when he succeeded to the throne, built the city of Suc-haverddhana; framed *vimânas*, or celestial, self-moving cars, in which he visited the gods; and made gardens, abounding in delights, which rivalled the bowers of Indra: but having obtained the desire which he formed at Matoyasangama, or the place where the fish were assembled, he resigned the kingdom to his eldest son Hiranyavriddah, and returned in his former shape to the banks of the Ca'li, where he closed his days in devotion."— *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

Dushmanta. In what path of the winds are we now journeying?

Matali. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest ornament, and causes yon luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams: it is the course of a gentle breeze, which supports the floating forms of the gods; and this path was the second step of Vishnu, when he confounded the proud Baly.

. . . . . .

Dushmanta. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water.

. . . . . .

Dushmanta. These chariot-wheels yield no sound; no dust arises from them; and the descent of the car gave me no shock.

Matali. Such is the difference, O king! between thy car and that of Indra. — *Sacontala.*

The Raining-tree. — VII. 9, p. 62.

"The Island of Fierro is one of the most considerable of the Canaries; and I conceive that name to be given it upon this account, — that its soil, not affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems to be of *iron;* and, indeed, there is in this island neither river nor rivulet nor well nor spring, save that only towards the seaside there are some wells; but they lie at such a distance from the city, that the inhabitants can make no use thereof. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedies this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his goodness and infinite providence.

"For in the midst of the island there is a tree, which is the only one of its kind, inasmuch as it hath no resemblance to those mentioned by us in this relation, nor to any other known to us in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue in a constant verdure winter and summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled

but resolved into a moisture, which causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance, that the cisterns, which are placed at the foot of the tree to receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to supply both men and beasts." — *Mandelslo.*

Feyjoo denies the existence of any such tree, upon the authority of P. Tallandier, a French Jesuit (quoted in "Mém. de Trevoux," 2715, art. 97), who visited the island. "Assi no dudo," he adds, "que este Fenix de las plantas es ten fingido como el de las aves." — *Theat. Crit.* t. ii. disc. 2, § 65. What authority is due to the testimony of this French Jesuit, I do not know, never having seen his book; but it appears, from the undoubted evidence of Glas, that the existence of such a tree is believed in the Canaries, and positively affirmed by the inhabitants of Fierro itself.

"There are," says this excellent author, "only three fountains of water in the whole island: one of them is called Acof,* which, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, signifies *river;* a name, however, which does not seem to have been given it on account of its yielding much water, for in that respect it hardly deserves the name of a fountain. More to the northward is another, called Hapio; and in the middle of the island is a spring, yielding a stream about the thickness of a man's finger. This last was discovered in the year 1565, and is called the Fountain of Anton Hernandez. On account of the scarcity of water, the sheep, goats, and swine here do not drink in the summer, but are taught to dig up the roots of fern, and chew them to quench their thirst. The great cattle are watered at those fountains, and at a place where water distils from the leaves of a tree. Many writers have made mention of this famous tree, some in such a manner as to make it appear miraculous; others again deny the existence of any such tree, among whom is Father Feyjoo, a modern Spanish author, in his 'Theatro Critico.' But he, and those who agree with him in this matter, are as much mistaken as they who would make it appear miraculous. This is the only island of all the Canaries which I have not been in; but I have sailed with natives

* In the Azanaga dialect of the Lybian tongue, Aseif signifies a river.

of Hierro, who, when questioned about the existence of this tree, answered in the affirmative.

"The author of the 'History of the Discovery and Conquest' has given us a particular account of it, which I shall relate here at large. 'The district in which this tree stands is called Tigulahe; near to which, and in the cliff, or steep rocky ascent that surrounds the whole island, is a narrow gutter, or gulley, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garse, i.e. Sacred or Holy Tree, which, for many years, has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hierro; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself. The circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans; the diameter, four; and in height, from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans. The circumference of all the branches together is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles the acorn, and tastes something like the kernel of a pine-nut, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and more curved: they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it grows a thorn, which fastens on many of its branches, and interweaves with them; and at a small distance from the Garse are some beech-trees, bresos, and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen spans in depth. One of these contains water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other that which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises

from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the fore-mentioned steep cliff; so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extremity of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches of the tree; from whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the Garse, or Til, for the bresos which grow near it likewise drop water: but, their leaves being but few and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that, though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distils from the Til; which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their flocks. This tree yields most water in those years when the Levant, or easterly winds, have prevailed for a continuance; for by these winds only the clouds or mists are drawn hither from the sea. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, who is appointed by the Council to take care of it and its water, and is allowed a house to live in, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island.'

"Whether the tree which yields water at this present time be the same as that mentioned in the above description, I cannot pretend to determine: but it is probable there has been a succession of them; for Pliny, describing the Fortunate Islands, says, 'In the mountains of Ombrion are trees resembling the plant Ferula, from which water may be procured by pressure. What comes from the black kind is bitter; but that which the white yields is sweet and palatable.'" — *Glas's History of the Canary Islands.*

Cordeyro ("Historia Insulana," lib. ii. c. 5.) says that this tree resembles what in other places is called the Til (Tilia), the linden-tree; and he proceeds, from these three letters, to make it an emblem of the Trinity. The water, he says, was called

the Agua Santa, and the tree itself the Santa Arvore, — appellations not ill bestowed. According to his account, the water was delivered out in stated portions.

There is an account of a similar tree in Cockburne's Travels but this I believe to be a work of fiction. Bernal Diaz, however, mentions one as growing at Naco, in Honduras: "Que en mitad de la siesta, por recio sol que hiziesse, parecia que la sombra del arbol refrescava al corazon, caia del uno como rozio muy delgado que confortava las cabezas." — 206.

There may be some exaggeration in the accounts of the Fierro-tree; but that the story has some foundation, I have no doubt. The islanders of St. Thomas say that they have a sort of trees whose leaves continually are distilling water. ("Barbot. in Churckle," 405.) It is certain that a dew falls in hot weather from the lime, — a fact of which any person may easily convince himself. The same property has been observed in other English trees, as appears by the following extract from the "Monthly Magazine:" —

"In the beginning of August, after a sunshiny day, the air became suddenly misty about six o'clock. I walked, however, by the roadside from seven to eight, and observed in many places that a shower of big drops of water was falling under the large trees, although no rain fell elsewhere. The road and path continued dusty, and the field-gates showed no signs of being wetted by the mist. I have often noticed the like fact, but have not met with a satisfactory explanation of this power in trees to condense mist."

Nared. — VII. 11, p. 64.

"A very distinguished son of Brama, named Nared, bears a strong resemblance to Hermes, or Mercury. He was a wise legislator, great in arts and in arms, an eloquent messenger of the gods, either to one another or to favored mortals, and a musician of exquisite skill. His invention of the *vina*, or Indian lute, is thus described in the poem entitled Magha: 'Nared sat watching from time to time his large *vina*, which, by the impulse of the breeze, yielded notes that pierced successively

the regions of his ear, and proceeded by musical intervals.'" — *Asiatic Researches: Sir W. Jones.*

The *vina* is an Æolian harp. The people of Amboyna have a different kind of Æolian instrument, which is thus described in the first account of D'Entrecasteaux's Voyage: "Being on the sea-shore, I heard some wind-instruments, the harmony of which, though sometimes very correct, was intermixed with discordant notes that were by no means unpleasing These sounds, which were very musical, and formed fine cadences, seemed to come from such a distance, that I for some time imagined the natives were having a concert beyond the roadstead, near a myriametre from the spot where I stood. My ear was greatly deceived respecting the distance; for I was not a hundred metres from the instrument. It was a bamboo, at least twenty metres in height, which had been fixed in a vertical situation by the seaside. I remarked between each knot a slit about three centimetres long by a centimetre and a half wide: these slits formed so many holes, which, when the wind introduced itself into them, gave agreeable and diversified sounds. As the knots of this long bamboo were very numerous, care had been taken to make holes in different directions, in order that, on whatever side the wind blew, it might always meet with some of them. I cannot convey a better idea of the sound of this instrument than by comparing them to those of the harmonica." — *Labillardière: Voyage in Search of La Pérouse.*

"Nareda, the mythological offspring of Saraswati, patroness of music, is famed for his talents in that science. So great were they, that he became presumptuous; and, emulating the divine strains of Krishna, he was punished by having his *vina* placed in the paws of a bear, whence it emitted sounds far sweeter than the minstrelsy of the mortified musician. I have a picture of this joke, in which Krishna is forcing his reluctant friend to attend to his rough-visaged rival, who is ridiculously touching the chords of poor Nareda's *vina*, accompanied by a brother Bruin on the cymbals. Krishna passed several practical jokes on his humble and affectionate friend: he metamorphosed him once into a woman, at another time into a bear." — *Moore's Hindu Pantheon*, p. 204.

. . . . . *The sacrifice*
That should, to men and gods, proclaim him Lord
And Sovereign Master of the vassal World. — VII. 11, p. 67.

"The Raisoo Yug, or Feast of Rajahs, could only be performed by a monarch who had conquered all the other sovereigns of the world." — *Halhed: Note to the Life of Creeshna.*

Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below. — VII. 11, p. 67.

No person has given so complete a sample of the absurdity of Oriental titles as the Dutch traveller Struys, in his enumeration of the proud and blasphemous titles of the King of Siam. "They will hardly bear sense," says the translator, in what he calls, by a happy blunder, "the idiotism of our tongue."

"The Alliance, written with letters of fine gold, being full of godlike glory. The most Excellent, containing all wise sciences. The most Happy, which is not in the world among men. The Best and most Certain that is in Heaven, Earth, and Hell. The greatest Sweet, and friendly Royal Word; whose powerful sounding properties and glorious fame range through the world, as if the dead were raised by a godlike power, and wonderfully purged from ghostly and corporal corruption. At this both spiritual and secular men admire with a special joy, whereas no dignity may be herewith compared. Proceeding from a friendly, illustrious, inconquerable, most mighty, and most high Lord; and a royal Crown of Gold, adorned with nine sorts of precious stones. The greatest, clearest, and most godlike Lord of unblamable Souls. The most Holy, seeing everywhere, and protecting Sovereign of the city Judia, whose many streets and open gates are thronged by troops of men; which is the chief metropolis of the whole world, the royal throne of the earth, that is adorned with nine sorts of stones and most pleasant valleys. He who guides the reins of the world, and has a house more than the Gods of fine gold and of precious stones; they the godlike Lords of thrones and of fine gold; the White, Red, and Round-tayl'd Elephants

which excellent creatures are the chiefest of the nine sorts of Gods. To none hath the divine Lord given, in whose hand is the victorious sword; who is like the fiery-armed God of Battails, to the most illustrious.

"The second is as blasphemous as the first, though hardly swells so far out of sense.

"The highest PADUCCO SYRY SULTAN, NELMONAM WELGACA, NELMOCHADIN MAGIVHITHA, JOUKEN DER EAUTEN ALLAULA FYLAN, King of the whole world; who makes the water rise and flow. A King that is like a God, and shines like the sun at noonday. A King that gives a glance like the Moon when it is at full. Elected of God to be worthy as the North Star, being of the race and offspring of the great Alexander; with a great understanding, as a round orb, that tumbles hither and thither, able to guess at the depth of the great sea. A King that hath amended all the funerals of the departed Saints, and is as righteous as God; and of such power, that all the world may come and shelter under his wings. A King that doth right in all things, as the Kings of old have done. A King more liberal than all Kings. A King that hath many mines of gold that God hath lent him; who hath built temples half gold and half brass; sitting upon a throne of pure gold, and of all sorts of precious stones. A King of the white Elephant, which Elephant is the King of all Elephants, before whom many thousands of other Elephants must bow, and fall upon their knees. He whose eyes shine like the morning-star. A King that hath Elephants with four teeth, red, purple, and pied. Elephants, *ay*, and a Byytenaques Elephant; for which God has given him many and divers sorts of apparel, wrought with most fine gold, ennobled with many precious stones; and, besides these, so many Elephants used in battel, having harnesses of iron, their teeth tipt with steel, and their harnesses laid over with shining brass. A King that has many hundred horses, whose trappings are wrought with fine gold, and adorned with precious stones of every sort that are found in the universal world where the Sun shines, and these shod with fine gold: besides so many hundred horses that are used in war of every kind. A King who has all Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Sovereigns in the whole world, from the rising to the going

down of the sun, under subjection; and such as can obtain his favor are by him promoted to great honor; but, on the contrary, such as revolt he burns with fire. A King who can show the power of God, and whatever God has made.

"And so, by this time, I hope you have heard enough of a King of Elephants and Horses, though not a word of his Asses." — *Struys.*

The Sacrifice. — VIII. p. 69.

"The Aswamedha, or sacrifice of a horse. Considerable difficulties usually attended that ceremony; for the consecrated horse was to be set at liberty for a certain time, and followed at a distance by the owner or his champion, who was usually one of his near kinsmen; and, if any person should attempt to stop it in its rambles, a battle must inevitably ensue. Besides, as the performer of a hundred Aswamedhas became equal to the God of the firmament, Indra was perpetually on the watch, and generally carried off the sacred animal by force or by fraud." — *Wilford: Asiat. Res.*

Mr. Halhed gives a very curious account of this remarkable sacrifice: —

"The Ashum-meed-Jugg does not merely consist in the performance of that ceremony which is open to the inspection of the world, — namely, bringing a horse and sacrificing him, — but Ashum-meed is to be taken in a mystic signification, as implying that the sacrificer must look upon himself to be typified in that horse, such as he shall be described, because the religious duty of the Ashum-meed-Jugg comprehends all those other religious duties, to the performance of which all the wise and holy direct all their actions, and by which all the sincere professors of every different faith aim at perfection. The mystic signification thereof is as follows: —

"The head of that unblemished horse is the symbol of the morning; his eyes are the sun; his breath, the wind; his wide-opening mouth is the Bishwaner, or that innate warmth which invigorates all the world; his body typifies one entire year; his back, paradise; his belly, the plains; his hoofs, this earth his sides, the four quarters of the heavens; the bones thereof

the intermediate spaces between the four quarters; the rest of his limbs represent all distinct matter; the places where those limbs meet, or his joints, imply the months and halves of the months, which are called *peche* (or fortnights); his feet signify night and day; and night and day are of four kinds: 1. The night and day of Birhma; 2. The night and day of angels; 3. The night and day of the world of the spirits of deceased ancestors; 4. The night and day of mortals. These four kinds are typified in his four feet. The rest of his bones are the constellations of the fixed stars, which are the twenty-eight stages of the moon's course, called the lunar year; his flesh is the clouds; his food, the sand; his tendons, the river; his spleen and his liver, the mountains; the hair of his body, the vegetables, — and his long hair, the trees; the fore part of his body typifies the first half of the day, and the hinder part the latter half; his yawning is the flash of the lightning, and his turning himself is the thunder of the cloud; his urine represents the rain, and his mental reflection is his only speech. The golden vessels, which are prepared before the horse is let loose, are the light of the day, and the place where those vessels are kept is a type of the Ocean of the East; the silver vessels which are prepared after the horse is let loose are the light of the night, and the place where those vessels are kept is a type of the Ocean of the West: these two sorts of vessels are always before and after the horse. The Arabian horse, which, on account of his swiftness, is called the Hy, is the performer of the journeys of angels; the Tajee, which is of the race of Persian horses, is the performer of the journeys of the Kundherps, or good spirits; the Wazba, which is of the race of the deformed Tazee horses, is the performer of the journeys of the Jins, or demons; and the Ashoo, which is of the race of Turkish horses, is the performer of the journeys of mankind. This one horse, which performs these several services, on account of his four different sorts of riders, obtains the four different appellations. The place where this horse remains is the Great Ocean, which signifies the Great Spirit of Perm-Atma, or the Universal Soul, which proceeds also from that Perm-Atma, and is comprehended in the same Perm-Atma. The intent of this sacrifice is, that a man should

consider himself to be in the place of that horse, and look upon all these articles as typified in himself; and, conceiving the Atma, or Divine Soul, to be an ocean, should let all thought of self be absorbed in that Atma." — *Halhed, from Darul Shekuh*

Compare this specimen of Eastern sublimity with the description of the horse in Job. Compare it also with the account of the Bengal horses, in the very amusing work of Capt. Williamson, — "which said horses," he says, "have generally Roman noses, and sharp, narrow foreheads, much white in their eyes, ill-shaped ears, square heads, thin necks, narrow chests, shallow girths, lank bellies, cat hams, goose rumps, and switch tails." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 206.

The bowl, that in its vessel floats. — VIII. 5, p. 72.

"The day and night are here divided into four quarters, each of six hours; and these again into fifteen parts, of twenty-four minutes each. For a chronometer they use a kind of dish of thin brass, at the bottom of which there is a little hole: this is put into a vessel with water, and it runs full in a certain time. They begin their first quarter at six in the morning. They strike the quarters and subdivisions of time, with a wooden hammer, upon a flat piece of iron or steel, of about ten inches in diameter, which is called a *garnial*, and gives a pretty smart sound, which can be heard at some distance. The quarters are first struck, and then as many times as the brass dish has run full in that quarter. None but the chief men of a district are allowed to have a *garnial;* and still they may not strike the first division of the first quarter, which is a privilege reserved to the nabob alone. Those who attend at these clocks must be of the Bramin cast." — *Stavorinus.*

Lo! the time-taper's flame, ascending slow,
Creeps up its coil. — VIII. 7, p. 73.

"They make a sort of paste of the dust of a certain sort of wood (the learned and rich men, of sandal, eagle wood, and others that are odoriferous); and of this paste they make

sticks of several sorts, drawing them through a hole, that they may be of an equal thickness. They commonly make them one, two, or three yards long, about the thickness of a goose-quill, to burn in the pagods before their idols, or to use like a match to convey fire from one thing to another. These sticks or ropes they coil, beginning at the centre, and so form a spiral, conical figure, like a fisherman's wheel; so that the last circle shall be one, two, or three spans in diameter, and will last one, two, or three days, or more, according as it is in thickness. There are of them in the temples, that last ten, twenty, and thirty days. This thing is hung up by the centre, and is lighted at the lower end, whence the fire gently and insensibly runs round all the coil; on which there are generally five marks, to distinguish the five parts of the night. This method of measuring time is so exact and true, that they scarce ever find any considerable mistake in it. The learned travellers, and all others who will rise at a certain hour to follow their business, hang a little weight at the mark that shows the hour they have a mind to rise at, which, when the fire comes thither, drops into a brass basin set under it; and so the noise of it falling awakes them, as our alarum-clocks do." — *Gemelli Careri.*

At noon the massacre begun,
And night closed in before the work of death was done.

VIII. 11, p. 75.

Of such massacres, the ancient and modern history of the East supply but too many examples. One may suffice: —

"After the surrender of the Ilbars Khan, Nadir prohibited his soldiers from molesting the inhabitants: but their rapacity was more powerful than their habits of obedience, or even their dread of his displeasure; and they accordingly began to plunder. The instant Nadir heard of their disobedience, he ordered the offenders to be brought before him; and the officers were beheaded in his presence, and the private soldiers dismissed with the loss of their ears and noses. The executioners toiled till sunset; when he commanded the headless trunks with their arms to be carried to the main-guard, and there to

be exposed for two days, as an example to others. I was present the whole time, and saw the wonderful hand of God, which employs such instruments for the execution of his divine vengeance. Although not one of the executioners was satisfied with Nadir Shah, yet nobody dared to disobey his commands: a father beheaded his son, and a brother a brother, and yet presumed not to complain." — *Abdul Kurrem.*

Behold his lowly home,
By yonder broad-boughed plane o'ershaded! — IX. 3, p. 77.

"The plane-tree, that species termed the *Platanus Orientalis*, is commonly cultivated in Cashmere, where it is said to arrive at a greater perfection than in other countries. This tree, which in most parts of Asia is called the *chinur*, grows to the size of an oak, and has a taper, straight trunk, with a silver-colored bark; and its leaf, not unlike an expanded hand, is of a pale green. When in full foliage, it has a grand and beautiful appearance; and, in the hot weather, it affords a refreshing shade." — *Forster.*

The marriage-bower. — IX. 4, p. 77.

"The pandal is a kind of arbor or bower raised before the doors of young married women. They set up two or three poles, seven or eight feet in length, round which the leaves of the pisan-tree, the symbol of joy, are intwined. These poles support others that are laid crossways, which are covered with leaves, in order to form a shade. The Siriperes are allowed to set up no more than three pillars; and the infringing of this custom would be sufficient to cause an insurrection." — *A. Roger, in Picart.*

The market-flag. — IX. 6, p. 78.

"Many villages have markets on particular days, when not only fruits, grain, and the common necessaries of life, are sold, but occasionally manufactures of various descriptions. These

markets are well known to all the neighboring country, being on appointed days of the week, or of the lunar month: but, to remind those who may be travelling of their vicinity to the means of supply, a *naugaurah*, or large kettle-drum, is beat during the forenoon; and a small flag, usually of white linen, with some symbolical figures in colors or with a colored border, is hoisted on a very long bamboo, kept upright by means of ropes fastened to pins driven into the ground. The flags of Hindoo villages are generally square and plain: those of the Mussulman's towns are ordinarily triangular, and bear the type of their religion; viz., a double-bladed cimeter." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 100.

There, from the intolerable heat
The buffaloes retreat. — IX. 7, p. 79.

"About noon, in hot weather, the buffalo throws herself into the water or mud of a tank, if there be one accessible at a convenient distance; and, leaving nothing above water but her nose, continues there for five or six hours, or until the heat abates." — *Buchanan.*

"In the hot season, when water becomes very scarce, the buffaloes avail themselves of any puddle they may find among the covers, wherein they roll and rub themselves, so as in a very short time to change what was at first a shallow flat into a deep pit, sufficient to conceal their own bulk. The humidity of the soil, even when the water may have evaporated, is particularly gratifying to these animals, which cannot bear heat, and which, if not indulged in a free access to the water, never thrive." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 259.

"The buffalo not only delights in the water, but will not thrive unless it have a swamp to wallow in. There, rolling themselves, they speedily work deep hollows, wherein they lie immersed. No place seems to delight the buffalo more than the deep verdure on the confines of fields and marshes, especially if surrounded by tall grass, so as to afford concealment and shade, while the body is covered by the water. In such situations they seem to enjoy a perfect ecstasy, having in general, nothing above the surface but their eyes and nos-

trils; the horns being kept low down, and, consequently, entirely hidden from view." — *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 49

Capt. Beaver describes these animals as to be found, during the heat of the day, in the creeks and on the shores of the Island of Bulama, almost totally immerged in water, little more than their heads appearing above it.

Mount Meru. — X. p. 83.

"According to the orthodox Hindus, the globe is divided into two hemispheres, both called Meru; but the superior hemisphere is distinguished by the name of Sumeru, which implies beauty and excellence, in opposition to the lower hemisphere, or Cumeru, which signifies the reverse. By Meru, without any adjunct, they generally mean the higher or northern hemisphere, which they describe, with a profusion of poetic imagery, as the seat of delights; while they represent Cumeru as the dreary habitation of demons, in some parts intensely cold, and in others so hot that the waters are continually boiling. In strict propriety, Meru denotes the pole and the polar regions: but it is the celestial north pole round which they place the gardens and metropolis of Indra; while Yama holds his court in the opposite polar circle, or the station of the Asuras, who warred with the Suras, or gods of the firmament." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

"In the "Vaya Puráná," we are told that the water, or ogha, of the ocean, coming down from heaven like a stream of Amrita upon Meru, encircles it through seven channels, for the space of eighty-four thousand *yojanas*, and then divides into four streams, which, falling from the immense height of Meru, rest themselves in four lakes, from which they spring over the mountains through the air, just brushing the summits. This wild account was not unknown in the West; for this passage is translated almost verbally by Pliny and Q. Curtius, in speaking of the Ganges: '*Cum magno fragore ipsius statim fontis Ganges erumpit*, et magnorum montium juga recto alveo stringit, *et ubi primum mollis planities contingat, in quodam lacu hospitatur.*' The words in Italics are from Pliny (vi. c. 18)

the others, from Curtius (viii. c. 9)." — *Ibid.* vol. viii. p. 322, Calcutta edition.

"The Swarganga, or Mandacini, rises from under the feet of Vishnu, at the polar star; and, passing through the circle of the moon, it falls upon the summit of Meru, where it divides into four streams, flowing towards the four cardinal points. These four branches pass through four rocks, carved into the shape of four heads of different animals. The Ganges, running towards the south, passes through a cow's head; to the west is a horse's head, from which flows the Chaashu, or Oxus; towards the east is the head of an elephant, from which flows the river Sita; and to the north is a lion's head, from which flows the Bhadrasama." — *Ibid.* vol. viii. p. 317, Calcutta edition.

"The mountains through which the Ganges flows at Hurdwar present the spectator with the view of a grand natural amphitheatre: their appearance is rugged, and destitute of verdure. They run, in ridges and bluff points, in a direction east and west. At the back of the largest range, rise, towering to the clouds, the lofty mountains of Himalaya, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, which, on clear days, present a most sublime prospect. Their large jagged masses, broken into a variety of irregular shapes, added to their stupendous height, impress the mind with an idea of antiquity and grandeur co-eval with the creation; and the eternal frost with which they are incrusted appears to preclude the possibility of mortals ever attaining their summit.

"In viewing this grand spectacle of nature, the traveller may easily yield his assent to, and pardon the superstitious veneration of, the Hindoo votary, who, in the fervor of his imagination, assigns the summit of these icy regions as the abode of the great Mahadeo, or First Cause, where, seated on his throne of ice, he is supposed to receive the homage of the surrounding universe." — *Franklin's Life of George Thomas*, p. 41.

"At Gangóttara, three small streams fall down from impassable snowy precipices, and unite into a small basin below, which is considered by the Hindoos as the source of the Ganges, over which, at that place, a man can step. This is

one of the five *tirthas*, or stations, more eminently sacred than the rest upon this sacred river. Narayana Shastri, who gave this account, had visited it." — *Buchanan.*

"The mountain called Cailasa Cungri is exceedingly lofty. On its summit there is a Bhowjputr-tree, from the root of which sprouts or gushes a small stream, which the people say is the source of the Ganges, and that it comes from Vaicont ha, or Heaven, as is also related in the Puránas; although this source appears to the sight to flow from the spot where grows this Bhowjputr-tree, which is at an ascent of some miles; and yet above this there is a still loftier summit, where no one goes. But I have heard, that, on that uppermost pinnacle, there is a fountain or cavity, to which a Jogui somehow penetrated, who having immersed his little finger in it, it became petrified." — *Purána Poora: Asiatic Researches.*

"Respecting the true source of the Ganges, much uncertainty still prevails. In vain one of the most powerful sovereigns of Hindostan, the Emperor Acbar, at the close of the sixteenth century, sent a number of men, an army of discoverers, provided with every necessary, and the most potent recommendations, to explore the course of the mighty river which adorned and fertilized the vast extent of his dominions. They were not able to penetrate beyond the famous *Mouth of the Cow.* This is an immense aperture, in a ridge of the mountains of Thibet, to which the natives of India have given this appellation, from the fancied or real resemblance of the rocks, which form the stupendous chasm, to the mouth of an animal esteemed sacred throughout Hindostan from the remotest antiquity. From this opening, the Ganges, precipitating itself into a large and deep basin at the foot of the mountains, forms a cataract, which is called Gangotri. The impracticability of scaling these precipitous rocks, and advancing beyond this formidable pass, has prevented the tracing whence this rushing mass of water takes its primary rise." — *Wilcocke: Note to Stavorinus.*

The birth of Ganges. — X. 2, p. 84.

I am indebted to Sir William Jones's "Hymn to Ganga" for this fable: —

"Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On blest Cailasa's top, where every stem
Glowed with a vegetable gem,
Mahe'sa stood, the dread and joy of men;
While Parvati, to gain a boon,
Fixed on his locks a beamy moon,
And hid his frontal eye in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay.
All nature straight was locked in dim eclipse,
Till Bramins pure, with hallowed lips
And warbled prayers, restored the day;
When Ganga from his brow, by heavenly fingers pressed,
Sprang radiant, and, descending, graced the caverns of the west."

The descent of the Ganges is related in the "Ramayuna," one of the most celebrated of the sacred books of the Bramins. This work the excellent and learned Baptist missionaries at Serampore are at this time employed in printing and translating. One volume has arrived in Europe; and from it I am tempted here to insert an extract of considerable length. The reader will be less disposed to condemn the fictions of "Kehama" as extravagant, when he compares them with this genuine specimen of Hindoo fable. He will perceive, too, that no undue importance has been attributed to the Horse of the Sacrifice in the poem.

"The son of Kooshika, having, in mellifluous accents, related these things to Rama, again addressed the descendant of Kakootitha: 'Formerly, O hero! there was a king of Hyoodhya, named Sugura, the sovereign of men, virtuous, desirous of children, but childless. O Rama! the daughter of Vidurbhakeshinee, virtuous, attached to truth, was his chief consort; and the daughter of Urishtunemi, Soomuti, unequalled in beauty, his second spouse. With these two consorts, the great king, going to Himuvat, engaged in sacred austerities on the mountain in whose sacred stream Bhrigoo constantly bathed. A hundred years being completed, the sage Bhrigoo, clothed with truth, rendered propitious by his austerities, granted him this blessing: "O sinless one! thou shalt obtain a most numerous progeny; thy fame, O chief of men! will be unparalleled in the universe. From one of thy consorts, O sire! shall spring

the founder of thy race; and, from the other, sixty thousand sons."

"'The queens, pleased, approached the chief of men who was thus speaking, and, with hands respectfully joined, asked, 'O Bramin! whose shall be the one son, and who shall produce the multitude? We, O Bramin! desire to hear. May thy words be verified!" Hearing their request, the most virtuous Bhrigoo replied in these admirable words: "Freely say which of these favors ye desire, — whether the one, founder of the family; or the multitude of valiant, renowned, energetic sons." O Rama, son of Rughoo! Keshinee, hearing the words of the sage, in the presence of the king accepted the one son, the founder of the family; and Soomuti, sister of Soopurna, accepted the sixty thousand sons, active and renowned. The king, O son of Rughoo! having respectfully circumambulated the sage, bowing the head, returned with his spouses to his own city.

"'After some time had elapsed, his eldest spouse Keshinee bore to Sugura a son, named Usumunja; and Soomuti, O chief of men! brought forth a gourd, from which, on its being opened, came forth sixty thousand sons. These, carefully brought up by their nurses, in jars filled with clarified butter, in process of time attained the state of youth;* and, after a long period, the sixty thousand sons of Sugura, possessed of youth and beauty, became men. The eldest son, the offspring of Sugura, O son of Rughoo! chief of men, seizing children, would throw them into the waters of the Suruyoo, and sport himself with their drowning pangs. This evil person, the distresser of good men, devoted to the injury of the citizens, was by his father expelled from the city. The son of Usumunja, the heroic Ungshooman, in conversation courteous and affectionate, was esteemed by all.

"'After a long time, O chief of men! Sugura formed the steady resolve, "I will perform a sacrifice." Versed in

* The Hindoos call a child *bala* till it attains the age of fifteen years old. From the sixteenth year to the fiftieth, *youvuna*, or a state of youth, is supposed to continue. Each of these has several subdivisions; and, in certain cases, the period admits of variation, as appears to have been the case here.

the "Veda," the king, attended by his instructors, having determined the things relating to the sacrificial work, began to prepare the sacrifice.'

"Hearing the words of Vishwa-mitra, the son of Kughoo, highly gratified in the midst of the story, addressed the sage, bright as the ardent flame, 'Peace be to thee! I desire, O Bramin! to hear this story at large, how my predecessors performed the sacrifice.' Hearing his words, Vishwa-mitra, smiling, pleasantly replied to Rama: 'Attend, then, O Rama! to the story of Sugura, repeated at full length. Where the great mountain Himuvat, the happy father-in-law of Shunkura, and the mountain Bindhyo, overlooking the country around, proudly vie with each other, there was the sacrifice of the great Sugura performed. That land, sacred and renowned, is the habitation of Rakshuses. At the command of Sugura, the hero Ungshooman, O Rama! eminent in archery, a mighty charioteer, was the attendant (of the horse*). While the king was performing the sacrifice, a serpent, assuming the form of Ununta, rose from the earth, and seized the sacrificial horse. The sacrificial victim being stolen, all the priests, O son of Rughoo! going to the king, said, "Thy consecrated horse has been stolen by some one in the form of a serpent. Kill the thief, and bring back the sacred horse. This interruption in the sacrifice portends evil to us all. Take those steps, O king! which may lead to the completion of the sacrifice." Having heard the advice of his instructors, the king, calling his sixty thousand sons into the assembly, said, "I perceive that the Rakshuses have not been to this great sacrifice. A sacrifice of the Nagas is now performing by the sages, and some god, in the form of a serpent, has stolen the devoted horse. Whoever he be, who, at the time of the Deeksha, has been the cause of this afflictive circumstance, this unhappy event, whether he be gone to Patala, or whether he remain in the waters, kill him, O sons! and bring back my victim. May success attend you, O my sons! At my command, traverse the sea-girt earth, digging with mighty labor, till you obtain a sight of the horse: each one piercing the earth to the depth of a yojuna, go you

* The horse intended for the sacrifice.

in search of him who stole the sacred horse. Being consecrated by the Deeksha, I, with my grandson and my teachers, will remain with the sacrifice unfinished, till I again behold my devoted horse."

"'Thus instructed by their father Sugura, they, in obedience to him, went with cheerful mind, O Rama! to the bottom of the earth. The strong ones having gone over the earth without obtaining a sight of the horse, each of these mighty men pierced the earth, to the depth of a yojuna, with their mighty arm, the stroke of which resembled the thunderbolt. Pierced by Kooddalas,* by Purighas,† by Shoolas,‡ by Mooshulas,§ and Shuktis,‖ the earth cried out as in darkness. Then arose, O Raghuva! a dreadful cry of the serpents, the Usooras, the Rakshuses, and other creatures, as of beings suffering death. These angry youths, O son of Rughoo! dug the earth even to Patala, to the extent of sixty thousand yojunas. Thus, O prince! the sons of the sovereign of men traversed Jumboodweepa, enclosed with mountains, digging wherever they came. The gods now, with the Gundhurwas and the great serpents, struck with astonishment, went all of them to Bruhma; and, bowing even to the foot of the great spirit, they, full of terror, with dejected countenance, addressed him thus: "O Deva! O divine one! the whole earth, covered with mountains and woods, with rivers and continents, the sons of Sugura are now digging up. By these digging, O Bruhma! the mightiest beings are killed. This is the stealer of our consecrated victims; by this (fellow) our horse was taken away." Thus saying, these sons of Sugura destroy all creatures. O most powerful! having heard this, it becomes thee to interpose, before these horse-seekers destroy all thy creatures endued with life.'"

Thus far the thirty-second section, describing the digging of earth.

* The Indian spade, formed like a hoe, with a short handle.
† An instrument said to be formed like an ox's yoke.
‡ A dart or spear.
§ A club or crow.
‖ A weapon now unknown.

SECTION THIRTY-THREE.

"'Hearing the words of the gods, the divine Bruhma replied to these affrighted ones, stupefied with the Yuma-like power of these youths: "The wise Vasoo-deva, the great Madhuva, who claims the earth for his spouse, — that divine one, residing in the form of Kupila, supports the earth. By the fire of his wrath he will destroy the sons of the king. This piercing of the earth must, I suppose, be perceived by him, and he will (effect) the destruction of the long-sighted sons of Sugura." The thirty-three gods,* enemy-subduing, having heard the words of Bruhma, returned home full of joy. The sons of Sugura, highly renowned, thus digging the earth, a sound was produced resembling that of conflicting elements. Having encompassed and penetrated the whole earth, the sons of Sugura, returning to their father, said, "The whole earth has been traversed by us; and all the powerful gods, the Danuvas, the Rakshuses, the Pishachas, the serpents, and hydras are killed; † but we have not seen thy horse, nor the thief. What shall we do? Success be to thee! Be pleased to determine what more is proper." The virtuous king, having heard the words of his sons, O son of Rughoo! angrily replied, "Again commence digging. Having penetrated the earth, and found the stealer of the horse, having accomplished your intention, return again." Attentive to the words of their father, the great Sugura, the sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renewed their digging. There, O chief of men! they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with its mountains and forests, covered with various countries, and adorned with numerous cities. When, for the sake of rest, O Kakootsha! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced.

* The eight Vusoos, the eleven Roodras, the twelve Adityas, and Ushwinee and Koomara.

† This seems to have been spoken by these youths in the warmth of their imagination.

"'Having respectfully circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter, they, O Rama! praising him, penetrated into Patala. After they had thus penetrated the east quarter, they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant Muha-pudma, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Beholding him, they were filled with surprise; and, after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this these mighty ones saw the elephant Soumunusa, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his health, these valiant ones, digging, arrived at the north. In this quarter, O chief of Rughoo! they saw the snow-white elephant Bhudra, supporting this earth with his beautiful body. Circumambulating him, they again penetrated the earth; and, proceeding north-east to that renowned quarter, all the sons of Sugura, through anger, pierced the earth again. There all those magnanimous ones, terrible in swiftness, and of mighty prowess, saw Kupila, Vasoodeva the eternal,* and near him the horse feeding. Filled, O son of Rughoo! with unparalleled joy, they all, knowing him to be the stealer of the horse, with eyes starting with rage, seizing their spades and their *langulas*, and even trees and stones, ran towards him full of wrath, calling out, "Stop! stop! thou art the stealer of our sacrificial horse! Thou stupid one! know that we who have found thee are the sons of Rughoo." Kupila, filled with excessive anger, uttered from his nostrils a loud sound; and instantly, O Kakootsha! by Kupila of immeasurable power were all the sons of Sugura turned to a heap of ashes.'"

Thus far the thirty-third section, describing the interview with Kupila.

SECTION THIRTY-FOUR.

"'O son of Rughoo! Sugura, perceiving that his sons had been absent a long time, thus addressed his grandson, illustri-

* The Hindoos say, that Kupila, or Vasoo-deva, is an incarnation of Vishnu, whom they describe as having been thus partially incarnate twenty-four times.

ous by his own might: "Thou art a hero, possessed of science, in prowess equal to thy predecessors. Search out the fate of thy paternal relatives, and the person by whom the horse was stolen, that we may avenge ourselves on these subterraneous beings, powerful and great. Take thy cimeter and bow, O beloved one! and, finding out thy deceased paternal relatives destroy my adversary. The proposed end being thus accomplished, return. Bring me happily through this sacrifice."

"'Thus particularly addressed by the great Sugura, Ungshooman, swift and powerful, taking his bow and cimeter departed. Urged by the king, the chief of men traversed the subterraneous road dug by his great ancestors. There the mighty one saw the elephant of the quarter, adorned by the gods, the Danuvas and Rakshuses, the Pishachas, the birds, and the serpents. Having circumambulated him, and asked concerning his welfare, Ungshooman inquired for his paternal relatives, and the stealer of the sacred victim. The mighty elephant of the quarter, hearing, replied, "O son of Usumunja! thou wilt accomplish thine intention, and speedily return with the horse." Having heard this, he with due respect inquired in regular succession of all the elephants of the quarters. Honored by all these guardians of the eight sides of the earth, acquainted with speech, and eminent in eloquence, he was told, "Thou wilt return with the horse." Upon this encouraging declaration, he swiftly went to the place where lay his paternal relatives, the sons of Sugura, reduced to a heap of ashes. (At this sight), the son of Usumunja, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of their death, cried out with excess of grief. In this state of grief, the chief of men beheld, grazing near, the sacrificial horse. The illustrious one, desirous of performing the funeral obsequies of these sons of the king, looked around for a receptacle of water, but in vain. Extending his eager view, he saw, O Rama! the sovereign of birds, the uncle of his paternal relatives, Soopurna, in size resembling a mountain. Vinuteya, of mighty prowess, addressed him thus: "Grieve not, O chief of men! This slaughter is approved by the universe. These great ones were reduced to ashes by Kupila of unmeasurable might. It is not proper for thee, O wise one! to pour common water

upon these ashes. Gunga, O chief of men! is the eldest daughter of Himuvat. With her sacred stream, O valiant one! perform the funeral ceremonies for thine ancestors. If the purifier of the world flow on them, reduced to a heap of ashes, these ashes being wetted by Gunga, the illuminator of the world, the sixty thousand sons of thy grandfather will be received into heaven. May success attend thee! Bring Gunga to the earth from the residence of the gods. If thou art able, O chief of men! possessor of the ample share, let the descent of Gunga be accomplished by thee. Take the horse, and go forth. It is thine, O hero! for to complete the great paternal sacrifice."

"'Having heard these words of Soopurna, Ungshooman, the heroic, speedily seizing the horse, returned. Then, O son of Rughoo! being come to the king, who was still performing the initiatory ceremonies, he related to him the whole affair, and the advice of Soopurna.

"'After hearing the terror-inspiring relation of Ungshooman, the king finished the sacrifice, in exact conformity to the tenor and spirit of the ordinance. Having finished his sacrifice, the sovereign of the earth returned to his palace. The king, however, was unable to devise any way for the descent of Gunga from heaven. After a long time, unable to fix upon any method, he departed to heaven, having reigned thirty thousand years.

"'Sugura having, O Rama! paid the debt of nature, the people chose Ungshooman, the pious, for their sovereign. Ungshooman, O son of Rughoo! was a very great monarch. His son was called Dwileepa. Having placed him on the throne, he, O Raghuva! retiring to the pleasant top of Mount Himuvat, performed the most severe austerities. This excellent sovereign of men, illustrious as the immortals, was exceedingly desirous of the descent of Gunga; but, not obtaining his wish, the renowned monarch, rich in sacred austerities, departed to heaven, after having abode in the forest sacred to austerities thirty-two thousand years. Dwileepa, the highly energetic, being made acquainted with the slaughter of his paternal great-uncles, was overwhelmed with grief, but was still unable to fix upon a way of deliverance. "How shall I

accomplish the descent of Gunga? How shall I perform the funeral ablutions of these relatives? How shall I deliver them?" In such cogitations was his mind constantly engaged. While these ideas filled the mind of the king, thoroughly acquainted with sacred duties, there was born to him a most virtuous son, called Bhugee-rutha. The illustrious king Dwileepa performed many sacrifices, and governed the kingdom for thirty thousand years; but, O chief of men! no way of obtaining the deliverance of his ancestors appearing, he, by a disease, discharged the debt of nature. Having installed his own son, Bhugee-rutha, in the kingdom, the lord of men departed to the paradise of Indra, through the merits of his own virtuous deeds.

"'The pious, the royal sage, Bhugee-rutha, O son of Rughoo! was childless. Desirous of offspring, yet childless, the great monarch intrusted the kingdom to the care of his counsellors; and, having his heart set on obtaining the descent of Gunga, engaged in a long course of sacred austerities upon the mountain Gokurna. With hands erected, he, O son of Rughoo! surrounded in the hot season with five fires,* according to the prescribed ordinance, in the cold season lying in water, and in the rainy season exposed to the descending clouds, feeding on fallen leaves, with his mind restrained, and his sensual feelings subdued, this valiant and great king continued a thousand years in the practice of the most severe austerities. The magnanimous monarch of mighty arm having finished this period, the divine Bruhma, the lord of creatures, the supreme governor, was highly pleased; and with the gods, going near to the great Bhugee-rutha, employed in sacred austerities, said to him, "I am propitious. O performer of sacred vows! ask a blessing." The mighty, the illustrious Bhugee-rutha, with hands respectfully joined, replied to the sire of all, "O divine one! if thou art pleased with me, if the fruit of my austerities may be granted, let all the sons of Sugura obtain water for their funeral rites. The ashes of the great ones being wetted by the water of Gunga, let all my

* One towards each of the cardinal points, and the sun over his head, towards which he was constantly looking.

ancestors ascend to the eternal heaven.* Let a child, O divine one! be granted to us, that our family become not extinct. O god! let this great blessing be granted to the family of Ikshwakoo." The venerable sire of all replied to the king thus requesting in the sweetest and most pleasing accents: "Bhugee-rutha, thou mighty charioteer, be this great wish of thine heart accomplished! Let prosperity attend thee, thou increaser of the family of Ikshwakoo! Engage Hura, O king! to receive (in her descent) Gunga, the eldest daughter of the mountain Himuvat. The earth, O king! cannot sustain the descent of Gunga; nor, beside Shoolee,† do I behold any one, O king! able to receive her." The creator, having thus replied to the king and spoken to Gunga, returned to heaven with Macroots and all the gods.'"

Thus far the thirty-fourth section, describing the gift of the blessing to Bhugee-rutha.

SECTION THIRTY-FIVE.

"'Pruja-puti being gone, Bhugee-rutha, O Rama! with uplifted arm, without support, without a helper, immovable as a dry tree, and feeding on air, remained day and night on the tip of his great toe upon the afflicted earth. A full year having now elapsed, the husband of Ooma, and the lord of animals, who is reverenced by all worlds, said to the king, "I am propitious to thee, O chief of men! I will accomplish thy utmost desire." To him the sovereign replied, "O Hura! receive Gunga." Bhurga,‡ thus addressed, replied, "I will perform thy desire: I will receive her on my head, the daughter of the mountain." Muheshwura then, mounting on the summit of Himuvat, addressed Gunga, the river flowing in the ether, saying, "Descend, O Gunga!" The eldest daughter of Himuvat, adored by the universe, having heard the words of the lord of Ooma, was filled with anger, and assuming, O Rama! a form of amazing size, with insupportable celerity fell from the air upon the auspicious head of Shiva. The goddess Gunga

* The heaven from which there can be no fall.

† Shiva, from Shoola, the spear which he held.

‡ Shiva.

irresistible, thought within herself, "I will bear down Shunkura with my stream, and enter Patala." The divine Hura, the three-eyed god, was aware of her proud resolution, and, being angry, determined to prevent her design. The purifier, fallen upon the sacred head of Roodra, was detained, O Rama! in the recesses of the orb of his Juta, resembling Himuvat, and was unable, by the greatest efforts, to descend to the earth. From the borders of the orb of his Juta, the goddess could not obtain regress, but wandered there for many series of years. Thus situated, Bhugee-rutha beheld her wandering there, and again engaged in severe austerities.

"'With these austerities, O son of Rughoo! Hura, being greatly pleased, discharged Gunga towards the lake Vindoo. In her flowing forth, seven streams were produced. Three of these streams,* beautiful, filled with water, conveying happiness, Hladinee,† Pavunee,‡ and Nulinee,§ directed their course eastward; while Soochukohoo,‖ Seeta,¶ and Sindhoo,** three pellucid mighty rivers, flowed to the west. The seventh of these streams followed King Bhugee-rutha. The royal sage, the illustrious Bhugee-rutha, seated on a resplendent car, led the way, while Gunga followed. Pouring down from the sky upon the head of Shunkura, and afterwards upon the earth, her streams rolled along with a shrill sound. The earth was willingly chosen by the fallen fishes, the turtles, the porpoises, and the birds. The royal sages, the Gundhurvas, the Yukshas, and the Siddhas, beheld her falling from the ether to the earth; yea, the gods, immeasurable in power, filled with surprise, came thither with chariots resembling a city, horses and elephants, and litters, desirous of seeing the wonderful and unparalleled descent of Gunga into the world. Irradiated by the descending gods, and the splendor of their ornaments, the cloudless atmosphere shone with the splendor of a hundred suns; while, by the uneasy porpoises, the serpents, and the

* Literally, three Gungas. Wherever a part of Gunga flows, it is dignified with her name: thus the Hindoos say, the Gunga of Pou vaga, &c.

† The river of joy.

‡ The purifier.

§ Abounding with water.

‖ Beautiful-eyed

¶ White.

** Probably the Indus.

fishes, the air was coruscated as with lightning. Through the white foam of the waters, spreading in a thousand directions, and the flights of water-fowl, the atmosphere appeared filled with autumnal clouds. The water, pure from defilement, falling from the head of Shunkura, and thence to the earth, ran in some places with a rapid stream, in others in a tortuous current; here widely spreading, there descending into caverns, and again spouting upward. In some places it moved slowly, stream uniting with stream; while, repelled in others, it rose upwards, and again fell to the earth. Knowing its purity, the sages, the Gundhurvas, and the inhabitants of the earth, touched the water fallen from the body of Bhuva.* Those who, through a curse, had fallen from heaven to earth, having performed ablution in this stream, became free from sin. Cleansed from sin by this water, and restored to happiness, they entered the sky, and returned again to heaven. By this illustrious stream was the world rejoiced, and, by performing ablution in Gunga, became free from impurity.

"'The royal sage Bhugee-rutha, full of energy, went before, seated on his resplendent car; while Gunga followed after. The gods, O Rama! with the sages, the Dityas, the Danuvas, the Rakshuses, the chief Gundhurvas and Yukshas, with the Kinnuras, the chief serpents, and all the Upsuras, together with aquatic animals, following the chariot of Bhugee-rutha, attended Gunga. Whither King Bhugee-rutha went, thither went the renowned Gunga, the chief of streams, the destroyer of all sin.

"'After this, Gunga, in her course, inundated this sacrificial ground of the great Jahnoo of astonishing deeds, who was then offering sacrifice. Jahnoo, O Raghuva! perceiving her pride, enraged, drank up the whole of the water of Gunga!—a most astonishing deed. At this, the gods, the Gundhurvas, and the sages, exceedingly surprised, adored the great Jahnoo, the most excellent of men, and named Gunga the daughter of this great sage.

"'The illustrious chief of men, pleased, discharged Gunga from his ears. Having liberated her, he, recognizing the great

* Shiva, the existent.

Bhugee-rutha, the chief of kings, then present, duly honored him, and returned to the place of sacrifice. From this deed, Gunga, the daughter of Jahnoo, obtained the name Jahnuvee.

"'Gunga now went forward again, following the chariot of Bhugee-rutha. Having reached the sea, the chief of streams proceeded to Patala to accomplish the work of Bhugee-rutha. The wise and royal sage, having, with great labor, conducted Gunga thither, there beheld his ancestors reduced to ashes. Then, O chief of Rughoo's race! that heap of ashes, bathed by the excellent waters of Gunga and purified from sin, the sons of the king obtained heaven. Having arrived at the sea, the king, followed by Gunga, entered the subterraneous regions, where lay the sacred ashes. After these, O Rama! had been laved by the water of Gunga, Bruhma, the lord of all, thus addressed the king: "O chief of men! thy predecessors, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura, are all delivered by thee; and the great and perennial receptacle of water, called by Sugura's name, shall henceforth be universally known by the appellation of Sagura.* As long, O king! as the waters of the sea continue in the earth, so long shall the sons of Sugura remain in heaven, in all the splendor of gods.

"'"This Gunga, O king! shall be thy eldest daughter, known throughout the three worlds (by the name) Bhageeruthee; and, because she passed through the earth, the chief of rivers shall be called Gunga† throughout the universe. (She shall also be) called Triputhaga, on account of her proceeding forward in three different directions, watering the three worlds. Thus is she named by the gods and sages. She is called Gunga, O sovereign of the Vashyas! on account of her flowing through Gang;‡ and her third name, O thou observer of vows! is Bhagee-ruthee. O accomplished one! through affection to thee and regard to me, these names will remain. As long as Gunga, the great river, shall remain in the world, so long shall thy deathless fame live throughout the universe.

* Sagura is one of the most common names for the sea which the Hindoos have.

† From the root *gum*, signifying 'motion."

‡ The earth.

O lord of men! O king! perform here the funeral rites of all thine ancestors. Relinquish thy vows,* O king! This devout wish of theirs was not obtained by thine ancestors highly renowned, chief among the pious; not by Ungshooman, unparalleled in the universe, so earnestly desiring the descent of Gunga, O beloved one! was this object of desire obtained Nor, O possessor of prosperity! O sinless one! could she be (obtained) by thine illustrious father Dwileepa, the Rajurshi eminently accomplished, whose energy was equal to that of a Muhurshi, and who, established in all the virtues of the Kshutras, in sacred austerities equalled myself. This great design has been fully accomplished by thee, O chief of men! Thy fame, the blessing so much desired, will spread throughout the world. O subduer of enemies! this descent of Gunga has been effected by thee. This Gunga is the great abode of virtue: by this deed thou art become possessed of the divinity itself. In this stream constantly bathe thyself, O chief of men! Purified, O most excellent of mortals! be a partaker of the fruit of holiness; perform the funeral ceremonies of all thy ancestors. May blessings attend thee, O chief of men! I return to heaven."

"'The renowned one, the sovereign of the gods, the sire of the universe, having thus spoken, returned to heaven.

"'King Bhugee-rutha, the royal sage, having performed the funeral ceremonies of the descendants of Sugura, in proper order of succession, according to the ordinance; the renowned one having also, O chief of men! performed the customary ceremonies, and purified himself, — returned to his own city, where he governed the kingdom. Having (again), O Raghuva! possessed of abundant wealth, obtained their king, his people rejoiced; their sorrow was completely removed; they increased in wealth and prosperity, and were freed from disease.

"'Thus, O Rama! has the story of Gunga been related at large by me. May prosperity attend thee! may every good be thine! The evening is fast receding. He who causes this relation — securing wealth, fame, longevity, posterity, and

* The end of thy vows is accomplished; therefore now relinquish thy vows of being an ascetic

heaven — to be heard among the Bramins, the Kshutriyas, or the other tribes of men, his ancestors rejoice, and to him are the gods propitious; and he who hears this admirable story of the descent of Gunga, insuring long life, shall obtain, O Kakootsha! all the wishes of his heart. All his sins shall be destroyed, and his life and fame be abundantly prolonged.'"

End of the thirty-fifth section, describing the descent of Gunga.

Parvati. — X. 2, p. 84.

"All the Devetas, and other inhabitants of the celestial regions, being collected at the summons of Bhagavat to arrange the ceremonials of the marriage of Siva and Parvati, first came Brama, mounted on his goose, with the Reyshees at his stirrup; next Vishnu, riding on Garoor, his eagle, with the chank, the chakra, the club, and the pedive in his hands; Eendra also, and Yama and Cuvera and Varuna, and the rivers Ganga and Jumna, and the seven seas. The Gandarvas also, and Apsaras, and Vasookee, and other serpents, in obedience to the commands of Siva, all dressed in superb chains and habits of ceremony, were to be seen in order amidst the crowded and glittering cavalcade.

"And now Siva, after the arrival of all the Devetas and the completion of the preparations for the procession, set out, in the utmost pomp and splendor, from the mountain Kilas. His third eye flamed like the sun, and the crescent on his forehead assumed the form of a radiated diadem. His snakes were exchanged for chains and necklaces of pearls and rubies, his ashes for sandal and perfume, and his elephant's skin for a silken robe; so that none of the Devetas in brilliance came near his figure. The bridal attendants now spread wide abroad the carpet of congratulation, and arranged in order the banquet of bliss. Nature herself assumed the appearance of renovated youth, and the sorrowing universe recalled its long-forgotten happiness. The Gandarvas and Apsaras began their melodious songs, and the Genes and Keeners displayed the magic of their various musical instruments. The earth and its inhabitants exulted with tongues of glorification and triumph; fresh moist-

ure invigorated the withered victims of time; a thousand happy and animating conceptions inspired the hearts of the intelligent, and enlightened the wisdom of the thoughtful; the kingdom of external forms obtained gladness, the world of intellect acquired brightness. The dwellers upon earth stocked the casket of their ideas with the jewels of delight, and reverend pilgrims exchanged their beads for pearls. The joy of those on earth ascended up to heaven, and the tree of the bliss of those in heaven extended its auspicious branches downwards to the earth. The eyes of the Devetas flamed like torches on beholding these scenes of rapture, and the hearts of the just kindled like touchwood on hearing these ravishing symphonies. Thus Siva set off like a garden in full blow, and paradise was eclipsed by his motion." — *Maurice, from the Seeva-Pooraun.*

Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still. — X. 2, p. 84.

Long after these lines were written, I was amused at finding a parallel passage in a sermon: —

"Quando o Sol parou às vozes de Josuè, aconteceram no mundo todas aquellas consequencias, que parando o movimento celeste, consideram os Filosofos. As plantas por todo aquelle tempo nam creceram; as calidades dos elementos, e dos mixtos, nam se alteraram; a geraçam e corrupçam com que se conserva o mundo, cessou; as artes e os exercicios de hum e outro Emisferio estiveram suspensos; os Antipodas nam trabalhavam, porque, lhes faltava a luz, os de cima cançados de tam comprido dia deixavam o trabalho; estes pasmados de verem o Sol que se nam movia; aquelles tambem pasmados de esperarem pelo Sol, que nam chegava, cuidavam que se acabàra para elles a luz; imaginavam que se acabava o mundo: tudo era lagrimas, tudo assombros, tudo horrores, tudo confusoens." — *Vieyra. Sermoens*, tom. ix. p. 505.

Surya. — X. 16, p. 92.

"Surya, the Sun. The poets and painters describe his car as drawn by seven green horses, preceded by Arun, or the

Dawn, who acts as his charioteer, and followed by thousands of genii, worshipping him, and modulating his praises. Surya is believed to have descended frequently from his car in a human shape, and to have left a race on earth, who are equally renowned in the Indian stories with the Heliadai of Greece. It is very singular that his two sons, called Aswinau or Aswinicumarau in the dual, should be considered as twin brothers, and painted like Castor and Pollux; but they have each the character of Æsculapius among the gods, and are believed to have been born of a nymph, who, in the form of a mare, was impregnated with sunbeams." — *Sir W. Jones.*

"That sun, O daughter of Ganga! than which nothing is higher, to which nothing is equal, enlightens the summit of the sky, with the sky enlightens the earth, with the earth enlightens the lower worlds; enlightens the higher worlds, enlightens other worlds. It enlightens the breast, enlightens all besides the breast." — *Sir W. Jones, from the Veda.*

Forgetful of his Dragon foe. — X. 17, p. 93.

"Ra'hu was the son of Cas'yapa and Dity, according to some authorities; but others represent Sinhica' (perhaps the sphinx) as his natural mother. He had four arms; his lower parts ended in a tail like that of a dragon; and his aspect was grim and gloomy, like the *darkness* of the chaos, whence he had also the name of Tamas. He was the adviser of all mischief among the Daityas, who had a regard for him: but among the Devetas it was his chief delight to sow dissension; and, when the gods had produced the *amrit* by churning the ocean, he disguised himself like one of them, and received a portion of it. But, the sun and moon having discovered his fraud, Vishnu severed his head and two of his arms from the rest of his monstrous body. That part of the nectareous fluid which he had time to swallow secured his immortality. His trunk and dragon-like tail fell on the mountain of Malaya, where Mini, a Bramin, carefully preserved them by the name of Ce'tu; and, as if a complete body had been formed from them, like a dismembered polype, he is even said to have

adopted Ce'tu as his own child. The head, with two arms, fell on the sands of Barbara, where Pi't'he'na's was then walking with Sinhica', by some called his wife. They carried the Daitya to their palace, and adopted him as their son, whence he acquired the name of Paite he'nasi. This extravagant fable is, no doubt, astronomical; Ra'hu and Ce'tu being clearly the nodes, or what astrologers call the *head* and *tail*, of the dragon. It is added, that they appeased Vishnu, and obtained re-admission to the firmament, but were no longer visible from the earth, their enlightened sides being turned from it; that Ra'hu strives, during eclipses, to wreak vengeance on the sun and moon, who detected him; and that Ce'tu often appears as a comet, a whirlwind, a fiery meteor, a waterspout, or a column of sand." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

Suras. — X. 18, p. 93.

"The word *Sura*, in Sanscrit, signifies both wine and true wealth. Hence, in the first C'hand of the Ramayan of Valmic, it is expressly said that the Devetas, having received the Sura, acquired the title of *Suras;* and the Daityas that of *Asuras*, from not having received it. The Veda is represented as that wine and true wealth." — *Paterson: Asiat. Researches.*

Camdeo. — X. 19, p. 94.

"Eternal Cama! or doth Smara bright
Or proud Ananga give the more delight?"
Sir W. Jones.

"He was the son of Maya, or the general *attracting* power, and married to Retty, or Affection; and his bosom friend is Bessent, or Spring. He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot, or lory, and attended by dancing-girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colors, which are a *fish* on a red ground. His favorite place of resort is a large tract of country round Agra, and principally the plains of

Matra, where Krishen also, and the nine Gopia, who are clearly the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his *five* arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful.

"It is possible that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin; since we know that the old Hetrurians, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough." — *Sir W. Jones.*

"Mahadeva and Parvati were playing with dice at the ancient game of Chaturanga, when they disputed, and parted in wrath; the goddess retiring to the forest of Gauri, and the god repairing to Cushadwip. They severally performed rigid acts of devotion to the Supreme Being; but the fires which they kindled blazed so vehemently as to threaten a general conflagration. The Devas, in great alarm, hastened to Brama, who led them to Mahadeva, and supplicated him to recall his consort; but the wrathful deity only answered, that she must come by her own free choice. They accordingly despatched Ganga, the river goddess, who prevailed on Parvati to return to him on condition that his love for her should be restored. The celestial mediators then employed Cama-Deva, who wounded Mahadeva with one of his flowery arrows; but the angry divinity reduced him to ashes with a flame from his eye. Parvati soon after presented herself before him in the form of a Cirati, or daughter of a mountaineer, and, seeing him enamoured of her, resumed her own shape. In the place where they were reconciled, a grove sprang up, which was named Camavana; and the relenting god, in the character of Cameswara, consoled the afflicted Reti, the widow of Cama, by assuring her that she should rejoin her husband when he should be born again in the form of Pradyumna, son of Crishna, and should put Sambara to death. This favorable prediction was in due time accomplished; and, Pradyumna having sprung to life, he was instantly seized by the demon Sambara, who placed

him in a chest, which he threw into the ocean: but a large fish, which had swallowed the chest, was caught in a net, and carried to the palace of a tyrant, where the unfortunate Reti had been compelled to do menial service. It was her lot to open the fish; and, seeing an infant in the chest, she nursed him in private, and educated him, till he had sufficient strength to destroy the malignant Sambara. He had before considered Reti as his mother; but, the minds of them both being irradiated, the prophecy of Mahadeva was remembered, and the God of Love was again united with the Goddess of Pleasure." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

Eating his very core of life away. — XI. 5. p. 99.

"One of the wonders of this country is the Jiggerkhar (or liver-eater). One of this class can steal away the liver of another by looks and incantations. Other accounts say, that, by looking at a person, he deprives him of his senses, and then steals from him something resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which he hides in the calf of his leg. The Jiggerkhar throws on the fire the grain before described, which thereupon spreads to the size of a dish, and he distributes it amongst his fellows, to be eaten; which ceremony concludes the life of the fascinated person. A Jiggerkhar is able to communicate his art to another; which he does by learning him the incantations, and by making him eat a bit of the liver-cake. If any one cut open the calf of the magician's leg, extract the grain, and give it to the afflicted person to eat, he immediately recovers. Those Jiggerkhars are mostly women. It is said, moreover, that they can bring intelligence from a great distance in a short space of time; and if they are thrown into a river, with a stone tied to them, they nevertheless will not sink. In order to deprive any one of this wicked power, they brand his temples, and every joint in his body, cram his eyes with salt, suspend him for forty days in a subterraneous cavern, and repeat over him certain incantations. In this state he is called Detche-reh. Although, after having undergone this discipline, he is not able to destroy the liver of any one, yet he retains the power of being able to discover another Jiggerkhar, and is used for detecting those

disturbers of mankind. They can also cure many diseases, by administering a potion, or by repeating an incantation. Many other marvellous stories are told of these people."—*Ayeen Acbery.*

"An Arabian old woman, by name Meluk, was thrown in prison, on a charge of having bewitched, or, as they call it, eaten the heart of, a young native of Ormuz, who had lately, from being a Christian, turned Mahommedan. The cause of offence was, that the young man, after keeping company some time with one of her daughters, had forsaken her. He himself who was in a pitiable condition, and in danger of his life, was one of her accusers. This sort of witchcraft, which the Indians call eating the heart, and which is what we call bewitching as sorcerers do by their venomous and deadly looks, is not a new thing, nor unheard of elsewhere; for many persons practised it formerly in Sclavonia, and the country of the Triballes, as we learn from Ortelius, who took the account from Pliny, who, upon the report of Isigones, testifies that this species of enchantment was much in use among these people, and many others whom he mentions, as it is at present here, especially among the Arabians who inhabit the western coast of the Persian Gulf, where this art is common. The way in which they do it is only by the eyes and the mouth, keeping the eyes fixed steadily upon the person whose heart they design to eat, and pronouncing, between their teeth, I know not what diabolical words, by virtue of which, and by the operation of the Devil, the person, how hale and strong soever, falls immediately into an unknown and incurable disease, which makes him appear phthisical, consumes him little by little, and at last destroys him. And this takes place faster or slower, as the heart is eaten, as they say: for these sorcerers can either eat the whole or a part only; that is, can consume it entirely and at once, or bit by bit, as they please. The vulgar give it this name, because they believe that the Devil, acting upon the imagination of the witch when she mutters her wicked words, represents invisibly to her the heart and entrails of the patient, taken out of his body, and makes her devour them. In which these wretches find so delightful a task, that very often, to satisfy their appetite, without any

impulse of resentment or enmity, they will destroy innocent persons, and even their nearest relatives, as there is a report that our prisoner killed one of her own daughters in this manner.

"This was confirmed to me by a similar story, which I heard at Ispahan, from the mouth of P. Sebastian de Jesus, a Portuguese Augustinian, a man to be believed, and of singular virtue, who was prior of their convent when I departed. He assured me, that in one of the places dependent upon Portugal, on the confines of Arabia Felix, I know not whether it was at Mascate or at Ormuz, an Arab, having been taken up for a similar crime, and convicted of it, — for he confessed the fact, — the captain or governor of the place, who was a Portuguese, that he might better understand the truth of these black and devilish actions, of which there is no doubt in this country, made the sorcerer be brought before him before he was led to his punishment, and asked him if he could eat the inside of a cucumber, without opening it, as well as the heart of a man. The sorcerer said yes; and, in order to prove it, a cucumber was brought. He looked at it, never touching it, steadily for some time, with his usual enchantments, and then told the captain he had eaten the whole inside; and accordingly, when it was opened, nothing was found but the rind. This is not impossible; for the Devil, of whom they make use in these operations, having, in the order of nature, greater power than all inferior creatures, can, with God's permission, produce these effects, and others more marvellous.

"The same father told me, that one of these sorcerers, — whether it was the same or not, I do not know, — having been taken for a similar offence, was asked if he could eat the heart of the Portuguese captain, and he replied no; for the Franks had a certain thing upon the breast, which covered them like a cuirass, and was so impenetrable that it was proof against all his charms. This can be nothing else but the virtue of baptism, the armor of the faith, and the privileges of the sons of the church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

"To return, however, to my first subject. This witch of Combru made some difficulty at first to confess her guilt; but seeing herself pressed with threats of death, and being led, in

fact, to the public square, where I saw her with the sick young man, she said, that, though she had not been the cause of his complaint, perhaps she could cure it, if they would let her remain alone with him, in his house, without interruption; by which she tacitly confessed her witchcraft: for it is held certain, in these countries, that these wicked women can remove the malady which they have caused, if it be not come to the last extremity. And, of many remedies which they use to restore health to the sufferers, there is one very extraordinary; which is, that the witch casts something out of her mouth, like the grain of a pomegranate, which is believed to be a part of the heart she had eaten. The patient picks it up immediately, as part of his own intestines, and greedily swallows it; and by this means, as if his heart was replaced in his body, he recovers by degrees his health. I dare not assure you of these things as certainly true, not having myself seen them, surpassing as they do the course of nature. If they are as is said, it can be only in appearance, by the illusions of the Devil; and, if the afflicted recover actually their health, it is because the same Devil ceases to torment them. Without dwelling longer upon these curious speculations, the witch having given hopes that she would cure the patient, the officers promised that she should receive no injury, and they were both sent home; but an archer was set over her as a guard, that she might not escape." — *Pietro Della Valle.*

The Calis. — XI. 6, p. 100.

"The Calis and Pandaris are the protectresses of cities: each city has its own. They address prayers to these tutelary divinities, and build temples to them, offering to them blood in sacrifice, and sometimes human victims. These objects of worship are not immortal; and they take their name from the city over which they preside, or from the form in which they are represented. They are commonly framed of a gigantic stature, having several arms, and the head surrounded with flames; several fierce animals are also placed under their feet." — *Sonnerat.*

Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad
Upon the King of the Ravens. — XI. 6, p. 100.

Major Moor has a curious remark upon this subject: —

"Sani being among the astrologers of India, as well as with their sapient brethren of Europe, a planet of malignant aspects, the ill-omened raven may be deemed a fit *vahan* for such a dreaded being. But this is not, I think, a sufficient reason for the conspicuous introduction of the raven into the mythological machinery of the Hindoo system, so accurate, so connected, and so complete in all its parts; although the investigations that it hath hitherto undergone have not fully developed or reached such points of perfection. Now let me ask the reason why, both in England and in India, the raven is so rare a bird. It breeds every year, like the crow, and is much longer lived; and while the latter bird abounds everywhere, to a degree bordering on nuisance, a pair of ravens — for they are seldom seen singly or in trios — are scarcely found duplicated in any place. Perhaps, take England or India over, two pair of ravens will not be found, on an average, in the extent of five hundred or a thousand acres. I know not, for I write where I have no access to books, if our naturalists have sought the theory of this, or whether it may have first occurred to me, which it did while contemplating the character and attributes of Sani, that the raven destroys its young; and, if this notion be well founded, — and on no other can I account for the rareness of the annual-breeding, long-lived raven, — we shall at once see the propriety of symbolizing it with Saturn, or Kronos, or Time, devouring or destroying his own offspring." — *Moor's Hindu Pantheon*, p. 311.

"It is remarked by naturalists, that young ravens are forsaken before they are fledged; and therefore they would starve, if Providence had not appointed that the scraps of raw meat dropped round the nest should engender maggots and worms, which serve to support them till they are in a condition to rove for food. And thus it is he feedeth the ravens." — *From an old Magazine.*

A thousand eyes were quenched in endless night
To form that magic globe. — XI. 8, p. 102.

A similar invention occurs in Dr. Beaumont's "Psyche," one of the most extraordinary poems in our language. I am far from claiming any merit for such inventions, which no man can value more cheaply; but, such as it is, I am not beholden for it to this forgotten writer, whose strange, long, but by no means uninteresting work I had never read till after two editions of "Kehama" were printed: —

"A stately mirror's all-enamelled case
The second was. No crystal ever yet
Smiled with such pureness; never ladies' glass
Its owner flattered with so smooth a cheat;
Nor could Narcissus' fount with such delight
Unto his fair destruction him invite.

For he in that and self-love being drowned,
Agenor from him plucked his doting eyes;
And, shuffled in her fragments, having found
Old Jezebel's, he stole the dog's due prize.
Goliah's staring basins, too, he got,
Which he with Pharaoh's all together put.

But, not content with these, from Phaëton,
From Joab, Icarus, Nebuchadnezzar,
From Philip and his world-devouring son,
From Sylla, Catiline, Tully, Pompey, Cæsar;
From Herod, Cleopatra, and Sejanus,
From Agrippina and Domitianus, —

And many surly stoics, — theirs he pulled;
Whose proudest humors having drainèd out,
He blended in a large and polished mould;
Which up he filled, with what from heaven he brought,
In extract of those looks of Lucifer,
In which against his god he breathèd war.

Then to the North — that glassy kingdom, where
Established frost and ice for ever reign —
He sped his course, and, meeting Boreas there,
Prayed him his liquid mixture to restrain:
When, lo! as Boreas oped his mouth, and blew
For his command, the slime all solid grew

Thus was the mirror forgèd, and contained
The vigor of those self-admiring eyes
Agenor's witchcraft into it had strained,
(A dangerous juncture of proud fallacies,)
Whose fair looks so enamoured him, that he,
Thrice having kissed it, named it Philanty.

Enchanted Psyche ravished was to see
The glass herself upon herself reflect
With trebled majesty. The sun, when he
Is by Aurora's roseate fingers decked,
Views not his repercussèd self so fair
Upon the eastern main, as she did here."

Be true unto yourselves. — XII. 3, p. 110.

The passage in which Menu exhorts a witness to speak the truth is one of the few sublime ones in his Institutes. "The soul itself is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge: offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men! The sinful have said in their hearts, 'None see us.' Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the spirit within their breasts. The guardian deities of the firmament, of the earth, of the waters, of the human heart, of the moon, of the sun, and of fire, of punishment after death, of the winds, of night, of both twilights, and of justice, perfectly know the state of all spirits clothed with bodies. O friend to virtue! that supreme Spirit, *which thou believest one and the same with thyself*, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or of thy wickedness. If thou beest not at variance, by speaking falsely, with Yama, the subduer of all, with Vaivaswata, the punisher, with that great Divinity who dwells in thy breast, go not on a pilgrimage to the river Ganga, nor to the plains of Curu; for thou hast no need of expiation." — *Ch.* viii. pp. 84–6, 91, 92.

The aunnay-birds. — XII. 6, p. 111.

The aunnays act a considerable part in the history of the "Nella Rajah," an amusing romance, for a translation of which

we are indebted to Mr. Kindersley. They are milk-white, and remarkable for the gracefulness of their walk.

The Banian-tree. — XIII. 5, p. 115.

"The *burghut*, or banian, often measures from twenty-four to thirty feet in girth. It is distinguished from every other tree, hitherto known, by the very peculiar circumstance of throwing out roots from all its branches. These, being pendent and perfectly lax, in time reach the ground, which they penetrate, and ultimately become substantial props to the very massy horizontal boughs, which, but for such a support, must either be stopped in their growth, or give way from their own weight. Many of these *quondam* roots, changing their outward appearance from a brown, rough rind to a regular bark, not unlike that of the beech, increase to a great diameter. They may be often seen from four to five feet in circumference, and in a true perpendicular line. An observer, ignorant of their nature, might think them artificial, and that they had been placed for the purpose of sustaining the boughs from which they originated. They proceed from all the branches indiscriminately, whether near or far removed from the ground. They appear like new swabs, such as are in use on board ships: however, few reach sufficiently low to take a hold of the soil, except those of the lower branches. I have seen some do so from a great height; but they were thin, and did not promise well. Many of the ramifications pendent from the higher boughs are seen to turn round the lower branches, but without any obvious effect on either: possibly, however, they may derive sustenance even from that partial mode of communication. The height of a full-grown banian may be from sixty to eighty feet; and many of them, I am fully confident, cover at least two acres. Their leaves are similar to, but rather larger, than those of the laurel. The wood of the trunk is used only for fuel; it is light and brittle; but the pillars formed by the roots are valuable, being extremely elastic and light, working with ease, and possessing great toughness. It resembles a good kind of ash." — *Oriental Field-Sports*, vol. ii. p. 113.

The well,
Which they, with sacrifice of rural pride,
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside. — XIII. 6, p. 116.

"It is a general practice, that, when a plantation is made, a well should be dug at one of its sides. The well and the tope are married; a ceremony at which all the village attends, and in which often much money is expended. The well is considered as the husband; as its waters, which are copiously furnished to the young trees during the first hot season, are supposed to cherish and impregnate them. Though vanity and superstition are evidently the basis of these institutions, yet we cannot help admiring their effects, so beautifully ornamenting a torrid country, and affording such general convenience." — *Oriental Sports*, p. 10.

Tanks. — XIII. 6, p. 116.

"Some of these tanks are of very great extent, often covering eight or ten acres; and, besides having steps of masonry perhaps fifty or sixty feet in breadth, are faced with brick-work, plastered in the most substantial manner. The corners are generally ornamented with round or polygon pavilions of a neat appearance." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. ii. p. 116.

"There are two kinds of tanks, which we confound under one common name, though nothing can be more different. The first is the *Eray*, which is formed by throwing a mound or bank across a valley or hollow ground, so that the rain-water collects in the upper part of the valley, and is let out on the lower part by sluices, for the purposes of cultivation. The other kind is the *Culam*, which is formed by digging out the earth, and is destined for supplying the inhabitants with water for domestic purposes. The Culams are very frequently lined on all the four sides with cut stone, and are the most elegant works of the natives." — *Buchanan.*

"Where there are no springs or rivers to furnish them with water, as it is in the northern parts, where there are but two or three springs, they supply this defect by saving of rain-water, which they do by casting up great banks in convenient

places to stop and contain the rains that fall, and so save it till they have occasion to let it out into the fields. They are made rounding like a (, or half-moon. Every town has one of these ponds, which if they can but get filled with water, they count their corn as good as in the barn. It was no small work to the ancient inhabitants to make all these banks, of which there is a great number, being some two, some three, fathoms in height, and in length some above a mile, some less, not all of a size. They are now grown over with great trees, and so seem natural hills. When they would use the water, they cut a gap in one end of the bank, and so draw the water by little and little, as they have occasion, for the watering their corn.

"These ponds, in dry weather, dry up quite. If they should dig these ponds deep, it would not be so convenient for them. It would, indeed, contain the water well, but would not so well, nor in such plenty, empty out itself into their grounds. In these ponds are alligators, which, when the water is dried up, depart into the woods and down to the rivers, and, in the time of rains, come up again into the ponds. They are but small, nor do use to catch people; nevertheless, they stand in some fear of them.

"The corn they sow in these parts is of that sort that is soonest ripe, fearing lest their waters should fail. As the water dries out of these ponds, they make use of them for fields, treading the mud with buffaloes, and then sowing rice thereon, and frequently casting up water with scoops on it." — *Knox*, p. 9.

The lotus. — XIII. 6, p. 116.

"The lotus abounds in the numerous lakes and ponds of the province of Garah; and we had the pleasure of comparing several varieties, — single and full, white, and tinged with deep or with faint tints of red. To a near view, the simple elegance of the white lotus gains no accession of beauty from the multiplication of its petals nor from the tinge of gaudy hue; but the richest tint is most pleasing, when a lake, covered with full-blown lotus, is contemplated." — *Journey from Mirzapur to Nagpur: Asiatic Annual Register*, 1806.

They built them here a bower, &c. — XIII. 7, p. 117.

"The materials of which these houses are made are always easy to be procured; and the structure is so simple, that a spacious and by no means uncomfortable dwelling, suited to the climate, may be erected in one day. Our habitation, consisting of three small rooms, and a hall open to the north, in little more than four hours was in readiness for our reception: fifty or sixty laborers completed it in that time, and on emergency could perform the work in much less. Bamboos, grass for thatching, and the ground ratan, are all the materials requisite: not a nail is used in the whole edifice. A row of strong bamboos, from eight to ten feet high, are fixed firm in the ground, which describe the outline, and are the supporters of the building: smaller bamboos are then tied horizontally, by strips of the ground ratan, to these upright posts; the walls, composed of bamboo mats, are fastened to the sides with similar ligatures; bamboo rafters are quickly raised, and a roof formed, over which thatch is spread in regular layers, and bound to the roof by filaments of ratan. A floor of bamboo grating is next laid in the inside, elevated two or three feet above the ground: this grating is supported on bamboos, and covered with mats and carpets. Thus ends the process, which is not more simple than effectual. When the workmen take pains, a house of this sort is proof against very inclement weather. We experienced, during our stay at Meeday, a severe storm of wind and rain; but no water penetrated nor thatch escaped; and, if the tempest should blow down the house, the inhabitants would run no risk of having their brains knocked out or their bones broken: the fall of the whole fabric would not crush a lady's lap-dog." — *Symes's Embassy to Ava.*

Jungle-grass. — XIII. 7, p. 117.

"In this district, the long grass called jungle is more prevalent than I ever yet noticed. It rises to the height of seven or eight feet, and is topped with a beautiful white down, resembling a swan's feather. It is the mantle with which

nature here covers all the uncultivated ground, and at once veils the indolence of the people and the nakedness of their land. It has a fine showy appearance, as it undulates in the wind like the waves of the sea. Nothing but the want of greater variety to its color prevents it from being one of the finest and most beautiful objects in that rich store of productions with which nature spontaneously supplies the improvident natives." — *Tennant.*

In such libations poured in open glades,
Beside clear streams and solitary shades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.

XIII. 7, p. 117.

"The Hindoos are enjoined by the Veds to offer a cake, which is called *Peenda*, to the ghosts of their ancestors, as far back as the third generation. This ceremony is performed on the day of the new moon in every month. The offering of water is in like manner commanded to be performed daily; and this ceremony is called *Tarpan*, — to satisfy, to appease. The souls of such men as have left children to continue their generation are supposed to be transported, immediately upon quitting their bodies, into a certain region called the *Petree Log*, where they may continue in proportion to their former virtues, provided these ceremonies be not neglected; otherwise they are precipitated into *Nark*, and doomed to be born again in the bodies of unclean beasts, and until, by repeated regenerations, all their sins are done away, and they attain such a degree of perfection as will entitle them to what is called *Mooktee*, — eternal salvation; by which is understood a release from future transmigration, and an absorption in the nature of the godhead, who is called Brahm." — *Wilkins: Note to the Bhagvat Geeta.*

"The divine manes are always pleased with an oblation in empty glades, naturally clean, on the banks of rivers, and in solitary spots." — *Inst. of Menu.*

"Parva petunt Manes; pietas pro divite grata est
Munere, non avidos Styx habet ima Deos."

Ovid. Fast. ii. 535

Voomdavee. — XIII. 8, p. 118.

"This wife of Vishnu is the Goddess of the Earth and of Patience. No direct adoration is paid her; but she is held to be a silent and attentive spectator of all that passes in the world." — *Kindersley.*

Tassel-grass. — XIII. 11, p. 119.

'The *surput*, or tassel-grass, which is much the same as the guinea-grass, grows to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. Its stem becomes so thick as to resemble, in some measure, a reed. It is very strong, and grows very luxuriantly. It is even used as a fence against cattle; for which purpose it is often planted on banks excavated from ditches, to enclose fields of corn, &c. It grows wild in all the uncultivated parts of India, but especially in the lower provinces, in which it occupies immense tracts, sometimes mixing with and rising above coppices, affording an asylum for elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, &c. It frequently is laid by high winds, of which breeding sows fail not to take advantage, by forming their nests, and concealing their young under the prostrate grass." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 32.

Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now,
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, . . . he moves it to and fro.
XIII. 11, p. 119.

"Nature has provided the elephant with means to cool its heated surface, by enabling it to draw from its throat, by the aid of its trunk, a copious supply of saliva, which the animal sparts with force very frequently all over its skin. It also sucks up dust, and blows it over its back and sides, to keep off the flies; and may often be seen fanning itself with a large bough, which it uses with great ease and dexterity." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 100.

Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden dews,
Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse. — XIII. 11, p. 120.

"The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture with which he is then oppressed; and they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers. When Crishna visited Sanc'ha-dwip, and had destroyed the demon who infested that delightful country, he passed along the bank of a river, and was charmed with a delicious odor, which its waters diffused in their course. He was eager to view the source of so fragrant a stream, but was informed by the natives that it flowed from the temples of an elephant, immensely large, milk-white, and beautifully formed; that he governed a numerous race of elephants; and that the odoriferous fluid which exuded from his temples in the season of love had formed the river; that the Devas, or inferior gods, and the Apsaras, or nymphs, bathed and sported in its waters, impassioned and intoxicated with the liquid perfume." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols late . . .
Shook the whole wood. — XIII. 12, p. 120.

"They are so numerous on the Island of Bulama," says Capt. Beaver in his excellent book, "that I have seen on a calm evening, when there was not an air sufficiently strong to agitate a leaf, the whole surrounding wood in as much motion from their playful gambols among its branches as if it had blown a strong wind."

Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird
Her rival strain would try. — XIII. 12, p. 120.

"I have been assured, by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirajuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts; and that they listened to the strains

with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them, to display his archery. A learned native of this country told me that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Bulbul, was playing to a large company, in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground, in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode. I hardly know," says Sir William Jones, "how to disbelieve the testimony of men who had no system of their own to support, and could have no interest in deceiving me." — *Asiatic Researches.*

No idle ornaments deface
Her natural grace. — XIII. 13, p. 120.

The Hindoo wife, in Sir William Jones's poem, describes her own toilet-tasks: —

"Nor were my night thoughts, I confess,
Free from solicitude for dress;
How best to bind my flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air, —
My hair, like musk in scent and hue,
Oh! blacker far, and sweeter too!
In what nice braid or glossy curl
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And where to smooth the love-spread toils
With nard or jasmine's fragrant oils;
How to adjust the golden teic,*
And most adorn my forehead sleek;

* Properly *toica*, an ornament of gold placed above the nose.

What condals* should emblaze my ears,
Like Seita's† waves or Seita's‡ tears;
How elegantly to dispose
Bright circlets for my well-formed nose;
With strings of rubies how to deck,
Or emerald rows, my stately neck;
While some that ebon tower embraced,
Some pendent sought my slender waist;
How next my purfled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues,
Which would attract the roving view,—
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
The loveliest mantle to select,
Or unembellished or bedecked;
And how my twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace,
(Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
For eyes of males not beauty-proof;)
What skirts the mantle best would suit,
Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,
The flower-embroidered or the plain,
With silver or with golden vein;
The chury§ bright, which gayly shows
Fair objects aptly to compose;
How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
By richest cosees‖ might be kissed,
While some, my taper ankles round,
With sunny radiance tinged the ground."

"See how he kisses the lip of my rival, and imprints on her forehead an ornament of pure musk, black as the young antelope on the lunar orb! Now, like the husband of Reti, he fixes white blossoms on her dark locks, where they gleam like flashes of lightning among the curled clouds. On her breasts, like two firmaments, he places a string of gems like a radiant

* Pendants.

† Seita Cund, or the Pool of Seita, the wife of Rani, is the name given to the wonderful spring at Mungeir, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

‡ Her tears, when she was made captive by the Giant Rawan.

§ A small mirror worn in a ring.

‖ Bracelets.

constellation. He binds on her arms, graceful as the stalks of the water-lily, and adorned with hands glowing like the petals of its flower, a bracelet of sapphires, which resemble a cluster of bees. Ah! see how he ties round her waist a rich girdle illumined with golden bells, which seem to laugh, as they tinkle, at the inferior brightness of the leafy garlands which lovers hang on their bowers to propitiate the god of desire! He places her soft foot, as he reclines by her side, on his ardent bosom, and stains it with the ruddy hue of Yavaca." — *Songs of Jayadeva.*

Sandal-streak. — XIII. 13, p. 120.

"The Hindoos, especially after bathing, paint their faces with ochre and sandal-wood ground very fine into a pulp.

"The custom is principally confined to the male sex, though the women occasionally wear a round spot either of sandal, which is of a light dun color, or of *singuiff*, that is, a preparation of vermilion, between the eyebrows, and a stripe of the same running up the front of the head, in the furrow made according to the general practice of dividing all the frontal hair equally to the right and left, where it is rendered smooth, and glazed by a thick mucilage, made by steeping linseed for a while in water. When dry, the hair is all firmly matted together, and will retain its form for many days together." — *Oriental Sports*, vol. i. p. 271.

Nor arm nor ankle ring. — XIII. 13, p. 120.

"Glass rings are universally worn by the women of the Deccan as an ornament on the wrists; and their applying closely to the arm is considered as a mark of delicacy and beauty, for they must, of course, be passed over the hand. In doing this, a girl seldom escapes without drawing blood, and rubbing part of the skin from her hand; and as every well-dressed girl has a number of rings on each arm, and as these are frequently breaking, the poor creatures suffer much from their love of admiration." — *Buchanan.*

The dear retreat. — XIII. 13, p. 121.

There is a beautiful passage in Statius, which may be noted here: it is in that poet's best manner: —

"Qualis vicino volucris jam sedula partu,
Jamque timens, quâ fronde domum suspendat inanem,
Providet hinc ventos, hinc anxia cogitat angues,
Hinc homines; tandem dubiæ placet umbra, novisque
Vix stetit in ramis, et protinus arbor amatur."

Achil. i. 212.

Jaga-Naut. — XIV. 1, p. 123.

"This temple is to the Hindoos what Mecca is to the Mahommedans. It is resorted to by pilgrims from every quarter of India. It is the chief seat of Braminical power, and a stronghold of their superstition. At the annual festival of the Butt Jattra, seven hundred thousand persons (as has been computed by the Pundits in college) assemble at this place. The number of deaths in a single year, caused by voluntary devotement, by imprisonment for non-payment of the demands of the Bramins, or by the scarcity of provisions for such a multitude, is incredible. The precincts of the place are covered with bones." — *Claudius Buchanan.*

"Many thousands of people are employed in carrying water from Hurdwar to Juggernat for the uses of that temple. It is there supposed to be peculiarly holy, as it issues from what is called the Cow's Mouth. This superstitious notion is the cause of as much lost labor as would long since have converted the largest province of Asia into a garden. The numbers thus employed are immense: they travel with two flasks of the water slung over the shoulder by means of an elastic piece of bamboo. The same quantity which employs, perhaps, fifteen thousand persons, might easily be carried down the Ganges in a few boats annually. Princes and families of distinction have this water carried to them in all parts of Hindostan: it is drank at feasts, as well as upon religious occasions." — *Tennant.*

A small river near Kinouge is held by some as even more

efficacious in washing away moral defilement than the Ganges itself. Dr. Tennant says that a person in Ceylon drinks daily of this water, though at the distance of perhaps three thousand miles, and at the expense of five thousand rupees per month!

"No distinction of castes is made at this temple; but all, like a nation descended from one common stock, eat, drink, and make merry together." — *Stavorinus.*

The seven-headed Idol. — XIV. 1, p. 123.

"The idol of Jaggernat is in shape like a serpent, with seven heads; and on the cheeks of each head it hath the form of a wing upon each cheek, which wings open and shut and flap, as it is carried in a stately chariot, and the idol in the midst of it; and one of the *moguls* sitting behind it in the chariot, upon a convenient place, with a canopy, to keep the sun from injuring of it.

"When I, with horror, beheld these strange things, I called to mind the eighteenth chapter of the Revelation, and the first verse, and likewise the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the said chapter, in which places there is a beast and such idolatrous worship mentioned. And those sayings in that text are herein truly accomplished in the sixteenth verse; for the Bramins are all marked in the forehead, and likewise all that come to worship the idol are marked also in their foreheads." — *Bruton: Churchill's Collection.*

The Chariot of the God. — XIV. 2, p. 124.

The size of the chariot is not exaggerated. Speaking of other such, Niecamp says, "Currus tam horrendæ magnitudinis sunt, ut vel mille homines uni trahendo vix sufficiant." — V. i. 10, § 18.

"They have built a great chariot, that goeth on sixteen wheels of a side; and every wheel is five feet in height, and the chariot itself is about thirty feet high. In this chariot, on their great festival days, at night, they place their wicked

god Jaggernat; and all the Bramins, being in number nine thousand, then attend this great idol, besides of *ashmen* and *fackeires* some thousands, or more than a good many.

"The chariot is most richly adorned with most rich and costly ornaments; and the aforesaid wheels are placed very complete in a round circle, so artificially that every wheel doth its proper office without any impediment; for the chariot is aloft, and in the centre betwixt the wheels. They have also more than two thousand lights with them. And this chariot, with the idol, is also drawn with the greatest and best men of the town; and they are so eager and greedy to draw it, that whosoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting, or any violent way, can but come to lay a hand upon the ropes, they think themselves blessed and happy; and, when it is going along the city, there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to this idol, and desperately lie down on the ground, that the chariot-wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright. Some get broken arms; some, broken legs: so that many of them are so destroyed; and by this means they think to merit heaven."—*Bruton: Churchill's Collection.*

"They sometimes lie down in the track of this machine a few hours before its arrival, and, taking a soporiferous draught, hope to meet death asleep."—*Claudius Buchanan.*

A harlot-band.—XIV. 8, p. 128.

"There are in India common women, called Wives of the Idol. When a woman has made a vow to obtain children, if she brings into the world a beautiful daughter, she carries her to Bod (so their idol is called), with whom she leaves her This girl, when she is arrived at a proper age, takes an apartment in the public place, hangs a curtain before the door, and waits for those who are passing, as well Indians as those of other sects among whom this debauchery is permitted. She prostitutes herself for a certain price; and all that she can thus acquire she carries to the priest of the idol, that he may apply it to the service of the temple. Let us,' says the Mo-

nammedan relater, 'bless the almighty and glorious God, that he has chosen us, to exempt us from all the crimes into which men are led by their unbelief.'" — *Anciennes Relations.*

"Incited, unquestionably," says Mr. Maurice, "by the hieroglyphic emblem of vice so conspicuously elevated, and so strikingly painted in the temples of Mahadeo, the priests of that deity industriously selected the most beautiful females that could be found; and in their tenderest years, with great pomp and solemnity, consecrated them (as it is impiously called) to the service of the presiding divinity of the pagoda. They were trained up in every art to delude and to delight; and, to the fascination of external beauty, their artful betrayers added the attractions arising from mental accomplishments. Thus was an invariable rule of the Hindoos, *that women have no concern with literature*, dispensed with upon this infamous occasion. The moment these hapless victims reached maturity, they fell victims to the lust of the Bramins. They were early taught to practise the most alluring blandishments, to roll the expressive eye of wanton pleasure, and to invite to criminal indulgence, by stealing upon the beholder the tender look of voluptuous languishing. They were instructed to mould their elegant and airy forms into the most enticing attitudes and the most lascivious gestures, while the rapid and graceful motion of their feet, adorned with golden bells and glittering with jewels, kept unison with the exquisite melody of their voices. Every pagoda has a band of these young sirens, whose business, on great festivals, is to dance in public before the idol, to sing hymns in his honor, and in private to enrich the treasury of that pagoda with the wages of prostitution. These women are not, however, regarded in a dishonorable light: they are considered as *wedded to the idol*, and they partake of the veneration paid to him. They are forbidden ever to desert the pagoda where they are educated, and are never permitted to marry; but the offspring, if any, of their criminal embraces, are considered as sacred to the idol. The boys are taught to play on the sacred instruments used at the festivals; and the daughters are devoted to the abandoned occupations of their mothers." — *Indian Antiquities.*

"These impostors take a young maid, of the fairest they

can meet with, to be the bride (as they speak and bear the besotted people in hand) of Jagannat; and they leave her all night in the temple (whither they have carried her) with the idol, making her believe that Jagannat himself will come and embrace her, and appointing her to ask him whether it will be a fruitful year, what kind of processions, feasts, prayers, and alms he demands to be made for it. In the mean time, one of these lustful priests enters at night by a little back-door into the temple, deflowereth this young maid, and maketh her believe any thing he pleaseth; and the next day, being transported from this temple into another, with the same magnificence she was carried before upon the chariot of triumph, on the side of Jagannat, her bridegroom. These Bramins make her say aloud, before all the people, whatsoever she hath been taught of these cheats, as if she had learnt it from the very mouth of Jagannat." — *Bernier.*

Baly. — XV. p. 133.

"The fifth incarnation was in a Bramin dwarf, under the name of Vamen: it was wrought to restrain the pride of the Giant Baly. The latter, after having conquered the gods, expelled them from Sorgon. He was generous, true to his word, compassionate, and charitable. Vishnu, under the form of a very little Bramin, presented himself before him while he was sacrificing, and asked him for three paces of land to build a hut. Baly ridiculed the apparent imbecility of the dwarf, in telling him that he ought not to limit his demand to a bequest so trifling; that his generosity could bestow a much larger donation of land. Vamen answered, that, being of so small a stature, what he asked was more than sufficient. The prince immediately granted his request, and, to ratify his donation, poured water into his right hand; which was no sooner done than the dwarf grew so prodigiously, that his body filled the universe! He measured the earth with one pace, and the heavens with another, and then summoned Baly to give him his word for the third. The prince then recognized Vishnu, adored him, and presented his head to him; but the god, satisfied with his submission, sent him to govern the Padalon,

and permitted him to return every year to the earth, the day of the full moon, in the month of November." — *Sonnerat's Voyages*, vol. i. p. 24.

The sacred cord. — XV. 4, p. 136.

"The Bramins who officiate at the temples generally go with their heads uncovered, and the upper part of the body naked. The *zennar*, or sacred string, is hung round the body from the left shoulder; a piece of white cotton cloth is wrapped round the loins, which descends under the knee, but lower on the left side than on the other; and in cold weather they sometimes cover their bodies with a shawl, and their heads with a red cap. The *zennar* is made of a particular kind of perennial cotton, called *verma:* it is composed of a certain number of threads of a fixed length. The *zennar* worn by the Khatries has fewer threads than that worn by the Bramins; and that worn by the Bhyse, fewer than that worn by the Khatries: but those of the Soodra caste are excluded from this distinction, none of them being permitted to wear it." — *Craufurd.*

The city of Baly. — XV. 7, p. 137.

[Ruins of Mahâbalipûr, the city of the great Baly.]

"A rock, or rather hill of stone, is that which first engrosses the attention on approaching the place; for as it rises abruptly out of a level plain of great extent, consists chiefly of one single stone, and is situated very near to the sea-beach, it is such a kind of object as an inquisitive traveller would naturally turn aside to examine. Its shape is also singular and romantic, and, from a distant view, has an appearance like some antique and lofty edifice. On coming near to the foot of the rock from the north, works of imagery and sculpture crowd so thick upon the eye, as might seem to favor the idea of a petrified town, like those that have been fabled in different parts of the world by too-credulous travellers. Proceeding on by the foot of the hill, on the side facing the sea, there is a pagoda rising out of the ground, of one solid stone, about sixteen or eighteen feet high, which seems to have been cut

upon the spot, out of a detached rock, that has been found of a proper size for that purpose. The top is arched, and the style of architecture, according to which it is formed, different from any now used in those parts. A little farther on, there appears, upon a huge surface of stone that juts out a little from the side of the hill, a numerous group of human figures, in bas-relief, considerably larger than life, representing the most remarkable persons whose actions are celebrated in the 'Mahâbharit,' each of them in an attitude, or with weapons, or other insignia, expressive of his character, or of some one of his most famous exploits. All these figures are doubtless much less distinct than they were at first; for upon comparing these, and the rest of the sculptures that are exposed to the sea air, with others at the same place, whose situation has afforded them protection from that element, the difference is striking, — the former being everywhere much defaced, while the others are fresh as recently finished. An excavation in another part of the east side of the great rock appears to have been made on the same plan, and for the same purpose, that Chowltries are usually built in that country, — that is to say, for the accommodation of travellers. The rock is hollowed out to the size of a spacious room; and two or three rows of pillars are left, as a seeming support to the mountainous mass of stone which forms the roof.

"The ascent of the hill on the north is, from its natural shape, gradual and easy at first, and is in other parts rendered more so by very excellent steps, cut out in several places where the communication would be difficult or impracticable without them. A winding stair of this sort leads to a kind of temple cut out of the solid rock, with some figures of idols in high relief upon the walls, very well finished. From this temple there are flights of steps, that seem to have led to some edifice formerly standing upon the hill: nor does it seem absurd to suppose that this may have been a palace, to which this temple may have appertained; for besides the small detached ranges of stairs that are here and there cut in the rock, and seem as if they had once led to different parts of one great building, there appear in many places small water-channels cut also in the rock, as if for drains to a house; and the whole

top of the hill is strewed with small round pieces of brick, which may be supposed, from their appearance, to have been worn down to their present form during the lapse of many ages. On a plain surface of the rock, which may once have served as the floor of some apartment, there is a platform of stone, about eight or nine feet long by three or four wide, in a situation rather elevated, with two or three steps leading up to it, perfectly resembling a couch or bed, and a lion very well executed at the upper end of it, by way of pillow; the whole of one piece being part of the hill itself. This the Bramins, inhabitants of the place, call the bed of Dhermarâjah, or Judishter, the eldest of the five brothers, whose exploits are the leading subject in the 'Mahabhârit.' And at a considerable distance from this, at such a distance, indeed, as the apartments of the women might be supposed to be from that of the men, is a bath, excavated also from the rock, with steps in the inside, which the Bramins call the Bath of Dropedy, the wife of Judishter and his brothers. How much credit is due to this tradition, and whether this stone couch may not have been anciently used as a kind of throne rather than a bed, is a matter for future inquiry. A circumstance, however, which may seem to favor this idea is, that a throne, in the Sanscrit and other Hindoo languages, is called *singhâsen*, which is compounded of *sing*, a lion, and *âsen*, a seat.

"But, though these works may be deemed stupendous, they are surpassed by others that are to be seen at the distance of about a mile, or a mile and half, to the south of the hill. They consist of two pagodas, of about thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, and about as many in height, cut out of the solid rock, and each consisting originally of one single stone. Their form is different from the style of architecture according to which idol temples are now built in that country. These sculptures approach nearer to the Gothic taste, being surmounted by arched roofs or domes, not semicircular, but composed of two segments of circles meeting in a point at top. Near these also stand an elephant, full as big as life, and a lion, much larger than the natural size, both hewn also out of one stone.

"The great rock is about fifty or one hundred yards from the sea: but close to the sea are the remains of a pagoda built

of brick, and dedicated to Sib, the greatest part of which has evidently been swallowed up by that element; for the door of the innermost apartment, in which the idol is placed, and before which there are always two or three spacious courts surrounded with walls, is now washed by the waves; and the pillar, used to discover the meridian at the time of founding the pagoda, is seen standing at some distance in the sea. In the neighborhood of this building there are some detached rocks, washed also by the waves, on which there appear sculptures, though now much worn and defaced. And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several pagodas far out in the sea, which, being covered with copper (probably gilt), were particularly visible at sunrise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun's rays; but that now that effect was no longer produced, as the copper had since become incrusted with mould and verdigris." — *Chambers: Asiatic Researches.*

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of Woe;
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so. — XV. 12, p. 141.

Daniel has a beautiful passage concerning Richard II., sufficiently resembling this part of the poem to be inserted here: —

"To Flint, from thence, into a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes conveyed;
Poorly provided, poorly followèd,
Uncourted, unrespected, unobeyed;
Where, if uncertain Sleep but hoverèd
Over the drooping cares that heavy weighed,
Millions of figures Fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow wakened grief augments.

His new misfortune makes deluded Sleep
Say 'twas not so; false dreams the truth deny:
Wherewith he starts; feels waking cares de creep
Upon his soul, and give his dreams the lie,
Then sleeps again; and then again as deep
Deceits of darkness mock his miserv."

Civil War, Book ii. st. 52, 53.

The Aullay. — XVI. 2, p. 143.

This monster of Hindoo imagination is a horse with the trunk of an elephant, but bearing about the same proportion to the elephant, in size, that the elephant itself does to a common sheep. In one of the prints to Mr. Kindersley's "Specimens of Hindoo Literature," an aullay is represented taking up an elephant with his trunk.

Did, then, the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair City! that he spared thee thus?
XVI. 3, p. 144.

"Malecheren (which is probably another name for Baly), in an excursion which he made one day alone, and in disguise, came to a garden in the environs of his city Mahâbalipoor, where was a fountain so inviting, that two celestial nymphs had come down to bathe there. The Rajah became enamoured of one of them, who condescended to allow of his attachment to her; and she and her sister nymph used thenceforward to have frequent interviews with him in that garden. On one of those occasions, they brought with them a male inhabitant of the heavenly regions, to whom they introduced the Rajah, and between him and Malecheren a strict friendship ensued; in consequence of which, he agreed, at the Rajah's earnest request, to carry him in disguise to see the court of the divine Inder, — a favor never before granted to any mortal. The Rajah returned from thence with new ideas of splendor and magnificence, which he immediately adopted in regulating his court and his retinue, and in beautifying his seat of government. By this means, Mahâbalipoor became soon celebrated beyond all the cities of the earth; and, an account of its magnificence having been brought to the gods assembled at the court of Inder, their jealousy was so much excited at it, that they sent orders to the god of the sea to let loose his billows, and overflow a place which impiously pretended to vie in splendor with their celestial mansions. This command he

obeyed, and the city was at once overflowed by that furious element; nor has it ever since been able to rear its head." — *Chambers: Asiatic Researches.*

Round those strange waters they repair. — XVI. 6, p. 146.

"In the Bahia dos Artifices, which is between the river Jagoarive and S. Miguel, there are many springs of fresh water, which may be seen at low tide; and these springs are frequented by fish, and by the sea-cow, which they say comes to drink there." — *Noticias do Brazil*, MSS. i. 8.

"The inhabitants of the Ferce Islands seek for cod in places where there is a fresh-water spring at the bottom." — *Landt.*

The sheckra. — XVIII. 1, p. 162.

This weapon, which is often to be seen in one of the wheel-spoke hands of a Hindoo god, resembles a quoit. The external edge is sharp: it is held in the middle, and, being whirled along, cuts wherever it strikes.

The writing which, at thy nativity,
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain.
XVIII. 7, p. 166.

"Brama is considered as the immediate creator of all things, and particularly as the disposer of each person's fate, which he inscribes within the skull of every created being, and which the gods themselves cannot avert." — *Kindersley*, p. 21. *Niecamp*, vol. i. p. 10, § 7.

It is by the sutures of the skull that these lines of destiny are formed. See also a note to "Thalaba" (Book V. vol. iii. p. 165) upon a like superstition of the Mahommedans.

"Quand on leur reproche quelque vice, ou qu'on les reprend d'une mauvaise action, ils répondent froidement, que cela est écrit sur leur tête, et qu'ils n'ont pu faire autrement. Si vous paroissez étonné de ce langage nouveau, et que vous demandiez à voir où cela est écrit, ils vous montrent les diverses jointures

du crâne de leur tête, prétendant que les sutures même sont les caractères de cette écriture mystérieuse. Si vous les pressez de déchiffrer ces caractères, et de vous faire connoître ce qu'ils signifient, ils avouent qu'ils ne le sçavent pas. Mais puisque vous ne sçavez pas lire cette écriture, disois-je quelquefois à ces gens entêtés, qui est-ce donc qui vous la lit? qui est-ce qui vous en explique le sens, et qui vous fait connoître ce qu'elle contient? D'ailleurs ces prétendus caractères étant les mêmes sur la tête de tous les hommes, d'où vient qu'ils agissent si différemment, et qu'ils sont si contraires les uns aux autres dans leurs vues, dans leurs desseins, et dans leurs projets?

"Les Brames m'écoutoient de sang froid, et sans s'inquiéter ni des contradictions où ils tomboient, ni des conséquences ridicules qu'ils étoient obligés d'avouer. Enfin, lorsqu'ils se sentoient vivement pressés, toute leur ressource étoit de se retirer sans rien dire." — *P. Mauduit: Lettres Edifiantes*, t. x. p. 248.

The Seven Earths. — XIX. 6, p. 172.

"The seas which surround these earths are, 1. of salt water, enclosing our inmost earth; 2. of fresh water; 3. of *tyre*, curdled milk; 4, of *ghee*, clarified butter; 5. of *cauloo*, a liquor drawn from the *pullum*-tree; 6. of liquid sugar; 7. of milk. The whole system is enclosed in one broad circumference of pure gold, beyond which reigns impenetrable darkness." — *Kindersley.*

I know not whether the following fable was invented to account for the saltness of our sea: —

"Agastya is recorded to have been very low in stature; and one day, previously to the rectifying the too-oblique posture of the earth, walking with Vishnu on the shore of the ocean, the insolent Deep asked the god who that dwarf was strutting by his side. Vishnu replied, it was the Patriarch Agastya going to restore the earth to its true balance. The sea, in utter contempt of his pygmy form, dashed him with his spray as he passed along; on which the sage, greatly incensed at the designed affront, scooped up some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and drank it off: he again and again repeated the

draught, nor desisted till he had drained the bed of the ocean of the entire volume of its waters. Alarmed at this effect of his holy indignation, and dreading an universal drought, the Devetas made intercession with Agastya to relent from his anger, and again restore an element so necessary to the existence of nature, both animate and inanimate. Agastya, pacified, granted their request, and discharged the imbibed fluid in a way becoming the histories of a gross physical people to relate, but by no means proper for this page; a way, however, that evinced his sovereign power, while it marked his ineffable contempt for the vain fury of an element, contending with a being armed with the delegated power of the Creator of all things. After this miracle, the earth being, by the same power, restored to its just balance, Agastya and Vishnu separated; when the latter, to prevent any similar accident occurring, commanded the *great serpent* (that is, of the sphere) to wind its enormous folds round the seven continents, of which, according to Sanscrit geography, the earth consists, and appointed, as perpetual guardians to watch over and protect it, the eight powerful Genii, so renowned in the Hindoo system of mythology, as presiding over the eight points of the world." — *Maurice.*

"The Pauranics (said Ramachandra to Sir William Jones) will tell you that our earth is a plane figure, studded with eight mountains, and surrounded by seven seas of milk, nectar, and other fluids; that the part which we inhabit is one of seven islands, to which eleven smaller isles are subordinate; that a god, riding on a huge elephant, guards each of the eight regions; and that a mountain of gold rises and gleams in the centre." — *Asiatic Researches.*

"Eight original mountains and seven seas, — Brama, Indra, the Sun, and Rudra, — *these are permanent;* not thou, not I, not this or that people. Wherefore, then, should anxiety be raised in our minds?" — *Ibid.*

Mount Calasay. — XIX. 6, p. 172.

"The residence of Ixora is upon the silver mount Calaja, to the south of the famous mountain Mahameru, being a most

delicious place, planted with all sorts of trees, that bear fruit all the year round. The roses and other flowers send forth a most odoriferous scent; and the pond at the foot of the mount is enclosed with pleasant walks of trees, that afford an agreeable shade; whilst the peacocks and divers other birds entertain the ear with their harmonious noise, as the beautiful women do the eyes. The circumjacent woods are inhabited by a certain people called Munis, or Rixis, who, avoiding the conversation of others, spend their time in offering daily sacrifices to their god.

"It is observable, that, though these pagans are generally black themselves, they do represent these Rixis to be of a fair complexion, with long white beards, and long garments hanging crossways, from about the neck, down over the breast. They are in such high esteem among them, they believe that whom they bless are blessed, and whom they curse are cursed.

"Within the mountain lives another generation, called Jexaquinnera and Quendra, who are free from all trouble, spend their days in continual contemplation, praises and prayers to God. Round about the mountain stand seven ladders, by which you ascend to a spacious plain, in the middle whereof is a bell of silver, and a square table, surrounded with nine precious stones, of divers colors. Upon this table lies a silver rose, called Tamora Pua, which contains two women as bright and fair as a pearl. One is called Brigasiri, i.e., the Lady of the Mouth; the other Tarasiri, i.e., the Lady of the Tongue, — because they praise God with the mouth and tongue. In the centre of this rose is the triangle of Quivelinga, which they say is the permanent residence of God." — *Baldæus.*

O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art everywhere! — XIX. 10, p. 175.

"Even I was even at first, not any other thing; that which exists, unperceived, supreme; afterwards I am that which is; and he who must remain am I.

"Except the First Cause, whatever may appear and may not appear in the mind, know that to be the mind's *máyá*, or delusion; as light, as darkness.

"As the great elements are in various beings entering, yet not entering (that is, pervading, not destroying), thus am I in them, yet not in them.

"Even thus far may inquiry be made by him who seeks to know the principle of mind in union and separation, which must be *everywhere, always.*" — *Asiatic Researches: Sir William Jones, from the Bhagvat.*

"I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not any thing greater than I; and all things hang on me, even as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the Veds, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savor in the earth, glory in the source of light. In all things I am life, and I am zeal in the zealous; and know, O Arjoon! that I am the eternal seed of all nature. I am the understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength of the strong; free from lust and anger; and in animals I am desire, regulated by moral fitness." — *Kreeshna, in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
Nor eyes of Angel bear,
That Glory unimaginably bright.

XIX. 12, pp. 175–6.

"Being now in the splendrous lustre of the divine bliss and glory, I there saw in spirit the choir of the holy angels, the choir of the prophets and apostles, who, with heavenly tongues and music, sing and play around the throne of God; yet not in just such corporeal forms or shapes as are those we *now* bear and walk about in: no, but in shapes all spiritual; the holy angels in the shape of a multitude of flames of fire, the souls of believers in the shape of a multitude of glittering or luminous sparkles, God's throne in the shape or under the appearance of a great splendor." — *Hans Engelbrecht.*

Something analogous to this unendurable presence of Siva is found amid the nonsense of Joanna Southcote. Apollyon is there made to say of the Lord, "Thou knowest it is written, He is a consuming fire.' And who can dwell in everlasting

burnings? who could abide in devouring flames? Our backs are not brass, nor our sinews iron, to dwell with God in heaven." — *Dispute between the Woman and the Powers of Darkness.*

The Sun himself had seemed
A speck of darkness there! — XIX. 12, p. 176.

"There the sun shines not, nor the moon and stars. These lightnings flash not in that place. How should even fire blaze there? God irradiates all this bright substance; and by its effulgence the universe is enlightened." — *From the Yajurveda: Asiatic Researches.*

"Hæc ait, et sese radiorum nocte suorum
Claudit inaccessum." — *Carrara.*

Whose cradles from some tree
Unnatural hands suspended. — XXI. 5, p. 183.

"I heard a voice crying out under my window: I looked out, and saw a poor young girl lamenting the unhappy case of her sister. On asking what was the matter, the reply was, 'Boot laggeeosa,' — a demon has seized her. These unhappy people say 'Boot laggeeosa,' if a child newly born will not suck; and they expose it to death in a basket hung on the branch of a tree. One day, as Mr. Thomas and I were riding out, we saw a basket hung in a tree, in which an infant had been exposed, the skull of which remained, the rest having been devoured by ants." — *Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries.*

That strange Indian bird. — XXI. 6, p. 184.

"The chatookee. They say it never drinks at the streams below; but, opening its bill when it rains, it catches the drops as they fall from the clouds." — *Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries*, vol. ii. p. 304

The footless fowl of heaven. — XXI. 6, p. 184.

"'There is a bird that falls down out of the air dead, and is found sometimes in the Molucca Islands, that has no feet at all. The bigness of her body and bill, as likewise the form of them, is much the same as a swallow's; but the spreading out of her wings and tail has no less compass than an eagle's. She lives and breeds in the air, comes not near the earth but for her burial; for the largeness and lightness of her wings and tail sustain her without lassitude. And the laying of her eggs, and breeding of her young, is upon the back of the male, which is made hollow, as also the breast of the female, for the more easy incubation. Also two strings, like two shoemaker's ends, come from the hinder parts of the male, wherewith it is conceived that he is fastened closer to the female, while she hatches her eggs on the hollow of his back. The dew of heaven is appointed her for food, her region being too far removed from the approach of flies and such like insects.'

"This is the entire story and philosophy of this miraculous bird in Cardan, who professes himself to have seen it no less than thrice, and to have described it accordingly. The contrivances whereof, if the matter were certainly true, are as evident arguments of a Divine Providence, as that copper ring, with the Greek * inscription upon it, was an undeniable monument of the artifice and finger of man.

"But, that the reproach of overmuch credulity may not lie upon Cardan alone, Scaliger, who lay at catch with him to take him tripping wherever he could, cavils not with any thing in the whole narration but the bigness of wings and the littleness of the body; which he undertakes to correct from one of his own, which was sent him by Orvesanus from Java. Nay, he confirms what his antagonist has wrote, partly by history and partly by reason; affirming, that himself, in his own gar-

* The inscription runs thus: Εἰμὶ ἐκεῖνος ἰχθὺς ταύτῃ λίμνῃ πεντοπρῶτος ἐπιτεθεὶς διὰ τοῦ κοσμητοῦ Φεδηρίκου β̇ τὰς χεῖρας ἐν τῇ ε̇. ἡμέρᾳ τοῦ Ὀκτωβρίου, κ. τ. λ. "This pike was taken about Hailprun, the imperial city of Suevia, in the year 1497." — *Gesner*

den, found two little birds, with membranaceous wings, utterly devoid of legs: their form was near to that of a bat's. Nor is he deterred from the belief of the *perpetual flying* of the manucodiata, by the gaping of the feathers of her wings, which seem thereby less fit to sustain her body; but further makes the narration probable by what he has observed in kites hovering in the air, as he saith, for a whole hour together, without flapping of her wings or changing place. And he has found also how she may sleep in the air, from the example of fishes, which he has seen sleeping in the water without sinking themselves to the bottom, and without changing place, but lying stock-still, *pinnulis tantum nescia quid motiuncule meditantes*, only wagging a little their fins, as heedlessly and unconcernedly as horses while they are asleep wag their ears to displace the flies that sit upon them. Wherever Scaliger admits that the manucodiata is perpetually on the wing, in the air, he must of necessity admit also that manner of incubation that Cardan describes; else how could their generations continue?

"Franciscus Hernandeo affirms the same with Cardan expressly in every thing; as also Eusebius Nierembergius, who is so taken with the story of this bird, that he could not abstain from celebrating her miraculous properties in a short but elegant copy of verses, and does after, though confidently opposed, assert the main matter again in prose.

"Such are the suffrages of Cardan, Scaliger, Hernandeo, Nierembergius; but Aldrovandus rejects that fable of her feeding on the dew of heaven, and of her incubiture on the back of the male, with much scorn and indignation. And as for the former, his reasons are noways contemptible; he alleging that dew is a body not perfectly enough mixed, or heterogeneal enough for food, nor the hard bill of the bird made for such easy uses as sipping this soft moisture.

"To which I know not what Cardan and the rest would answer, unless this: That they mean by dew the more unctuous moisture of the air, which as it may not be alike everywhere, so these birds may be fitted with a natural sagacity to find it out where it is; that there is dew in this sense day and night (as well as in the morning), and in all seasons of the year, and therefore a constant supply of moisture and spirits to their

perpetual flying, which they more copiously imbibe by reason of their exercise; that the thicker parts of this moisture stick and convert into flesh, and that the lightness of their feathers is so great that their pains in sustaining themselves are not overmuch; that what is homogeneal and simple to our sight is fit enough to be the rudiments of generation, all animals being generated of a kind of clear crystalline liquor, and that, therefore, it may be also of nutrition: that orpine and seahouseleek are nourished, and grow, being hung in the air, and that dockweed has its root no deeper than near the upper parts of the water; and, lastly, that the bills of these birds are for their better flying, by cutting the way, and for better ornament, for the rectifying also and composing of their feathers, while they swim in the air with as much ease as swans do in rivers.

"To his great impatiency against their manner of incubation, they would happily return this answer: That the way is not ridiculous; but it may be rather necessary from what Aldrovandus himself not only acknowledges, but contends for; namely, that they have no feet at all. For hence it is manifest that they cannot light upon the ground, nor anywhere rest on their bellies, and be able to get on wing again; because they cannot creep out of holes of rocks, as swifts and such like short-footed birds can, they having no feet at all to creep with. Besides, as Aristotle well argues concerning the long legs of certain water-fowl, that they were made so long because they were to wade in the water and catch fish, adding that excellent aphorism, *τὰ γὰρ ὄργανα πρὸς τὸ ἔργον ἡ φύσις ποιεῖ, ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ ἔργον πρὸς τὰ ὄργανα*, so may we rationally conclude, will they say, that, as the long legs of these water-fowl imply a design of their haunting the water, so want of legs in these manucodiatas argue they are never to come down to the earth, because they can neither stand there nor get off again; and, if they never come on the earth or any other resting-place, where can their eggs be laid or hatched but on the back of the male?

"Besides that Cardan pleases himself with that antiphony in nature, that as the ostrich being a bird, yet never flies in the air, and never rests upon the earth; and as for Aldrovandus, his presumption from the five several manucodiatas that he

had seen, and in which he could observe no such figuration of parts as implied a fitness for such a manner of incubation, Cardan will answer, 'Myself has seen three, and Scaliger one, who both agree against you.'

"However, you see that both Cardan, Aldrovandus, and the rest, do jointly agree in allowing the manucodiata no feet, as also in furnishing her with two strings, hanging at the hinder parts of her body, which Aldrovandus will have to be in the female as well as in the male, though Cardan's experience reacheth not so far.

"But Pighafetta and Clusius will easily end this grand controversy betwixt Cardan and Aldrovandus, if it be true which they report, and if they speak of the same kind of birds of paradise; for they both affirm that they have feet a palm long, and that with all confidence imaginable. But Nierembergius, on the contrary, affirms that one that was an eye-witness, and that had taken up one of these birds newly dead, told him that it had no feet at all. Johnston also gives his suffrage with Nierembergius in this, though with Aldrovandus he rejects the manner of their incubation.

"But unless they can raise themselves from the ground by the stiffness of some of the feathers of their wings, or rather by virtue of those nervous strings which they may have a power to stiffen when they are alive by transfusing spirits into them, and making them serve as well instead of legs to raise them from the ground as to hang upon the boughs of trees, by a slight thing being able to raise or hold up their light-feathered bodies in the air, as a small twig will us in the water, I should rather incline to the testimony of Pighafetta and Clusius than to the judgment of the rest, and believe those mariners that told him that the legs are pulled off by them that take them, and exenterate them and dry them in the sun for either their private use or sale.

"Which conclusion would the best solve the credit of Aristotle, who long since has so peremptorily pronounced, ὅτι πτηνὸν μόνον οὐδέν ἐστιν ὥσπερ νευστικὸν μόνον ἐστιν ἰχθύς, —'that there is not any bird that only flies as the fish only swims.'

"But thus our bird of paradise is quite flown and vanished

into a figment or fable; but, if any one will condole the loss of so convincing an argument for a Providence that fits one thing to another, I must take the freedom to tell him, that, unless he be a greater admirer of novelty than a searcher into the indissoluble consequences of things, I shall supply his meditation with what of this nature is as strongly conclusive, and remind that it will be his own reproach if he cannot spy as clear an inference from an ordinary truth as from either an uncertainty or a fiction. And, in this regard, the bringing this doubtful narration into play may not justly seem to no purpose, it carrying so serious and castigatory a piece of pleasantry with it.

"The manucodiata's living on the dew is no part of the convictiveness of a Providence in this story: but the being excellently well provided of wings and feathers, *tanta levitatis supellectile exornata*, as Nierembergius speaks, being so well furnished with all advantages for lightness, that it seems harder for her to sink down, as he conceits, than to be borne up in the air; that a bird thus fitted for that region should have no legs to stand on the earth,—this would be a considerable indication of a discriminating Providence, that on purpose avoids all uselessness and superfluities.

"The other remarkable, and it is a notorious one, is the cavity on the back of the male, and in the breast of the female, for incubation; and the third and last, the use of those strings, as Cardan supposes, for the better keeping them together in incubiture.

"If these considerations of this strange story strike so strongly upon thee as to convince thee of a Providence, think it humor, and not judgment, if what I put in lieu of them, and is but ordinary, have not the same force with thee.

"For is not the fish's wanting feet (as we observed before), she being sufficiently supplied with fins in so thick an element as the water, as great an argument for a Providence as so light a bird's wanting feet in that thinner element of the air, the extreme lightness of her furniture being appropriated to the thinness of that element? And is not the same Providence seen, and that as conspicuously, in allotting but very short legs to those birds that are called 'apodeo' both in Pliny

and Aristotle; upon whom she has bestowed such large and strong wings, and a power of flying so long and swift, as in giving no legs at all to the manucodiata, who has still a greater power of wing and lightness of body?

"And as for the cavities on the back of the male and in the breast of the female, is that design of nature any more certain and plain than in the genital parts of the male and female in all kinds of animals? What greater argument of counsel and purpose of fitting one thing for another can there be than that? And if we should make a more inward search into the contrivances of these parts in an ordinary hen, and consider how or by what force an egg of so great a growth and bigness is transmitted from the ovarium through the infundibulum into the processus of the uterus, the membranes being so thin and the passage so very small, — to see to the principle of that motion cannot be thought less than divine.

"And if you would compare the protuberant paps of teats in the females of beasts with that cavity in the breast of the she-manucodiata, whether of them, think you, is the plainer pledge of a knowing and designing Providence?

"And, lastly, for the strings that are conceived to hold together the male and female in their incubiture, what a toy is it if compared with those invisible links and ties that engage ordinary birds to sit upon their eggs, they having no visible allurement to such a tedious service!" — *Henry More's Antidote against Atheism*, b. ii. ch. 11.

"Mankind," says Jeremy Taylor, "now taken in his whole constitution and design, are like the birds of paradise, which travellers tell us of in the Molucca Islands, born without legs; but, by a celestial power, they have a recompense made to them for that defect, and they always hover in the air, and feed on the dew of heaven. So are we birds of paradise, but cast out from thence, and born without legs, without strength to walk in the laws of God, or to go to heaven; but, by a power from above, we are adopted in our new birth to a celestial conversation; we feed on the dew of heaven; 'the just does live by faith,' and breathes in this new life by the Spirit of God." — Vol. ix. 339: *Heber's edition.*

Yamen. — XXII. 4, p. 189.

"Yama was a child of the sun, and thence named Vaivaswata. Another of his titles was Dhermaraja, or King of Justice; and a third, Pitripeta, or Lord of the Patriarchs. But he is chiefly distinguished as judge of departed souls; for the Hindoos believe, that, when a soul leaves its body, it immediately repairs to Yamapur, or the city of Yama, where it receives a just sentence from him, and thence either ascends to Swerga, or the first heaven; or is driven down to Narac, the region of serpents; or assumes on earth the form of some animal, unless its offence has been such that it ought to be condemned to a vegetable, or even to a mineral, prison."— *Sir W. Jones.*

There is a story concerning Yamen which will remind the reader, in its purport, of the fable of Love and Death. "A famous penitent, Morrugandumagarexi by name, had, during a long series of years, served the gods with uncommon and most exemplary piety. This very virtuous man, having no children, was extremely desirous of having one, and therefore daily besought the god Xiven (or Siva) to grant him one. At length the god heard his desire; but, before he indulged it him, he asked him whether he would have several children, who should be long-lived and wicked, or one virtuous and prudent, who should die in his sixteenth year. The penitent chose the latter: his wife conceived, and was happily delivered of the promised son, whom they named Marcandem. The boy, like his father, zealously devoted himself to the worship of Xiven; but, as soon as he had attained his sixteenth year, the officers of Yamen, god of death, were sent on the earth to remove him from thence.

"Young Marcandem, being informed on what errand they were come, told them with a resolute air that he was resolved not to die, and that they might go back if they pleased. They returned to their master, and told him the whole affair. Yamen immediately mounted his great buffle, and set out. Being come, he told the youth that he acted very rashly in refusing to leave the world, and it was unjust in him; for Xiven had promised him a life only of sixteen years, and the term was

expired. But this reason did not satisfy Marcandem, who persisted in his resolution not to die; and, fearing lest the god of death should attempt to take him away by force, he ran to his oratory, and, taking the Lingam, clasped it to his breast. Meantime Yamen came down from his buffle, threw a rope about the youth's neck, and held him fast therewith, as also the Lingam, which Marcandem grasped with all his strength and was going to drag them both into hell, when Xiven issued out of the Lingam, drove back the king of the dead, and gave him so furious a blow that he killed him on the spot.

"The god of death being thus slain, mankind multiplied so that the earth was no longer able to contain them. The gods represented this to Xiven; and he, at their entreaty, restored Yamen to life, and to all the power he had before enjoyed. Yamen immediately despatched a herald to all parts of the world to summon all the old men. The herald got drunk before he set out, and, without staying till the fumes of the wine were dispelled, mounted an elephant, and rode up and down the world, pursuant to his commission; and, instead of publishing this order, he declared that it was the will and pleasure of Yamen, that, from this day forward, all the leaves, fruits, and flowers, whether ripe or green, should fall to the ground. This proclamation was no sooner issued than men began to yield to death. But, before Yamen was killed, only the old were deprived of life; and now people of all ages are summoned indiscriminately." — *Picart.*

And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours
Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.
XXIII. 5, p. 200.

"They who are acquainted with day and night know that the day of Brama is as a thousand revolutions of the Yoogs and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day, all things proceed from invisibility to visibility; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away in that which is called invisible. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved; and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That

which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from that visibility: it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible is even he who is called the Supreme Abode; which men having once obtained, they never more return to earth: that is my mansion." — *Kreeshna, in the Bhagvat Geeta.*

"The guess, that Brama and his wife Saraswadi may be Abraham and Sarah, has more letters in its favor than are usually to be found in such guesses." — *Niecamp*, p. i. c. 10, § 2.

"The true cause why there is no idol of Brama (except the head, which is his share in the Trimourter) is probably to be found in the conquest of his sect. A different reason, however, is implied in the Veda: 'Of Him,' it says, 'whose glory is so great, there is no image: he is the incomprehensible Being which illumines all, delights all, whence all proceeded; that by which they live when born, and that to which all must return.'" — *Moor's Hindu Pantheon*, p. 4.

Two forms inseparable in unity
Hath Yamen. — XXIII. 13, p. 205.

"The Dharma-Raja, or king of justice, has two countenances: one is mild, and full of benevolence; those alone who abound with virtue see it. He holds a court of justice, where are many assistants, among whom are many just and pious kings: Chitragupta acts as chief secretary. These holy men determine what is *dharma* and *adharma*, just and unjust. His (Dharma-Raja's) servant is called Carmala: he brings the righteous on celestial cars, which go of themselves, whenever holy men are to be brought in, according to the directions of the Dharma-Raja, who is the sovereign of the Pitris. This is called his *divine countenance*, and the righteous alone do see it. His other *countenance*, or *form*, is called Yama; this the wicked alone can see: it has large teeth, and a monstrous body. Yama is the lord of Patala: there he orders some to be beaten, some to be cut to pieces, some to be devoured by monsters, &c. His servant is called Cashmala, who, with ropes round their necks, drags the wicked over rugged paths

and throws them headlong into hell. He is unmerciful, and hard is his heart: every body trembles at the sight of him." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

Black of aspect, red of eye. — XXIII. 13, p. 205.

"Punishment is the Magistrate; Punishment is the Inspirer of Terror; Punishment is the Defender from Calamity; Punishment is the Guardian of those that sleep; Punishment, with a black aspect and a red eye, tempts the guilty." — *Halhed's Gentoo Code*, ch. xxi. sect. 8.

Azyoruca. — XXIII. 15, p. 207.

"In Patala (or the infernal regions) resides the sovereign Queen of the Nagas (large snakes or dragons): she is beautiful, and her name is Asyoruca. There, in a cave, she performed Taparya with such rigorous austerity, that fire sprang from her body, and formed numerous agnitiraths (places of sacred fire) in Patala. These fires, forcing their way through the earth, waters, and mountains, formed various openings or mouths, called from thence the flaming mouths, or juala muihi. By Samudr (Oceanus) a daughter was born unto her, called Rama-Devi. She is most beautiful; she is Lacshmi; and her name is Asyotcarsha, or Asyotcrishta. Like a jewel, she remains concealed in the ocean." — *Wilford: Asiatic Researches.*

He came in all his might and majesty. — XXIV. 2, p. 208.

What is this to the coming of Siva, as given us by Mr. Maurice, from the "Seeva Paurana"?

"In the place of the right wheel blazed the sun, in the place of the left was the moon; instead of the brazen nails and bolts, which firmly held the ponderous wheels, were distributed Bramins on the right hand, and Reyshees on the left; in lieu of the canopy on the top of the chariot was overspread the vault of heaven; the counterpoise of the wheels was on the east and west, and the four Semordres were instead of the cushions and bolsters; the four Vedas were placed as the horses

of the chariot, and Saraswaty was for the bell; the piece of wood by which the horses are driven was the three-lettered Mantra; while Brama himself was the charioteer, and the Nacshatras and stars were distributed about it by way of ornaments. Sumaru was in the place of a bow, the serpent Seschanaga was stationed as the string, Vishnu instead of an arrow, and fire was constituted its point. Ganges and other rivers were appointed its precursors; and the setting out of the chariot, with its appendages and furniture, one would affirm to be the year of twelve months gracefully moving forwards.

"When Siva, with his numerous troops and prodigious army, was mounted, Brama drove so furiously, that thought itself, which in its rapid career compasses heaven and earth, could not keep pace with it. By the motion of the chariot, heaven and earth were put into a tremor; and, as the earth was not able to bear up under this burden, the cow of the earth, Kam-deva, took upon itself to support the weight. Siva went with intention to destroy Treepoor; and the multitude of Devetas and Reyshees and Apsaras who waited on his stirrup, opening their mouths, in transports of joy and praise exclaimed, 'Jaya! Jaya!' so that Parvati, not being able to bear his absence, set out to accompany Siva, and in an instant was up with him; while the light which brightened on his countenance, on the arrival of Parvati, surpassed all imagination and description. The Genii of the eight regions, armed with all kinds of weapons, but particularly with *agnyastra*, or fire-darts, like moving mountains, advanced in front of the army; and Eendra and other Devetas, some of them mounted on elephants, some on horses, others on chariots, or on camels or buffaloes, were stationed on each side; while all the other order of Devetas, to the amount of some lacks, formed the centre. The Munietuvaras, with long hair on their heads, like Saniassis, holding their staves in their hands, danced as they went along; the Syddyhas, who revolve about the heavens, opening their mouths in praise of Siva, rained flowers upon his head; and the vaulted heaven, which is like an inverted goblet, being appointed in the place of a drum, exalted his dignity by its majestic resounding."

Throughout the Hindoo fables, there is the constant mistake of bulk for sublimity.

By the attribute of Deity,
. . . . . self-multiplied,
The Almighty Man appeared on every side.
XXIV. 2, p. 208

"This more than polypus power was once exerted by Krishna on a curious occasion.

"It happened in Dwarka, a splendid city built by Viswakarma, by command of Krishna, on the sea-shore, in the province of Guzerat, that his musical associate, Nareda, had no wife or substitute; and he hinted to his friend the decency of sparing him one from his long catalogue of ladies. Krishna generously told him to win and wear any one he chose, not immediately in requisition for himself. Nareda accordingly went wooing to one house, but found his master there; to a second, — he was again forestalled; a third, the same; to a fourth, fifth, the same; in fine, after the round of sixteen thousand of these domiciliary visits, he was still forced to sigh and keep single; for Krishna was in every house, variously employed, and so domesticated that each lady congratulated herself on her exclusive and uninterrupted possession of the ardent deity." — *Moor's Hindu Pantheon*, p. 204.

"Eight of the chief gods have each their *sacti*, or energy, proceeding from them, differing from them in sex, but in every other respect exactly like them, with the same form, the same decorations, the same weapons, and the same vehicle." — *Asiatic Researches*, 8vo edition, vol. viii. pp. 68, 82.

The manner in which this divine power is displayed by Kehama, in his combat with Yamen, will remind some readers of the Irishman who brought in four prisoners, and, being asked how he had taken them, replied he had surrounded them.

The Amreeta, or Drink of Immortality. — XXIV. 9, p. 213.

Mr. Wilkins has given the genuine history of this liquor which was produced by churning the sea with a mountain.

"There is a fair and stately mountain, and its name is Meroo, a most exalted mass of glory, reflecting the sunny rays from the splendid surface of its gilded horns. It is clothed in gold, and is the respected haunt of Dews and Gandharvas. It is inconceivable, and not to be encompassed by sinful man: and it is guarded by dreadful serpents. Many celestial medicinal plants adorn its sides; and it stands piercing the heaven with its aspiring summit, a mighty hill, inaccessible even by the human mind. It is adorned with trees and pleasant streams, and resoundeth with the delightful songs of various birds.

"The Soors, and all the glorious hosts of heaven, having ascended to the summit of this lofty mountain, sparkling with precious gems, and for eternal ages raised, were sitting in solemn synod, meditating the discovery of the Amreeta, the water of immortality. The Dew Narayan, being also there, spoke unto Brama, whilst the Soors were thus consulting together, and said, 'Let the ocean, as a pot of milk, be churned by the united labor of the Soors and Asoors; and, when the mighty waters have been stirred up, the Amreeta shall be found. Let them collect together every medicinal herb and every precious thing, and let them stir the ocean, and they shall discover the Amreeta.'

"There is also another mighty mountain, whose name is Mandar; and its rocky summits are like towering clouds. It is clothed in a net of the entangled tendrils of the twining creeper, and resoundeth with the harmony of various birds. Innumerable savage beasts infest its borders; and it is the respected haunt of Kennars, Dews, and Apsars. It standeth eleven thousand *yojan* above the earth, and eleven thousand more below its surface.

"As the united bands of Dews were unable to remove this mountain, they went before Vishnu, who was sitting with Brama, and addressed them in these words: 'Exert, O masters! your most superior wisdom to remove the mountain Mandar, and employ your utmost power for our good.'

"Vishnu and Brama having said, 'It shall be according to your wish,' he with the lotus eye directed the king of serpents to appear; and Ananta arose, and was instructed in that

work by Brama, and commanded by Narayan to perform it Then Ananta, by his power, took up that king of mountains, together with all its forests and every inhabitant thereof; and the Soors accompanied him into the presence of the Ocean, whom they addressed, saying, 'We will stir up thy waters to obtain the Amreeta.' And the lord of the waters replied, 'Let me also have a share, seeing I am to bear the violent agitation that will be caused by the whirling of the mountain!' Then the Soors and Asoors spoke unto Koorma-raj, the king of the tortoises, upon the strand of the ocean, and said, 'My lord is able to be the supporter of this mountain.' The Tortoise replied, 'Be it so;' and it was placed upon his back.

"So, the mountain being set upon the back of the Tortoise, Eendra began to whirl it about as it were a machine. The mountain Mandar served as a churn, and the serpent Vasoakee for the rope; and thus in former days did the Dews and Asoors and the Danoos begin to stir up the waters of the ocean for the discovery of the Amreeta.

"The mighty Asoors were employed on the side of the serpent's head, whilst all the Soors assembled about his tail. Ananta, that sovereign Dew, stood near Narayan.

"They now pull forth the serpent's head repeatedly, and as often let it go; whilst there issued from his mouth, thus violently drawing to and fro by the Soors and Asoors, a continual stream of fire and smoke and wind, which ascending in thick clouds, replete with lightning, it began to rain down upon the heavenly bands, who were already fatigued with their labor; whilst a shower of flowers was shaken from the top of the mountain, covering the heads of all, both Soors and Asoors. In the mean time, the roaring of the ocean, whilst violently agitated with the whirling of the mountain Mandar by the Soors and Asoors, was like the bellowing of a mighty cloud. Thousands of the various productions of the waters were torn to pieces by the mountain, and confounded with the briny flood; and every specific being of the deep, and all the inhabitants of the great abyss which is below the earth, were annihilated; whilst, from the violent agitation of the mountain, the forest-trees were dashed against each other, and precipitated from its utmost height, with all the birds thereon

from whose violent confrication a raging fire was produced, involving the whole mountain with smoke and flame, as with a dark-blue cloud and the lightning's vivid flash. The lion and the retreating elephant are overtaken by the devouring flames, and every vital being and every specific thing are consumed in the general conflagration.

"The raging flames, thus spreading destruction on all sides, were at length quenched by a shower of cloud-borne water, poured down by the immortal Eendra. And now a heterogeneous stream of the concocted juices of various trees and plants ran down into the briny flood.

"It was from this milk-like stream of juices, produced from those trees and plants and a mixture of melted gold, that the Soors obtained their immortality.

"The waters of the ocean, now being assimilated with those juices, were converted into milk, and from that milk a kind of butter was presently produced; when the heavenly bands went again into the presence of Brama, the granter of boons, and addressed him, saying, 'Except Narayan, every other Soor and Asoor is fatigued with his labor, and still the Amreeta doth not appear; wherefore the churning of the ocean is at a stand.' Then Brama said unto Narayan, 'Endue them with recruited strength; for thou art their support.' And Narayan answered and said, 'I will give fresh vigor to such as co-operate in the work. Let Mandar be whirled about, and the bed of the ocean be kept steady.'

"When they heard the words of Narayan, they all returned again to the work, and began to stir about with great force that butter of the ocean; when there presently arose from out the troubled deep, first the Moon, with a pleasing countenance, shining with ten thousand beams of gentle light; next followed Sree, the goddess of fortune, whose seat is the white lily of the waters; then Soora-Devee, the goddess of wine, and the white horse called Oohisrava. And after these there was produced from the unctuous mass the jewel Kowstoobh, that glorious sparkling gem worn by Narayan on his breast; also Pareejat, the tree of plenty; and Soorabhee, the cow that granted every heart's desire.

"The Moon, Soora-Devee, the goddess of Sree, and the

Horse, as swift as thought, instantly marched away towards the Dews, keeping in the path of the Sun.

"Then the Dew Dhanwantaree, in human shape, came forth, holding in his hand a white vessel filled with the immortal juice Amreeta. When the Asoors beheld these wondrous things appear, they raised their tumultuous voices for the Amreeta, and each of them clamorously exclaimed, 'This, of right, is mine!'

"In the mean time, Travat, a mighty elephant, arose, now kept by the god of thunder; and, as they continued to churn the ocean more than enough, that deadly poison issued from its bed, burning like a raging fire, whose dreadful fumes in a moment spread throughout the world, confounding the three regions of the universe with the mortal stench, until Seev, at the word of Brama, swallowed the fatal drug, to save mankind; which remaining in the throat of that sovereign Dew of magic form, from that time he hath been called Neel-Kant, because his throat was stained blue.

"When the Asoors beheld this miraculous deed, they became desperate, and the Amreeta and the Goddess Sree became the source of endless hatred.

"Then Narayan assumed the character and person of Moheenee Maya, the power of enchantment, in a female form of wonderful beauty, and stood before the Asoors; whose minds being fascinated by her presence, and deprived of reason, they seized the Amreeta, and gave it unto her.

"The Asoors now clothe themselves in costly armor, and, seizing their various weapons, rush on together to attack the Soors. In the mean time, Narayan, in the female form, having obtained the Amreeta from the hands of their leader, the hosts of Soors, during the tumult and confusion of the Asoors, drank of the living water.

"And it so fell out, that, whilst the Soors were quenching their thirst for immortality, Rahoo, an Ascor, assumed the form of a Soor, and began to drink also; and the water had but reached his throat, when the Sun and Moon, in friendship to the Soors, discovered the deceit; and instantly Narayan cut off his head, as he was drinking, with his splendid weapon *chakra*. And the gigantic head of the Asoor, emblem of a

mountain's summit, being thus separated from his body by the chakra's edge, bounded into the heavens with a dreadful cry, whilst his ponderous trunk fell, cleaving the ground asunder, and shaking the whole earth unto its foundation, with all its islands, rocks, and forests; and from that time the head of Rahoo resolved an eternal enmity, and continueth even unto this day, at times, to seize upon the Sun and Moon.

"Now Narayan, having quitted the female figure he had assumed, began to disturb the Asoors with sundry celestial weapons; and from that instant a dreadful battle was commenced, on the ocean's briny strand, between the Asoors and the Soors. Innumerable sharp and missile weapons were hurled, and thousands of piercing darts and battle-axes fell on all sides. The Asoors vomit blood from the wounds of the chakra, and fall upon the ground, pierced by the sword, the spear, and spiked club. Heads glittering with polished gold, divided by the Pattees' blade, drop incessantly; and mangled bodies, wallowing in their gore, lay like fragments of mighty rocks, sparkling with gems and precious ores. Millions of sighs and groans arise on every side; and the sun is overcast with blood, as they clash their arms, and wound each other with their dreadful instruments of destruction.

"Now the battle is fought with the iron-spiked club, and, as they close, with clinched fist; and the din of war ascendeth to the heavens. They cry, 'Pursue! strike! fell to the ground!' so that a horrid and tumultuous noise is heard on all sides.

"In the midst of this dreadful hurry and confusion of the fight, Nar and Narayan entered the field together. Narayan beholding a celestial bow in the hand of Nar, it reminded him of his chakra, the destroyer of the Asoors. The faithful weapon, by name *Soodarsan*, ready at the mind's call, flew down from heaven with direct and refulgent speed, beautiful yet terrible to behold; and being arrived, glowing like the sacrificial flame, and spreading terror around, Narayan, with his right arm formed like the elephantine trunk, hurled forth the ponderous orb, the speedy messenger and glorious ruin of hostile towns; who, raging like the final all-destroying fire, shot bounding with desolating force, killing thousands of the

Asoors in his rapid flight, burning and involving, like the lambent flame, and cutting down all that would oppose him. Anon he climbeth the heavens, and now again darteth into the field like a *peesach*, to feast in blood.

"Now the dauntless Asoors strive, with repeated strength, to crush the Soors with rocks and mountains, which, hurled in vast numbers into the heavens, appeared like scattered clouds, and fell, with all the trees thereon, in millions of fear-exciting torrents, striking violently against each other with a mighty noise; and in their fall, the earth, with all its fields and forests, is driven from its foundation: they thunder furiously at each other as they roll along the field, and spend their strength in mutual conflict.

"Now Nar, seeing the Soors overwhelmed with fear, filled up the path to heaven with showers of golden-headed arrows, and split the mountain summits with his unerring shafts; and the Asoors, finding themselves again sore pressed by the Soors precipitately flee: some rush headlong into the briny waters of the ocean, and others hide themselves within the bowels of the earth.

"The rage of the glorious chakra, Soodarsan, which for a while burnt like the oil-fed fire, now grew cool, and he retired into the heavens from whence he came. And, the Soors having obtained the victory, the mountain Mandar was carried back to its former station with great respect; whilst the waters also retired, filling the firmament and the heavens with their dreadful roarings.

"The Soors guarded the Amreeta with great care, and rejoiced exceedingly because of their success; and Eendra, with all his immortal bands, gave the water of life unto Narayan, to keep it for their use." — *Mahabharat.*

Amrita, or Immortal, is, according to Sir William Jones, the name which the mythologists of Tibet apply to a celestial tree bearing ambrosial fruit, and adjoining to four vast rocks, from which as many sacred rivers derive their several streams.

END OF VOL. VIII.

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